Old-fashioned Gardening

by

Grace Tabor

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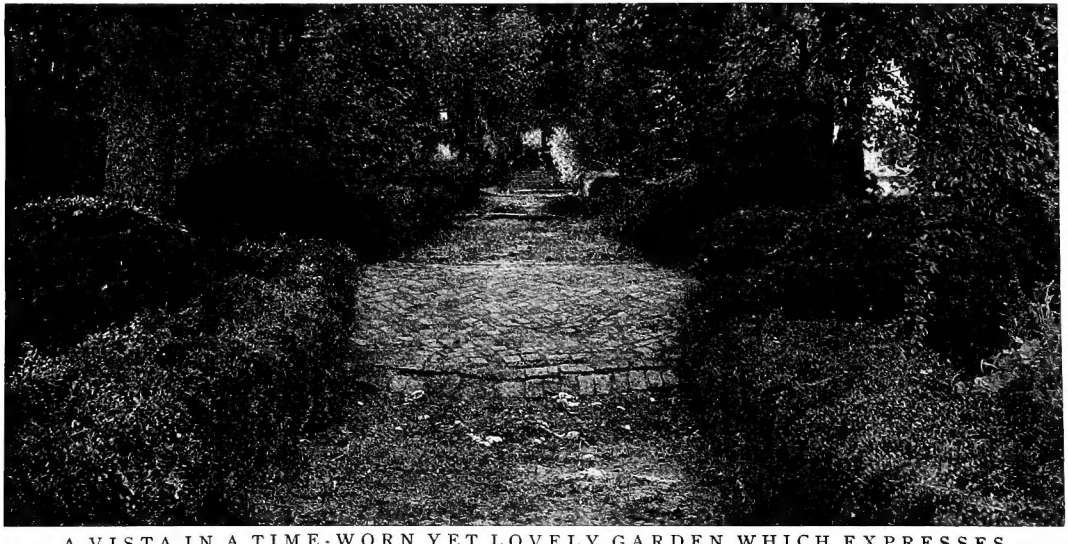

A VISTA IN A TIME-WORN YET LOVELY GARDEN WHICH EXPRESSES
THE IDEALS AND MAGNIFICENCE OF THE CAVALIER

OLD-FASHIONED GARDENING

A HISTORY AND A RECONSTRUCTION

BY

GRACE TABOR

AUTHOR OF

The Garden Primer, The Landscape Gardening Book, etc.

NEW YORK

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TO THE MEMORY
OF ALL THOSE WHO—DISDAINING NOT
TO CONSIDER SO SMALL A THING
AS THE PLANTING OF A SEED OR THE
OPENING OF A BUD—KEPT THE HOMELY RECORDS
WHICH HAVE MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR
ME TO WRITE THIS BOOK,
I DEDICATE IT

FOREWORD

When the idea of this book first came to me, long ago, suggested by the question that has continually been asked me by a great many people, it shaped itself in my imagination as something very different from what I now find the actuality to be. The sorcery of the phrase was upon me; and I never dreamed that "old-fashioned gardening" could lead me on other than a gentle, sweet and sentimental pilgrimage through flowery ways, along which fine, shadowy figures flitted to keep me goodly, if ghostly, company.

For it has been a term to conjure with for many a day—to lead the fancy along paths of pleasant dalliance through whose dim distances the laughter of dainty dames in powder and patches echoed against the deeper tones of bewigged gallants with whom they coquetted. But to tell the story of gardening has been very different than to dream of it, I find. Peopled with these delightful shades the old nooks and corners are, to be sure: but of the truth about their flowery retreats they will tell nothing. They only laugh when urged to seriousness, and disappear with a flash of bright eyes, a twinkle of high heels and a clatter of

side arms, where the path vanishes in a spicy tangle of cinnamon rose—gone back to their love making of course.

So from them at last I parted company, unconsciously I must confess—for the interest in learning what they would not be persuaded to tell was very absorbing—and not indeed, until I had finished my task were they missed! Not until then did I know that here was not what I had expected to do, here was not what it had seemed must inevitably be done, in writing the book of my dream.

They are not here: no lovely ladies nor courtly cavaliers cast so much as one quick glance out from behind a single page as it is turned. For here all is sober reality and no dream; here is the truth about old gardens, not select glimpses of a path, or a gateway, or a time-stained dial, hung like pictures upon the silver cord of romance. Hence there is here a certain measure of disillusion, perhaps, for some. Be warned, therefore, such of you as cherish the shadow and reject the substance. Put down the book; it is not the thing you are seeking.

Yet let justification be mine; for I at the very first invited all those whom you expected to find here, to be present—indeed, I urged them with all the eloquence at my command. But they knew better than I the places where they might linger; and they knew,

before ever I suspected it, that among the things which would come clamoring to be told, they would be jostled perhaps, and sometimes thrust aside. So they declined. And I cannot offer you a book of old gardening dreams, but only of old gardening.

Grace Tabor

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK,
In the Indian Summer of 1912.

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PART ONE

HISTORICAL

I

OF BEGINNINGS

FOUR paths lead back, through time-dimmed reaches, in four directions, to the first gardens of this western world. Overgrown and choked they are, and all but obliterated, for battles have raged over them, blood has soaked them, and the wilderness has very nearly claimed them for its own, again and again. Yet they are not quite lost; the very fact that we, as a nation, are here, is the strongest assurance that they too remain. For a history of a people's gardens is very nearly a history of the people themselves; and where civilization has maintained itself, there gardens have been made.

The longest of these paths—longest yet in some respects the least obscure—ends at that old city which Spain built, upon the site seized from the Huguenots whom Menendez massacred in 1565—St. Augustine, in Florida. But this one trail is foreign-seeming all its length, and nowhere upon it does the pilgrim of the western world feel at home. It is as if the spirit

of old-world man and the semi-tropical mood of Nature combined to hold aloof, to decline assimilation with the republic; and although it holds much of interest and delight, it is the interest of the strange and foreign rather than of homely familiarity. Here is no affection, no stir of that strange thrill which comes with the contemplation of the things common to our nativity, that wonderful exhilaration which we call patriotism. The old Spanish city in New Spain is with us, but not of us—nor we of it.

Shorter by a score of years is the trail that began, back at its farther end, when Raleigh's two barks, under the commanders Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, reached the shoal water off the Virginia shore which indicated land not far distant, on the second day of July, 1584; where "we smelt so sweet and strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers," wrote Barlow, in his immortal account of the voyage. Wonderful old Barlow! Bronzed, weathered, dauntless man of the sea, yet he wrote as a poet of the sweet promise borne on the wings of the wind; and what a picture he has made for us, just from words, of the land whereon they finally landed. "We viewed the land about us, being, whereas we first landed, very sandy and low toward the water's side, but so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of

the sea overflowed them. Of which we found such plenty, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil of the hills as in the plains, as well on every little shrub as also climbing toward the top of high cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found: and myself having seen those parts of Europe that most abound, find such difference as were incredible to be written."

Knowing as we do now that North America is indeed richer in native representatives of the genus *Vitis* than perhaps any other part of the world, it is possible to conceive something of the astonishment which must have filled this sailor, when he stepped upon virgin shores so richly clothed in a natural mantle of earth's most anciently cultivated fruit. Small wonder that he went on, with bursting enthusiasm, "The woods were not such as you find in Bohemia, Moscovia or Hercynia, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars of the world, far bettering the cedars of the Azores, of the Indies, of Libanus; pines, cypresses, sassafras, the lentisk or the tree that beareth the mastic; the tree that beareth the rind of black cinnamon, of which Master Winter brought from the Straits of Magellan; and many other of excellent smell and quality."

The third way winds back to the little fur trading posts set up by the Dutch in 1614, at the southern

extremity of the island home of the Ma-na-ata tribe of Indians—that island which lies at the mouth of the great river explored by, and named for, Henry Hudson. Tradition declares of Hudson's voyage in 1609 that some of his men, leaving the *Half Moon* to go on a fishing expedition, visited what is now Coney Island; and this was described as sandy but covered with plum trees, over which the ever luxuriant grape vines clambered. Others, sent to explore and make soundings before the *Half Moon* herself should venture from her anchorage within the shelter of the long bar of sand which we know now as Sandy Hook, came back from their journey up through the Narrows with accounts of a land covered with trees, grass and flowers and delightfully sweet smelling. This is supposed to have been Staten Island. And still other visitors to what is now, presumably, the Jersey shore, found the land clothed with large oaks.

Some of the natives who came out to visit the *Half Moon* brought among their gifts dried currants; and others traded vegetables and corn for the trinkets which natives seem always eager to procure. Later on, returning slowly, by reason of head winds, down the great river which he had succeeded in ascending about one hundred and forty miles, the Captain sent parties ashore at intervals, who returned with descriptions of what they found: "good ground for corn and

other garden herbs, with a great store of goodly oaks and walnut-trees, and chestnut-trees, ewe-trees and trees of sweetwood in great abundance." (This from Juet's Journal.)

Faint and scarce discernible in many places is the fourth and last path—the one worn by Puritan feet from the landing place at Long Point, where the first group of men from the *Mayflower*, well armed, were set ashore to explore the country, immediately after the signing of the Compact on the eleventh of November, 1620. From this excursion they returned at night "with a boat-load of juniper which delighted them with its fragrance."

Is not this a delightful touch—that it should be with these stern, pleasure repudiating, unyielding men even as it was with Hudson's Dutch sailors, and the Cavaliers who came with Barlow? The sweet smells of the land, filling their nostrils, entranced them—and the first thing which they brought off to their ship was as much of the delicious spicy boughs as their boat would hold! Wherever men came to set foot on the shores of the new world, it is notable that fragrance met them; and over all the beauties and wonders to which the earliest writers bear witness, each in his own way, sweet odors drift, of flowers and fragrant gums and spices.

All this was a new world, however, only to these

newcomers; to its aboriginal inhabitants it was as old as the oldest, and the gardens of the red men were already old, in some places at least, when the white men came. For that the Indians made gardens in the true sense, there can be no doubt; they are mentioned first by Barlow, who speaks of them very definitely in his account of the friendship which they formed with "the King's brother," Granganimeo by name. "He sent us divers kinds of fruits, melons, walnuts, cucumbers, gourds, pease and divers roots, and fruits very excellent good, and of their country corn which is very white, fair and well tasted, and groweth three times in five months: in May they sow, in July they reap; in June they sow, in August they reap; in July they sow, in September they reap." (Wherefore it is evident they understood succession of crops quite as well as we do now.) "Only they cast the corn into the ground, breaking a little of the soft turf with a wooden mattock or pick-axe. Ourselves proved the soil, and put some of our peas in the ground, and in ten days they were of fourteen inches high. They have also beans very fair, of divers colors, and wonderful plenty, some growing naturally and some *in their gardens;* and so have they both wheat and oats."

Thirty years went by and then another Englishman, telling of another portion of the coast six hundred miles or more away to the north, verifies this reference

of Barlow's to gardens. In his "Description of New England" written in 1614, Captain John Smith tells of "sandy cliffes and cliffes of rock, both which we saw so planted *with Gardens* and Cornefields." Further on, discoursing on the fertility of the soil, he says, "the winter is more colde in those parts wee have yet tryed nere the Sea side then we finde in the same height in Europe or Asia; Yet I made a Garden upon the top of a Rockie Ile in forty-three and a half, (latitude) foure leagues from the Main, in May, that grew so well, as it served us for sallets in June and July."

It is a fact universally to be noted that the cultivation of fruit has first engaged the attention of every nation, as far back as any history of planting or working the soil, reaches. And of all fruits the grape has probably been cultivated from the remotest time, for there is no literature in the world so old but proves, by its references to wine and the vineyard, the far greater age of these. Whether the Indian cultivated the grape, however, it is impossible to say. Probably not, for it grew in such abundance everywhere that there was no need to do more than gather the harvest. But they made a beverage of its juice; "while the grape lasteth they drink wine, and for want of casks to keep it, all the year after they drink water," says Barlow: adding, with evident, naïve pleasure in the recollection, "but it is sodden with ginger in it, and black cinnamon,

and sometimes sassafras, and divers others wholesome and medicinable herbs and trees."

But the wild grape, however luxuriant its growth, could hardly be expected to satisfy the taste of men accustomed to the vintages of France and the valley of the Rhine; hence their greatest delight in its abundance lay in the appeal which it made to their hope of producing, with it, a better strain than the world had yet known. To this end the strictest injunctions with regard to planting vines were laid upon the first planters of Virginia by the First Representative Assembly in America. This Assembly, "convented at James Citty in Virginia, July 30, 1619," enacted first "about the plantation of Mulberry trees; . . . every man as he is seatted upon his division, doe for seven years together, every yeare plante and maintaine in growte six Mulberry trees at the least, and as many more as he shall thinke conveniente and as his virtue and Industry shall move him to plante, and that all such persons as shall neglecte the yearly planting and maintaining of that small proportion shalbe subjecte to the censure of the Governour and the Counsell of Estate." Following this, each is ordered to plant one hundred plants each year of "Silke-flaxe"; and "hempe, English and Indian," and English flax and "anniseeds" are each required and enjoined—"each that have any of those seeds to make tryal thereof the

nexte season." And then comes the paragraph dealing with the grape, set apart and thus emphasized. "Moreover, be it enacted by this present Assembly that every householder do yearly plante and maintaine ten vines untill thay have attained to the art and experience of dressing a Vineyard either by their own industry or by the Instruction of some Vigneron." The penalty for failure to do this is left to the discretion of the Governour and Counsell of Estate, and is not limited therefore to the "censure" of these august gentlemen.

Four years later the Defence of the Virginia Charter states that there are "divers vineyards planted in the country whereof some contain ten thousand plants." And "for silk, the country is full of mulberry trees of the best kind, and general order taken for the planting of them abundantly in all places inhabited." Apropos of this enthusiasm for mulberries, I may say in passing that there are only two species of Mulberry native to this continent. The Mulberry introduced by these early colonists—referred to as "the best kind" —in the hope of developing the silk industry here, was probably the Mulberry of China—*Morus alba.*

With everything in Nature favoring them, the Cavaliers were thus well established on their broad plantations by the time the Puritans began their struggle for existence here, against the odds of a far less cordial

clime and soil; of lack of knowledge and of numbers; of poverty, of sickness, and of hostile savages. William Bradford describes the gathering in of "the small harvest they had" during the autumn of 1621, after their first summer in the new world, and tells of the precautions which they took for their second winter, mindful of the horrors of their first. The proposition to enclose the settlement was approved and "this was accomplished very cherfully and the towne Impayled round by the beginning of March, In which every family had a prety garden plott secured." The next summer—their second—every family was assigned a parcel of land for planting of corn, every man for himself that there might be abundance for another year. And "the women now wente willingly into the feild, and tooke their litle ones with them to set corne."

Governor Winslow, writing to the mother country in the same year, says that corn proved well but "our pease not worth the gathering, for we feared they were too late sown. They came up very well and blossomed; but the sun parched them in the blossom." What discouragement! Yet he makes no complaint, and after describing the fruits with which Nature has supplied them—"all the spring time the earth sendeth naturally very good sallet herbs. Here are grapes, white and red, and very sweet and strong also; strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, &c., plums of three sorts,

white black and red, being almost as good as a damson"—he closes the list gravely, in his matter-of-fact way, with the self-revealing phrase, "abundance of roses, white, red and damask; single, but very sweet indeed."

It is of course obvious that gardens, as we conceive and know them, could not exist until inroads had been made upon the wilderness. And it is equally obvious that until both wilderness and savage had been subdued to a considerable degree, little thought could be given to the cultivation of any plant that had no definite economic value. Here and there a single flower undoubtedly, brought across the many leagues of sea, was watched and tended carefully by a homesick woman, not for its own loveliness perhaps—the wilderness offered beauty in abundance, new and strange—but for her homesickness, because it spake of home. And precious seeds of well loved favorites were committed to the strange earth in little patches here and there; gilliflowers, probably, and carnations—these "the queen of delights and flowers" according to the great Parkinson—sweet Williams, sweet Johns, hollyhocks perhaps; and without doubt some bulbs, though there would not have been space to bring many at first. We may easily infer however that common wild flowers were not among the early comers; for it would not be until they had grown precious because they

were not, that it would occur to the colonists to bring them here. The plants most prized at home would be the ones most likely to be transported; and it is rarely a native wild flower that occupies so exalted a position with any people, as we well know ourselves.

The character of the people in the various sections under which we have undertaken to consider them in relation to their garden making, exercised a very decided influence on the character of the gardens which ultimately developed in the different *locales*. The planters of Virginia came from a stock altogether unlike that of the Puritans of Plymouth, while the thrifty Dutch of Manhattan possessed virtues which neither of the others knew, albeit they had vices quite as objectionable, no doubt. And Virginia, as might have been expected, became a land of broad expanses, of great estates, of landed gentry with many servants and the pleasures and follies of their kind; while Plymouth and the Massachusetts Colony was a land of small possessions, of closer dwelling for safety's sake, of stern industry on the part of every individual, with few to serve, and of little pleasure; and the New Netherlands was like neither, for it lacked the spaciousness of the first and the fanaticism of the second, yet here were farms, and industry unparalleled, common to masters and servants alike, thrift, a full measure of good times, and a decided indulgence in a certain taste

for the beautiful. And in their tight little fatherland the Dutch had long been masters of gardening.

Yet what they gained in a superior knowledge of garden craft was perhaps offset by what they lacked in taste; so that, after all, the gardens of their making, though different, were no finer than the English gardens to the north and to the south of them. Nor were they by any means as lovely as the careless gardens of the Andalusians, away beyond.

II

SPANISH GARDENS OF THE SEMI-TROPICS

IT seems almost prophetic that the land which was the scene of the earliest attempts at gardening made by the white race on the western side of the Atlantic, should have been named "flowery" by its discoverer long before. This has a pleasant and alluring sound, conjuring a picture of fair delights, of sunlight and fragrance, and never a hint of a work-a-day world. Wherein is the prophecy; for the gardens which came indolently into existence beside the early Spanish dwellings were gardens of sunlight and fragrance, of fair delight veiling what of the work-a-day and practical was there—which was never a deal, at that.

This much we are sure of because as late as 1712, almost a century and a half after the establishment of the settlement of St. Augustine, the failure of the usual supply vessels, which came annually from Spain—or from the Spanish base in the West Indies—reduced the settlers to such absolute famine that they spent the

winter on a diet of horses, dogs, cats, and the like, according to one historian! Which is convincing witness to their lack of energy or skill—or perhaps both —and of native resourcefulness as well. For the "cabbage-tree palm"—*Sabal Palmetto*—which grows in all the beauty of native abundance here, has an edible terminal bud—hence its vulgar name—while an arrow-root plant is common; and both the white potato, native to South America and taken thence to Spain as early, probably, as the middle of the sixteenth century, and the sweet potato, cultivated here by the Indians from prehistoric times, could have been grown with certainly very little effort.

But the Spaniards who had come to drive the hated French protestants from the new world, were warriors rather than workers, and townsmen rather than planters; and what gardening there was in the earliest days came as a result of the efforts of the mission priests and Jesuit fathers—those soldiers of the Church who were in their train—rather than from any domestic inclination on the part of the citizens themselves. Pedro Menendez de Aviles brought with him, when he came on his errand of terrible and bloody zeal for the faith in 1565—a zeal backed by what strange stories of treasure to be gotten in this mysterious land, with its legendary fountain of eternal youth, who shall guess?—twelve priests and four fathers of the Jesuit

Order, according to his compact with King Phillip II; and there is also mention of five hundred slaves, "the third part of which should be men, for his own service and that of those who went with him, to aid in cultivating the land and building." But it seems doubtful that he brought these, for there is no later mention of them.

Landing in the fall of the year, as did the Puritans over half a century later, the first six months were fearful ones for the Spaniards; not so much from climatic rigors, however—although East Florida may be uncomfortably cool at times—as from the harassing Indian warfare waged by the followers of Satourara, who had been the friend of the butchered French. This chief ruled the country west, between the Indian village of Selooe where the Spaniards lay, and the river now known as the St. John; and he was so relentless that more than six score men are said to have perished from the arrows of his braves during this first winter.

The fort was strengthened, however, and a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men, in seventeen ships, arriving during the summer of 1566, saved the somewhat discouraged colony. Two years went by in peace; but then came De Gorgues to avenge the massacre of his countrymen under Ribault—and whatever in the way of buildings or gardens may have been started, was

A CHARACTERISTIC RIOT OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS JEALOUSLY SECLUDED BEHIND HOUSE AND WALLS IS THIS OLD SPANISH-AMERICAN GARDEN

effectually undone, for he persuaded the Indians to make his vengeance complete by destroying the forts of which the Spaniards had boasted greatly. It is hardly to be supposed that the Indians spared anything, even if there were anything worth sparing; for they hated the Spaniards as cordially as they liked the French. The town was not totally destroyed, however, and seems to have recovered from this attack without much ado. A battle was so much a part of the day's work that it did not alter the course of men's lives for long—provided it left them their lives.

But there is no hint of a garden or gardens in the annals of the settlement until Sir Francis Drake's visit to it in 1583. Coming up from South America with a fleet, he spied the Spanish lookout on Anastasia Island, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, sent men ashore to learn what it was. Their intentions were probably peaceable enough, but the Spaniards appear to have been panic-stricken at the sight of the ships and the landing party, marching along the shores of the island across the bay; and they abandoned their fort with discreet promptness.

One, however, hiding in the bushes near by—so tradition has it—slew the sergeant-major who was presumably in charge of the squad: and thus Drake's anger was kindled and he "burned their buildings and destroyed their gardens." The place then possessed,

according to Barcia, "a hall of justice, parochial church, and other buildings, together with gardens in the rear of the town." And an engraving of this attack by Drake, published in England upon his return, shows gardens upon the west side of the little settlement; which corresponds to "the rear of the town," as it faced the east and the sea. The Monastery of the Franciscan Order had been established at the south end a little time before this; so doubtless one of the gardens destroyed—perhaps the finest and the best—was that of the brotherhood. For where there is a Monastery, there is a garden—this has always been the rule. Monastery gardens, however, are, first of all, gardens intended to furnish the simple fare of fast days, or of the austere rule of the Order. Pleasure gardens as such are not within the monkish province, although flowers are grown for the chapel altars to be sure; and in course of time many wonderful gardens have grown up within the cloisters and courtyards of religious houses. But these have not come until warfare has been ended and the days of peace and plenty have arrived.

The first Menendez was now dead—Pedro Menendez de Aviles, Adelantado of the Province—and his nephew, Don Pedro Menendez, governed in his place. After the English raid he saw the need of a greater number of inhabitants, and of more permanent struc-

tures; and forthwith began his efforts to increase the city's population and to induce the Indians to settle in its vicinity. Assistance was sent him from Havana and the work of rebuilding was earnestly advanced; and it was at this time presumably, that stone buildings began to be the rule. One at least had been built before, however, for it is noted that at the time of the Spanish evacuation, in 1763, there stood an old stone house with the date 1571 upon its front.

But notwithstanding the efforts of its governor, St. Augustine was sixty-five years in growing to a town of three hundred householders. At that time, however,—1648—it had beside, "a flourishing Monastery of the Order of St. Francis, with fifty Franciscans: and in the city alone a vicar, a parochial curate, etc., attached to the Castle." Thus was its prosperity gauged by pontifical measure.

Sacked and plundered by a buccaneer, worried by the Indians, and harried by the English from their Colony on the north, successively from this date on, it yields nothing more about its gardens until nearly the end of the century. Then, from the pen of the devout and God-fearing Quaker, Jonathan Dickinson, who was shipwrecked on the coast below St. Augustine with his wife and small baby, as they were voyaging from Port Royal in Jamaica to "Pensilvania," and with whom he reached the city after nearly three months

of Indian captivity and most frightful experience in the wilderness, there comes this brief account under the date "the 16th of the ninth month, 1696": "The Town we saw from one end to the other: it is about three-quarters of a Mile in Length, not regularly built, the Houses not very thick; they having large orchards in which are plenty of Oranges, Lemmons, Pome-Citrons, Limes, Figs and Peaches: The Houses most of them old Building; and not half of them inhabited."

There can be no question of the veracity of this pious man's description; therefore it is very evident that the settlement had not advanced. He gives an interesting and grateful account of their reception by the Spanish Governor, however, and tells of the party being set down in his kitchen to warm themselves. Which reminds us that the Spaniards made no provision for heating their dwellings; and one writer who seems to have held both them and their buildings in rather low estimate, says that the latter were "all without glass windows or chimnies."

Life there under the ancient régime was obviously not a ceremonial existence by any means, even for the Governor's own *entourage*. Yet when we do at last find old garden plans, they bear unmistakable witness to a taste at once formal and ceremonious. And they hark back to the garden as it was then understood over

the seas; as it had always been understood by all races of men, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Dufresnoy succeeded Le Nôtre as director of the royal gardens at Versailles.

The changes that have been wrought by man in his advance over the earth mark corresponding changes in man himself; and in no particular is this more evident than it is in garden making. When the world was a wilderness, ranged by wild beasts and men less tame than the gardeners, defensive boundaries were a necessity; and within these boundaries, upon this bit of earth which each thus claimed for himself, no hint of the wilderness could be tolerated. For it was a foe and harbored foes—and no honest husbandman could possibly have temporized with it for an instant.

This I think explains the careful exclusion of any suggestion of Nature in the old designs; the love of artificial forms; the stiff lines; the unyielding repression; the straight, clipped walls of sternly disciplined growth. And it is a perfectly natural taste, considered in this light. For it is only by contrast that we comprehend, and comprehending, enjoy; thus the gardens that were made while the struggle against Nature and the wilderness was going on, were designed instinctively to afford the greatest possible contrast to Nature and the wilderness. While those that have come later, as earth has gradually grown to be more and more

under man's dominion, we shall see, have, little by little, become more artfully like Nature.

The one place which St. Augustine boasted that might reasonably be expected to show real design was, of course, the Government House, the seat of the Adelantado; and sure enough, here was a garden of some pretense. But Major Ogilvie, the English officer who received the town from the Spanish at the time of its cession in 1763, behaved so abominably that "the Governor destroyed his gardens, which had been stocked with rare ornamental plants, trees and flowers." And the Spaniards very generally left the country, unable to endure the indignities of the situation; with which emotions and exodus I must confess a sympathy, although the Governor's unrestrained ebullition of temper, taken out on his garden, of all things, was most lamentable! But human nature is human nature—and he was sorely tried, beyond a doubt.

After all, it seems that his destructive efforts failed in a measure, however; for the design of the grounds remained, clear and definite enough for William Stork, the engineer, to trace them in his plan of the town, made just after it was ceded to England, for his description of East Florida. Neither did he succeed altogether in throwing doubt on what had grown in his gardens, although here, to be sure, we have no direct statement but must accept tradition. The English

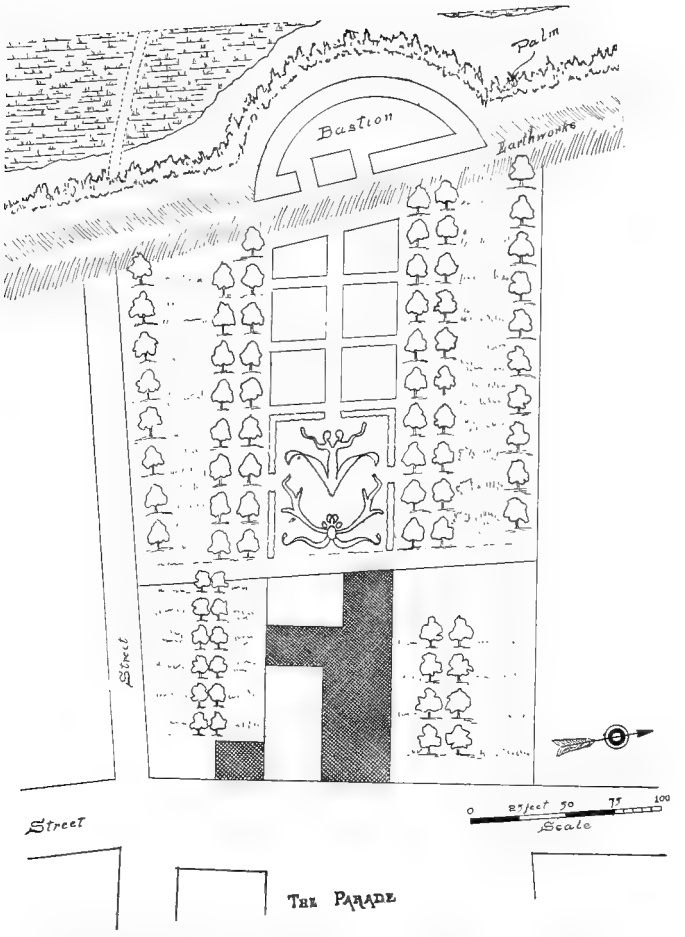
surveyor-general's description of the town says: "At the time the Spaniards left the town, all the gardens were well stocked with fruit trees, viz: figs, guavas, plantain (banana), pomegranate, lemons, limes, citrons, shaddock, bergamot, China and Seville oranges, the latter full of fruit throughout the whole winter season." Natural inference would therefore indicate that tradition is correct when it names the "pomegranate, plantain, pineapple, pawpaw, olive and sugar cane, orange and lemon trees," as being in the Governor's garden. These are to be found in the old dooryards and indeed everywhere, to this day. Many of course are native, but even the exotics are so thoroughly naturalized that they grow in the wild as freely as the natives.

De Brahm further explains that "The Governour's residence has on both sides piazzas, viz., a double one on the south and a single on to the north; also a Belvedere and a grand portico decorated with Doric pillars and entablatures." Stork's plan (facing page 24) does not give us these details of the residence, but as he shows its width to be thirty-five feet, he doubtless includes within the lines he gives, the piazzas on both sides. And the wing at the rear corresponds to his written location of the Belvedere which De Brahm mentions but does not locate. Stork's description says: "In the middle of the town is a spacious square called the

Parade, open toward the harbour: at the bottom of this square is the governour's house, the apartments of which are spacious and suited to the climate, with high windows, a balcony in front and galleries on both sides; to the back part of the house is joined a tower, called in America a look-out, from which there is an extensive prospect towards the sea as well as inland."

Shade had always been an important consideration to the Spaniard, at home, and it was here as well; for he had come into a land of as great heat as the land of his birth, and had planted his settlement so near to the sea that of natural growth high enough to afford shade there was none. The double line of trees extending from the Governor's dwelling back to the fortifications against which the grounds end, were placed thus to give a shaded walk from which to view the parterres. Such an arrangement of trees is, of all, the wisest and most practical for limited space, for it disposes of the greatest number with the least waste of ground that is valuable for raising vegetables or other crops. And the number herein shown would be enough to assure an ample supply of fruit for the Governor's household, when it is remembered that many would bear fruit and blossoms at the same time, and all the year through.

This double row of trees on either side the parterres, and the similar single rows extending along the boundaries on either side of the grounds, were probably



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AND GROUNDS FROM A MAP BY WM. STOCK, 1763, SHOWING THE CITY WALL, EARTHWORKS AND OUTER DEFENSIVE HEDGE

either shaddock (grape-fruit), fig, pawpaw or olive—or perhaps all four—judging from their height and distance apart. These trees all attain about the same size at maturity, although the shaddock has a slight advantage, possibly; and all are larger than any of the other trees that were introduced. Figs also were in the garden, along with pomegranate "shrubs." Possibly it is these which are indicated by the smaller dozen of trees immediately south of the house, although it is more likely that these were oranges and lemons, and that the lower-growing, less tree-like species were omitted from the plan. The natural habit of the pomegranate is shrubby, but it is possible to train it into a tree from fifteen to twenty feet high.

The plan does not show any of the distinctly tropical forms which are indigenous, such as the palmetto and the plantain, although such forms are as easily distinguished, on a semi-pictorial drawing such as this —which is the sort of thing the old surveyors and map makers nearly always produced—as the ones here indicated. Indeed the planting of palmetto along the ramparts is clearly differentiated. Hence the conclusion that the native growth was not used in the gardens; which is, of course, in direct line with what we should expect—with the instinctive aim at contrast before pointed out. Pioneers yearn ever for their old world in their new, and these early builders and early

gardeners wanted old Spain and all that was of old Spain, here in New Spain; their hearts turned to the old world for trees and flowers and fruits, regardless of the generosity of Nature in the new. "All the fruit trees (an indifferent sort of plum and a small black cherry excepted)" wrote Stork, "have been imported from Europe and thrive exceedingly well. . . . The lemons, limes, citrons, pomegranates, figs, apricots, peach, etc., grow here in high perfection."

It has been and will be, forever the same. When the Moors came into Spain they brought with them all that they were able to bring, transforming the land of the conquered with their arts and architecture. And remote though they seem to us, their touch is felt here on our shores, through all these centuries, in both the dwellings and the gardens which the Spaniards made for themselves. One plant particularly, which we have curiously enough associated almost if not quite exclusively with the Puritans, is used by the Moors; and is nowhere lovelier than in the gardens of Spain. This is boxwood; its use in Spanish gardens indicates plainly that the design of the parterre immediately adjoining the Governor's house, which Stork has reproduced so faithfully, is not too fanciful to admit it here. For it is planted in the most splendid and intricate forms of heraldry in Spain; and here is a design which

crudely realizes the same ideal, although this design had probably suffered greatly when Stork recorded it, through lack of the precise care necessary to preserve such forms.

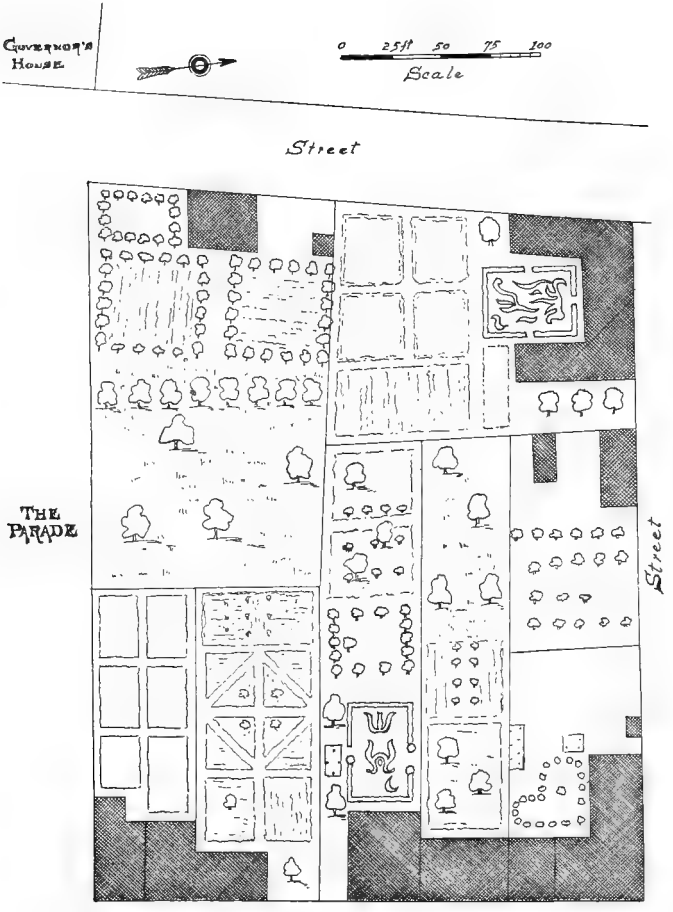
The myrtle may have been used also, though no mention of it is made directly. Hedges in old Spanish gardens are made of it, and it is hardy in the Florida latitude. For its fragrance it doubtless was brought with the other things from home; but boxwood after all is the aristocrat, and if it was used here at all, it undoubtedly had the place of honor. I should not doubt its presence but for the fact that none remains to-day—but that is not proof that none was used in the earliest gardens, before native plants had become acceptable; and before the English came.

For flowers there were roses, roses and more roses—and very little beside roses. Whatever else there may have been, there was never an end of roses; and these were of course the roses of France, and the Bengal rose, with doubtless the delicious musk rose and the Bourbon —this supposedly a long-ago hybrid of the French and the Bengal—and the Damask. Carnations there were and heliotrope, blue and white violets, oleanders, rosemary, lavender, honeysuckle, jessamine, iris, tulips, Narcissus, poppies—but the roses were by far the most wonderful, and the most plentiful.

Although no one speaks of the stone wall surround-

ing the Governor's ground until a much later era, we may safely assume that this is because no one thought it necessary to mention what was as much a part of every man's *demesne* as the roof of his house. The streets of St. Augustine were narrow, "for shade" they tell us; this shade came from the buildings and the walls, not from trees. And the walls were really extensions of the house fronts, as the second plan will show. This gives the plot on the north side of the Parade, with two residences of evidently considerable importance on the inner or west side, nearest the Governor's house, while the smaller divisions of the remaining portion are the homes of householders of less consequence, apparently. Yet each place shows the same taste for regularity, and for the privacy of the grounds.

It is the same throughout the town. The houses stand with one wall on the street line, and the way to the garden invariably lies through the house, or through an arcade beneath the second story of the house, just as it does in the towns and cities of the old world. The streets were pleasant enough for their purpose, made so by glimpses here and there of a rose that climbed above the wall, or a tree whose branches reached across; but nowhere were they allowed to become a part of the household of any resident. The seclusion of the garden was always as complete as the seclusion of any room in the house itself, and it really



A SQUARE OF THE TOWN, DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE THE GOVERNOR'S PLACE—FROM STORK'S MAP

was simply an unroofed, unfloored part of the home. And pavements of shells in fancy mosaic forms kept garden walks and courtyards always dry and clean, and carried the suggestion of liveableness out-of-doors.

English money, thrift and energy did much during the twenty-one years before the little city again reverted to Spain, in 1784; and one writer observes that many persons who were there at that time, with whom he talked, spake "highly of the beauty of the gardens, the neatness of the houses, and the air of cheerfulness and comfort that seemed during that preceding period to have been thrown over the town."

But all that is another story; and though it is a very great debt that the English have put me under for most of that which I have been able to learn, through the accounts which they were good enough to render, it is not with their flourishing gardens and neat houses that we have anything to do. A certain measure of careless indifference, in a land where it is always summer and flowers—in this "flowery," fragrant, sunny New Spain—a certain disregard, an indolence that is tolerant of some disorder, once the planting which assures straight, shaded walks, and satisfaction to the love of fruit, is done; these are the things which characterized the Spanish gardens in the new world—a new world grown old enough since they were planted to make them almost, if not quite, forgotten.

III

GARDENS OF THE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS

TEMPEST-DRIVEN through all the last furious night of their long voyage, the three ships which, under Christopher Newport, were bringing the first actual colonists to Virginia shores, scudded into haven "within the capes" sometime after break of day on April 26, 1607. Dawn had shown them the broad Chesapeake inlet, flanked by the two great headlands, one on their left and the other away to the north. And even as they passed in they named the former for their crown prince, young Henry of Wales, the lad who died so well beloved before ever he had a chance to be the king; while the latter they called for his brother, the unfortunate Charles, second son of James—Charles I, who ultimately lost his head some two-and-forty years later.

Weary of the ships and "desiring recreation," thirty of the adventurers went ashore, soon after passing Cape Henry—a gay little group, in great starched ruffs and

velvet breeches, these with "panes" or slashings of silk. The Spanish dagger which gentlemen of then were wont to carry must have been left behind, likewise the fine gilt-handled sword; for in explanation of the assault made by five "saulvages" upon the party, in which two of the English were severely wounded, it is stated that they were unarmed. Curiously significant of the carelessness with which these restless blades had come in search of change and adventure and riches, is just this simple statement—that they who habitually wore arms, landed thus without them, on a shore known to be teeming with aboriginal inhabitants, whose friendliness of one time was by now very doubtful. The experience of Raleigh's lost colony of the decade previous seems not to have impressed them as one would suppose.

The three small ships which Newport commanded brought a total number of one hundred and five passengers. Of these, only eighteen were avowedly men of toil—laborers; more than fifty names on the list have "gentleman" standing opposite them, one was a clergyman, six were the nucleus of the Provincial Council—these "gentlemen" also, of course; the names of the remaining seven of the Council were not to be revealed until all were landed and the sealed box containing the king's final instructions and these names, might be opened—and there was a barber to curl their

wigs, a tailor to keep their clothes, and a drummer—for why, who shall guess?

This was the debonair handful which came to found a tributary state, to lay, all unawares, the foundations of a new nation, to build homes and gardens in the deep reaches of the wilderness that they first must conquer. Not what could be called a likely seeming crew for the task—dandies and gallants, fearless and dauntless, to be sure, but gentlemen adventurers of a truth, unskilled in the use of any implements save those of fighting, men of activity and action, impetuous, impatient and imperious.

On across the great Chesapeake they sailed, and into the mouth of that loveliest of rivers—the Powhatan by ancient right and savage kingship, but thenceforth to be the James, for their king, according to the invaders. And thus, up the water-way of the Indian, came the pale-face civilization. And they worked, of a surety, in those early days, every man doing a man's share, velvet breeches or no; worked so well that within two weeks of their arrival, the first sowing of wheat at the Plantation of Jamestown had been made. Following this "a garden was laid off, and the seeds of fruits and vegetables not indigenous to the country," were planted.

But the charter under which the London Company was permitted to colonize, stipulated that for five years

after the landing, the results of the colonists' labors should be held in common, stored under careful superintendence in public depots or houses of deposit. And this seems very nearly to have paralyzed effort; for in the fourth year, when Sir Thomas Dale arrived—May, 1611—to take charge of the Plantation, he found it in a sad state for want of industry. Even "those who were most energetic and honest by nature, were indolent and indifferent in the work of the field."

He went to work with the will that was characteristic of him, to find ways and means of overcoming this indifference; and it was to this activity on his part that the settlers owed their first real independent land holdings. These were separate gardens, assigned by consent and approval of the Council, to those men who had proven themselves of superior merit; and a large number of these holdings, each amounting to three acres, were given out under what amounted to a lease—for there was a common garden for the cultivation of flax and hemp, wherein each was obliged to do his share of the labor in order to retain his three acres.

Not until 1619, however, during the administration of Sir George Yeardley, did private and actual ownership in the land become general; at this time "one thousand acres were set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, three thousand for the support of the Governor, ten thousand for the endowment of the University

proposed for the Indians, and twelve thousand for the Company." And each newly created office in the Colony had a similar reservation made to support it, great or little, according to its importance. The Governor was allowed one hundred tenants, and from this maximum figure the number was scaled down for the other officials, proportionate to the holdings of each. Under this arrangement provision was made for the support of each office, with a proper number of servants, and in a manner to maintain its dignity.

Tobacco was from the very first the obsession of every man of them, and their initial clearings were ever being enlarged and pressed further back upon the wilderness, in order to secure the rich virgin soil necessary for its growth. For the demand of the rest of the world for this one plant alone, promised certain riches almost equal to the fabled treasures which had led the Spaniard Narvaez and his hapless followers to their deaths, nearly a century before.

Supposed to be a native of South America, *Nicotiana Tabacum* was under aborginal cultivation for ages before a white man ever set foot on Western shores; and like the corn, its origin in the wild state is, as a matter of fact, one of the mysteries of a lost past. A Spanish doctor is credited with taking the first tobacco to Europe when he went home, from the West Indies probably, somewhere about 1558; but its use as the Indians

use it did not become fashionable and general until a little boy of that date had grown to manhood, and to a position great enough to enable him to set the style. Tradition has it that Sir Walter Raleigh's second attempt at colonizing Virginia resulted in this much at least: that gifts of the Indian's "implements" for using tobacco were brought home to him by Ralph Lane, the Governor, and Sir Francis Drake, when the latter, stopping to pay them a courtesy visit in 1586, on his way up from hectoring the Spaniards in the West Indies, was persuaded to take every discouraged man aboard and back to England.

And Sir Walter immediately learned to smoke, "privately in his home," they tell us—the house at Islington which was long the Pied Bull Inn. Here his arms were emblazoned, topped with a picture of the tobacco plant; the same likeness perhaps that Nicolo Monardes, a Spaniard, made sometime between 1565 and 1571, and published in his Treatise, issued between those years in Seville. This is of unique interest, being the first picture known of any American plant. It is not botanically accurate, but it is nevertheless unmistakably our *Nicotiana.*

Sir Walter's tobacco box was cylindrical in form, seven inches in diameter and thirteen long, of gilt leather with a glass or metal container within, capable of holding a pound of the seductive weed. Where it

is now I do not know, but it reposed in the Thoresby Museum at Leeds in 1719, and was added to the collection of smoking utensils of all nations, made around the middle of the last century by an English duke.

In 1621 Sir Francis Wyat came over to take up the office of Governor made vacant by Yeardley's retirement, bringing with him new governmental instructions calculated to regulate the mania for tobacco growing which afflicted the planters. Corn, wine and silk were to be cultivated, apprentices were to be put to trades which they were not to forsake for "planting tobacco or any such useless commodity," and the colonists were admonished to "make small quantity of tobacco, and that very good."

Six years before this there had been twelve various articles of export from Virginia, whereas now sassafras and tobacco were the only ones. Twenty thousand pounds of the latter had gone to England in 1619; seventy years later the annual import into England was above fifteen million pounds! And this in the face of the King's "Counterblast to Tobacco," issued in 1616; and of very great and general opposition by many, to its use.

Yeardley had left the Colony in a most happy and prosperous condition, however, and as it was about this time that a second test of "West Indian fruits" was made, it would seem that the interest in tobacco rais-

ing had not left them quite indifferent to the possibilities of everything else. Figs, lemons, almonds, pomegranates, olives, ginger, sugar-cane, plantains and cassada or prickly pear are named as subjects of this testing; the first mentioned were an immediate success, evidently, for the garden of Mrs. Pierce at Jamestown, although only three or four acres in extent, yielded a hundred bushels in one year, not so many years later.

A legal provision regarding the enclosure of land, adopted by the General Court in 1626, would seem to indicate that some of the grantees of the vast areas privately acquired, had undertaken to be exclusive with regard to their holdings. This provision stipulates that *only* those fields wherein crops grow, may be enclosed "with fence"; the rest, it declares, must be left as a range for cattle. And the instructions to Gov. Berkeley in 1641 provided that every colonist holding one hundred acres of land should establish a garden and orchard, carefully protected by a fence, ditch or hedge. Berkeley himself had fifteen hundred apple, peach, apricot, quince and other fruit trees, which must have been so protected.

The fence probably most commonly used, is characteristic to-day of many parts of Virginia—the picturesque "rail fence," most easily constructed and most readily taken down and moved to another place, when

cultivation was abandoned in the first. There were other fences, to be sure; an order of the General Court in this same year required all living in that part of the Colony to "rail, pale or fence" their tilled lands—which shows a recognition of three distinct kinds of inclosure.

But Mr. Whitaker, one of the leading planters, "railed in" one hundred acres in 1621, as a protection to the vines, grain and other crops which were growing, or to grow, there. And from the ease with which rails could be obtained, compared to the difficulty of securing the less primitive materials needed for palings or board fence, they would obviously be most often chosen. Inclosures of wonderful beauty they make, too, with garlands of the wild morning-glory, the honeysuckle, grape and Virginia creeper strewn everywhere upon them; and each recess crowded with its clustering wild flowers.

The first dwellings of even the most prominent and wealthy planters were simple and plain in the extreme, mostly built of wood and having only the necessary rooms. What bricks were used seem to have been altogether of local manufacture, yet, in spite of their excellent brick clay and the ability to make bricks, the first all-brick house, according to tradition, was Secretary Kemp's, built at Jamestown in 1639. Governor Berkeley built himself a brick house at Green Spring

ARBORS INVITE TO LOITERING ALWAYS IN OLD GARDENS; AN APPLE TREE SHADES THIS AND DROPS ITS FRUIT CONVENIENTLY NEAR

about two years later—a very small house, considering whose it was, for it contained only six rooms. But the kitchens and various rooms devoted to the service of the household were invariably located in detached outbuildings, in this sunny land; so this, after all, was a house of considerable dignity and size, in view of the youth of the Colony. But it is commonly said and believed that it could boast no dwelling in the seventeenth century—or none until towards the end of that century—of any pretense to any beauty or elegance. And naturally while houses were still somewhat rude and unlovely, gardens would be also.

Towards the end of that century a new era was dawning, however—the era that always comes when the fighting and stern effort of pioneer years are over. The cultivation of tobacco had gradually extended and widened the holdings of those who raised it, for almost no plant exhausts the soil as it does; hence every plantation continually expanded, as before mentioned, for new fields had constantly to be cleared up for it. The old and worn out ones where it had been cropped were improvidently left to barrenness in that age of plenty. If it robbed the land, however, it brought riches to the planters; and for it their laborers were many, for the slaves had come early. Added to this, the planters themselves were, many of them, men

of rank, the sons of gentlemen and squires, pleasure loving and accustomed to rule. And so, quite naturally on these vast domains, there grew up a system like, and yet not like, the feudalism of the Middle Ages, with its luxury, its independence, its freedom, and its serfdom.

Villages and towns were not, and indeed are not to this day, throughout the greater portion of the Cavalier country. The plantation was the unit; each was a small barony, each planter an overlord. Hence, when the time of finer arts than rude necessity demanded had arrived, these developed according to this somewhat magnificent conception of himself and his holdings which the planter cherished—a conception, which such men, under such conditions, could hardly avoid cherishing.

Englishmen, born to a love of the great ancestral homes, to a passion for land, for sport, for horses, for rule as well as for independence and self-government, they brought to America certain traditions to which they clung tenaciously; and certain ideals, which amplified themselves spontaneously, as it were—under the congenial conditions which America at that time afforded—into a luxurious, half princely, yet withal simple mode of living, unlike any that has ever prevailed anywhere else in the world. Everything that was done, was done on a scale of lavish

plenty, of magnificence! There was room and to spare, and abundance; and their ideas and ideals took shape accordingly. There were no small grants, nor cottage homes, nor cottage gardens. Only manor lands and great park-like inclosures could satisfy the taste of people like these.

It is well past the middle of the seventeenth century, however, before there appears any evidence of a general concern for the finer and nicer things of the garden. Undoubtedly the gardens, such as they were, had been there for many years; but these were the ruder gardens of vegetables as well as flowers. It is not likely that much attempt had been made as yet toward definite garden design. The plantation yard was just a partly shaded, irregular open field whereon the dwelling stood. The grass of this was the same as any meadow showed, and the live-stock grazing about it afforded the only restriction to its growth. Near the house and conveniently located, was the garden, always fenced or railed or paled to keep out the hogs and cattle—and here grew the vegetables for the family, and such flowers as there was room for.

Of these there were "gillyflowers" (this meant carnation pinks rather than what we now know as gilliflowers), "holly hocks, sweet bryer, lavender cotton, white satten or honestie, English roses, fether few (feverfew), comferie (comfrey), celandine"; and

these were all jumbled in with the "lettice and sorrel, Marygold, parsley, chervel, burnet, savory, time (thyme), sage, spear mint, penny royal, smalledge, fennel," and what-not of pot herbs and sweet herbs, for kitchen, linen chest and still.

Garden material was constantly being sent from the mother country. A letter of Col. William Byrd to his brother, in 1684, expresses his thanks for gooseberry and currant bushes just received. He writes to someone else, in the same year, his appreciation of seed and roots sent him, which had been planted and flowered. These were iris, crocus, tulips and anemone.

Cabins for the negroes were near by the dwelling—the "quarters" of all plantations—and kitchen, milk-house, wash-house, barns, hen-house, carriage-house, the shop and the overseer's office formed quite a group of little buildings, usually arranged to flank the big house on either side, in an orderly fashion. And many yards had a tall pole with a toy house atop it, for the bee martin to live in; for the bee martin hates the hawk and the crow, and gives battle to both these raiders upon the poultry yard. Hence his presence was highly desirable. Always there were honey bees, too—many of them—the hives standing under the eaves of the lesser buildings. And as time went on, some planters fenced in the entire area about

their dwelling, instead of allowing the live-stock to roam up to the very doors.

Col. William Fitzhugh's description of his plantation, written to a correspondent in the mother country sometime between 1681 and 1686, reflects the life, and the average planter's circumstances, so truly, that I cannot do better than give it, just as it came from his pen. "As first," writes he, "the Plantation where I now live contains a thousand acres, at least 700 acres of it being rich thicket, the remainder good hearty plantable land, without any waste either by marshes or great swamps the commodiousness, conveniency and pleasantness yourself well knows, upon it there is three quarters well furnished with all necessary house; grounds and fencing, together with a choice crew of negroes at each plantation, most of them this Country born, the remainder as likely as most in Virginia, there being twenty-nine in all, with stocks of cattle and hogs at each quarter, upon the same land is my own Dwelling house furnished with all accommodations for a Comfortable and gentill living, as a very good dwelling house with rooms in it, four of the best of them hung and nine of them plentifully furnished with all things necessary and convenient, and all houses for use furnished with brick chimneys, four good Cellars, a Dairy, a Dovecot, Stable, Barn, Henhouse, Kitchen and all other

conveniencys, and all in a manner new, a large Orchard, of about 2500 Aple trees, most grafted, well fenced with a Locust fence, which is as desirable as most brick walls, a Garden, a hundred foot square, well pailed in, a Yeard wherein is most of the aforesaid necessary houses, pallizado'd in with locust Puncheons, which is as good as if it were walled in and more lasting than any of our bricks, together with a good stock of cattle, hogs, horses, mares, sheep, &c & necessary servants belonging to it, for the supply and support thereof."

These "Aple" trees are elsewhere said to have been of many varieties—"mains, pippins, russentens, costards, marigolds, kings, magitens and batchelors." Then of pears he had, "bergamys and wardens"; and he had also quinces, apricots, plums, cherries and peaches.

To him must be credited the statement that the colonists "purpose making Towns"; I doubt if any would consent to go and live in them, however, which is perhaps the reason they did not carry out the intent which he avowed. He declares at one time that he has a "mind to try if Olives would not thrive well in the Straights, as far in the Northern Latitude as we are here, some of which sort you might procure in London; Therefore I will desire you to procure for me some of them with directions how to manage them."

Evidently the trials of "West Indian fruits," back around 1620, had not proven altogether successful—or the results were not a matter of record—else he would have known whether or no olives would thrive.

The taste in gardening which prevailed at the time when gardens may be said to have been first *designed* in Virginia, was of course a direct inheritance from England; therefore it is necessary to glimpse the English gardens of the period in order to understand best what this was, making due allowance for the lapse of time which is always required for the passing of a fashion from one continent to another. What Englishmen were doing with their gardens in England during any given decade would be more likely to serve as the pattern for Englishmen abroad in the succeeding decade, than for those whose work was contemporary. With this in mind, let us see what England's gardens have to offer at the time of the first colonists.

We must go away back to the Protestant refugees who poured into the Island from the Continent, while Elizabeth was queen, fleeing from the persecutions which assailed them there under the Inquisitorial methods. These brought with them the ideas of France and Holland, principally. Italy, too, may have influenced some, though not to a great degree, and that somewhat indirectly. Thus the gardens made during Elizabeth's reign were something dis-

tinctly different from any England had known before, and they left their impress upon all that came after. And our earliest American gardens were inspired by a modification of these cosmopolitan Elizabethan gardens; hence from the soil up, we have inherited a blend from all of the old world.

The Elizabethan gardens were the first to be definitely planned by the architect who designed the house; and they were held "to be no mean adjunct to a house, or a confusion of greenswards, paths and flower beds"; on the contrary, they required skill and a high degree of cultivated taste to compass them; they were parts of an elegant design, and as such were weighed and nicely balanced to the rest, represented by the house. The usual scheme was a terrace immediately against the dwelling, which by its elevation above the garden, overlooked it in its entirety. Steps led down, and generous walks—"broad straight walks called 'forthrights' connected the plots of the garden, as well as the garden with the house. Smaller walks ran parallel with the terrace, and the spaces between were filled with grass plots, mazes or knotted beds. The forthrights corresponded to the plan of the building, while the patterns in the beds and mazes harmonized with the details of the architecture."

These gardens were almost always a perfect square; and Parkinson explains that the reason this form was

preferred rather than "an orbicular, or triangular or an oblong," was "because it doth best agree with man's dwelling." Invariably they were enclosed, sometimes with brick or stone, sometimes with a paling, again with a hedge. Brick or stone walls were usually covered with rosemary, which is one of the things that Josselyn, writing from New England, says "is no plant for this country." This popular usage of it at home accounts for his special mention of it as unfit here. It quite possibly may have been in some Virginia gardens, however.

The terraces were sometimes retained by a stone wall; or again they were simply the grassed slope which we commonly see now. In either event they were broad and splendid, and afforded delightful loitering-spots where the garden's beauties could be enjoyed. The open walks were made of gravel, sand or turf, usually, though some were planted with fragrant herbs," "burnet, wild thyme and water mint" being pronounced by Bacon the choicest of all when trodden on. "Shade alleys" also sometimes ran beside the gardens, and a walk between high clipped hedges, or between its wall and a hedge, was often introduced. These, being less open to sun and air, were always of gravel or sand.

We have all, I think, fallen into the error of supposing that the designs executed in boxwood and com-

monly regarded as bordered "beds," which our fancy associates with old-time gardens, were always filled with flowers. This is not true. Some may have been, but the great gardeners and writers upon gardening of the age, are careful to express their condemnation of such treatment. Flowers were put into borders along the walks and against the hedge, or into what they called "open knots." These were of fanciful form similar to the bordered knots, perhaps just like them; but were without inclosure of any kind—open, and therefore better suited to flowers; what we to-day would call a bed. Boxwood borders, or borders of thyme or rosemary or hyssop or thrift—all these were used in planting the intricate bordered knots and designs—left no room with their convolutions and often very narrow complexities, for flowers. And moreover, such designs needed no flowers; they were expressions of form and line alone; flowers furnished quite another motif, to be used in another place.

Boxwood was highest in favor for a border to the simplest knots—that is, those whose design was not too intricate for its sturdiness. "French or Dutch box" Parkinson calls it, recommending it because it does not overgrow the beds and spoil their form, "as thrift, germander, marjerome, Savorie," do. Lavender cotton was used also; and here again Josselyn's

EVEN IN THIS GLADE WHERE SWAYING BRANCH AND SKIPPING SUNLIGHT PLAY, THE VINE PRESERVES PERPETUAL UNITY BETWEEN POETRY AND UTILITY

mention of it proves its use in America—and why not for just this purpose of working out fanciful designs? Where living borders were not used, oak boards, tiles, the shank bones of sheep thrust into the ground, or "round whitish or blewish stones" took their place, these of course forming open beds or knots. Therefore it was within inclosures of this sort that flowers were usually set.

Such were the gardens from which the earliest Cavaliers came to the new world—and such, in a measure, must have been the earliest ideals which they would labor here to realize. But the later immigrants, and travelers who came to visit, brought newer "fashions" than the gardeners of Elizabeth's age had known; for during the exile of Charles II into France he had been inspired by the beauties of Versailles, and upon his return at the Restoration, he diligently set about reproducing them.

The great Le Nôtre, designer and builder of these wonderful gardens, which the splendidest of the Louis, the "Grand Monarch," caused to be planted on an arid plain at such tremendous cost, was invited to come to England and undertake work on the royal gardens there. It is not known that he accepted, but certainly alterations were made in them that embodied his principles, and if they were not superintended by him personally, they were the work

of his pupils. A celebrated English gardener, considered indeed the best of his time in a practical way, one John Rose, was sent to study at Versailles, and became Royal Gardener to Charles upon his return. So the French ideas were thoroughly in evidence in the new fashions of the Restoration; but because of their magnificence they were not adapted to any but the estates of the nobility.

Things had to be done on a tremendous scale, according to Le Nôtre's conceptions; avenues were longer and larger, trees were doubled in number and planted at greater distance apart along them, walks and terraces were much more imposing, and architectural adornments were everywhere. Statues, temples, fountains, cascades, arbors, seats, trellises, sundials were met on every side. Naturally this was not the sort of thing in which a man of only moderate wealth might indulge; yet equally true it is that it was the particular thing towards which all would aspire in such measure as they were able, it being the latest fashion. So Beverly's reference to summer-houses, grottoes and arbors, which he says were in the gardens here, is precisely what we might expect, these being an imitation of the elegancies of those magnificent gardens which the King and nobility were building.

When Dutch William of Orange came to sit on the

English throne, still another continental influence was felt; and as whatever affected English taste affected it on both sides of the Atlantic, the mathematical preciseness of this new school began to tell on the gardens that were being constructed here, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Vegetable sculpturing or topiary work was a feature of Dutch gardening, likewise the huge urns or vases set up in prominent parts of the garden; and open iron fences with very imposing gates began to take the place of impenetrable walls, in conformity to the growing desire to see abroad into the world.

Thus we have curiously complex and mixed antecedents for the gardens which came into being around such places as Mt. Airy, the home of the Tayloe's, built in 1650; Shirley, of the same year; Tuckahoe, 1700 or 1710; Chatham, 1720, with its ten-acre lawn before the house; Stratford Hall, 1725 to 30; and "Belvadera" at Westover, the great home which Col. Byrd built in 1726. Here there was a walled garden of two acres, with boxwood borders and box trees, and Byrd himself loved it so well that here he was buried, his monument marking the center of the garden.

Col. Randolph's house at Tuckahoe impressed one traveler as so remarkable that he described it minutely in 1729. It was "built on a rising ground, having a most beautiful prospect of James River. On one side

is Tuckahoe, which being the Indian name of that creek, he named his plantation Tuckahoe after it: his house seems built solely to answer the purpose of hospitality, which being constructed in a different manner than most countries; I shall describe it to you: It is in the form of an H, and has the appearance of two houses joined by a large saloon; each wing has two stories and four large rooms on a floor; in one the family reside and the other is reserved solely for visitors: the saloon that unites them is of a considerable magnitude, and on each side are doors; the ceiling is lofty and to these they principally retire in summer, being but little incommoded by the sun and by the doors of each of the houses and those of the saloon being open, there is a constant circulation of air; they are furnished with four sophas, two on each side, and in the centre there is generally a chandelier; these saloons answer the two purposes of a cool retreat from the scorching and sultry heat of the climate, and of an occasional ballroom. The outhouses are detached at some distance, that the house may be open to the air on all sides." In the gardens at Tuckahoe were box-bordered beds containing flowers, each bed being given up to one kind, notwithstanding the disapproval of this sort of planting by the great English gardeners before mentioned.

Landscape gardening, in its broadest sense, owes its

inception probably to Dufresnoy, Le Nôtre's successor as Director of the Royal Gardens. His work began to show an imitation of Nature that had never before been attempted, nor even considered desirable. But, as I have earlier pointed out, it was not to be expected that men should wish to duplicate in their gardens that from which they could wrest these same gardens only by the mightiest effort and vigilance. So it is not until the artificial has obscured Nature that Nature begins to seem admirable.

Addison's essay on "Imagination," written in 1712, commended the new ideas seen in the gardens of France—and also Italy—for representing "an artificial rudeness much more charming" than the customary precise and stiff design. Pope also became an ardent exponent of the naturalistic style, and expressed himself with a pleasant piquancy which affords as good a rule as any ever laid down:

> "In all, let nature never be forgot,
> But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
> Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare."

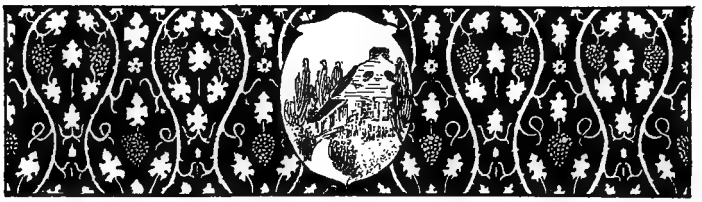
And Horace Walpole, writing later of Bridgman, whose work became the rage about 1720—and who, by-the-way, is regarded as having possessed a more refined taste than any of his contemporaries—says he was "far more chaste, he banished verdant sculpture

and did not ever resort to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdained to make every division tally to its opposite, and though he still adhered much to straight walks with high clipt hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified with wilderness and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges."

This broader influence was greatly felt by the middle of the eighteenth century; the period, in America, when "the time of infancy had passed: the struggle for existence was happily over" and "America . . . turned with the eagerness of new desire to the comforts and elegances of social life . . . the arts grew in strength as though born upon the soil." Under this influence, overlying all the earlier ideals and traditions and yet not obscuring them nor blotting them out, the work of Washington in the gardens at Mount Vernon was begun; and of Jefferson at Monticello. And the first, a semi-public memorial, remains to us to-day as it was designed by the first and greatest of the land, while the second has been restored and splendidly preserved under private care.

Finally, it is particularly interesting to note, by a comparison of the plans of these Virginia gardens with those of the earlier Spanish settlement of St. Augustine, and with the gardens of the Dutch, the great difference in their makers. The gardens of the old

Spanish town are on lines of primitive directness which quite clearly reveal sharply defined limitations. A directness which at first glance seems similar prevails in the Dutch, but this becomes neat restraint upon close study, rather than limitation, although there is a certain lack of imagination. But all the Dutch artful carefulness is simplicity itself when placed alongside the complex and very highly "organized" design, showing great ingenuity in its every part, which is the development of the English-American—or as we may by this time say, the American. Here, through these lines upon the paper—which are really the pictures of their creators' minds, in a certain sense—it is possible to trace broadly the racial characteristics and the complex qualities which lie far beneath them, that are peculiar to the races represented.



IV

NEW AMSTERDAM HOUSEWIVES' GARDENS

IT was from a snug little land that they came, these solid Dutchmen who followed Hudson and his *Half Moon* some twenty years after the first voyage; a land whose every square foot was precious, redeemed from the waters as so much of it was by patient and untiring effort—and retained by ceaseless vigilance. So the habit of thrift in the use of land was strong upon them; indeed I doubt they could be lavish with it if they tried.

And then, too, they were dwellers in town. Feudalism had never had the hold upon Holland that it had upon the rest of Europe; partly, no doubt, because the country's natural physical conditions were distinctly against the development of feudal holdings, and partly because the temper of the race would have none of it. In Friesland, the "cradle of the Anglo-Saxons," it was never known; and elsewhere throughout the Netherlands the independent town life had

formed a barrier against which it beat in vain, ultimately shattering itself. Hallam says "their self-government goes beyond any assignable date." And another writes, "Here," (in Holland) "art was first made the servant of the home, glorifying the things of common life, and the people rather than the kings and nobles."

The States-General of Holland seem not to have realized this spirit of the people, when they took the first definite steps towards establishing a permanent colony in New Netherland, in 1629; for to the members of the West India Company—the holders of the Charter of 1621—each of whom was already assigned a large grant, they gave the privilege of extending their limits sixteen English miles on one side of the river, or half that distance on both sides—exclusive of the island itself, which was reserved to the Company—and "so far into the country as the situation of the occupiers will permit," on condition of their planting, each of them—as "Patroon" or master—a colony of fifty souls, above fifteen years of age. These lands the Patroons were to hold as "a perpetual inheritance"; they were also allowed and instructed "to establish officers and magistrates in the cities," and to dispose of the property by will. To others who should go to the Colony and settle independent of the Patroons, as much land was granted, under the ap-

proval of the Company's Director-General and Council, "as they shall be able to improve." These independent colonists were to be taxed, but no tax was to be paid for ten years by the tenants of the Patroons, who came bound to them for a term of years; and in addition to this the Patroons themselves were promised "blacks" by the Company.

Emigration from Holland under this Charter, so little calculated to the taste of Dutch independence, was slow. A few came, to be sure, but not many; there was no stampede of eager Hollanders—not by any means. Trust these wary people to take better heed than that. They staid obstinately at home, and went about their business, the rank and file of them, disdaining to notice the great West India Company at all—and obstinately the great West India Company waited, for eleven long years; waited while the few traders in furs who were already resident in the Colony, misbehaved among themselves more and more persistently, and wrangled and quarreled. These would not work, when they might, but spent most of their time in complaints and contentions against the Company and each other—and things got into a dreadful state.

Then at last the Company and the States-General capitulated; and in 1640 a new Charter was granted, whereby any emigrant who should go to New Nether-

land, taking five souls above fifteen years of age, should be given the standing of master and the right to claim two hundred acres of land. Here was what they had been waiting for; and now the Colony began its first real growth, healthy and constant.

True to their long acquired instinct of conserving every particle of the earth, however, the town which sprang up to meet the growing need for dwellings was compactness itself—this, too, for better protection against the savages—and the plots allotted to each settler were modest, indeed, when the vast area at their disposal is considered. Their dwellings were set on the line of the street—streets had been laid out in 1638—with their gable ends to the front and shoulder to shoulder, leaving no space between them for a passage to the rear, even, in most cases. Of course many came who did not fulfill the required stipulations to qualify for the standing of master; indeed these made up the majority of the inhabitants. But many who held large "bouweries" or farms lived in the town, for the protection it afforded, as well as for its neighbors. They were essentially neighborly folk, these.

Pieter Cornellisen who came as house carpenter for the Company three years before the granting of the new Charter, found a strip of land which he bespoke that was fifty feet wide at one end, and only twenty-

six at the other. How long it was I do not know, but from the account of its neighboring plots, and its location, it could not have been more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet. Pieter did not build him a house on it—too busy building for others, perhaps—but he did set out cherry trees, and peaches and pears, and these were bearing there in 1651. Kip, the tailor, had his house "in a garden" which was sixty-five feet along its front; but this was exceptional, and few houses did not occupy the entire frontage of the plots whereon they stood. Roelantsen, the schoolmaster, had a garden in one place about fifty by one hundred feet; his house was elsewhere, however. The earliest private deed recorded, dated 1643, gives the dimensions of the plot which it transferred as thirty by one hundred and ten feet.

Under the extravagant, domineering Director-General Kieft, who took it upon himself to make amends for flagrant offenses against the people—or to try to make amends for them, perhaps—by indulging them, at the Company's expense, in certain requests and perhaps only half framed wishes, a row of five houses was built, of stone or brick, facing the row of Company offices and shops, and lying between these and the Fort. For some residents had grown timid after the Indian troubles of 1643—those troubles that had been occasioned by Kieft's wanton cruelty and fero-

cious disregard alike of the settlers' advice and entreaty—and wished to live under the protecting wing of the Fort. These houses in particular must have had very tiny gardens indeed, for the Fort was close at hand, and there was very little space between its sides and their rear walls.

But, however tiny the space, we may be sure it was well cultivated; and because order is essential in cramped quarters, whatever they are devoted to, we may infer that it was orderly: even if order were not almost a Dutch obsession—which it is—we should know that these plots must be orderly, if anything at all was to grow in them.

And what did grow in them? What could they raise in these toy gardens? "A patch of cabbages, a bit of tulips," one writer credits to every Dutch home—with accommodations for a horse, a cow, a couple of pigs and a flock of "barn door fowls," in addition. But this is a flight of fancy rather than an authentic enumeration, for no garden was limited to cabbage, small though many were. All had their bed of tulips, however, no doubt—or border of them—and certain other flowers inseparable from the Dutch and their flat, toylike land.

Extended lists, indeed, under carefully arranged heads, are given in that priceless "Description of New Netherland"—*Beschryvinge Van Nieuw-Nederlant*—

of Adrian Van der Donck's, written in 1655; the book which is now the rarest and most valuable of any work dealing with the Dutch settlement. No other single volume, probably, is so coveted by the collector who has it not, as this. These lists of Van der Donck's are headed, "Of Fruit Trees Brought Over from the Netherlands," "Of the Flowers," "Of the Healing Herbs," and "Of the Products of the Kitchen Garden." Many other things are included of course, for the book is a very complete "description," but these are the ones which are of especial interest here. Very interesting are those which deal with native plants and trees too, but less important to us of course.

Taking the list in the order named he says, "Various apple and pear which thrive well. Those also grow from the seed of which I have seen many, which without grafting, bore delicious fruit in six years. . . . The English have brought over the first quinces, and we have also brought over stocks and seeds which thrive well. Orchard cherries thrive well and produce large fruit. Spanish cherries, forerunners, morellas, of every kind we have, as in the Netherlands and the trees bear better because the blossoms are not injured by the frosts. The peaches, which are sought after in the Netherlands, grow wonderfully well here. . . . We have also introduced morecotoons (a kind of peach), apricots, several of the best plums, almonds,

persimmons" (these may have been secured from Virginia; they are native, but only to southern regions), "cornelian cherries, figs, several sorts of currants, gooseberries, calissiens, and thorn apples; and we do not doubt but the olive would thrive and be profitable, but we have them not." Grapes were not yet established, however, as he felt they should be, evidently; for "Although the land is full of many kinds," he writes, "we still want settings of the best kind from Germany for the purpose of enabling our wine planters here to select the best kinds and propagate the same." Every kind of fruit which has been introduced, however, he declares, thrives better than at home, "particularly such as require a warmer climate."

From the fruits he passes to the flowers. Of these there are "the white and red roses of different kinds, the cornelian roses and stock roses"; (may these last two not refer to *Rosa canina*—the dog rose—which has always been much used as a "stock" for grafting upon? There is a possible connection in the term "cornelian," this being the name applied to a cornel or *dog* wood—the cornelian cherry or *Cornus Mas;* possibly he used it in this sense to designate the *dog* rose) "and those of which were none before in the country, such as eglantine, several kinds of gilly-flowers, jenoffelins" (no one can even guess what these were), "different varieties of fine tulips, crown imperials, white lilies,

the lily frutilaria, anemones, baredames" (another mystery), "violets, marigolds, summer sots" (possibly daisies, sometimes called "maudlin wort"), "&c. The clove tree has also been introduced; and there are various indigenous trees that bear handsome flowers which are unknown in the Netherland."

By "the clove tree" he must mean the real spice clove—*Caryophyllus aromaticus.* This is cultivated in the West Indies, where the Dutch had long traded, and doubtless they thought it possible that it would grow here. Certainly it was worth trying, for it is a valuable tree. There is another plant, sometimes called the clove tree, that is native to Australia, but that continent was little more than discovered at this time, hence it could hardly be this.

He mentions some flowers of "native growth" of merit, from which it is obvious that these have risen to sufficient esteem to be welcomed in the gardens; "as for instance, sun flowers, red and yellow lilies, mountain lilies" (martagon lilies), "morning stars, and red, white and yellow maritoffles (a very sweet flower), several species of bell flower, etc."

"Morning stars" are a problem; so are the "maritoffles." The first may mean the common bindweed or *Convolvulus sepium*, although an old American writer describes under the name of "morning stars" a flowering tree or shrub growing in great abundance on

Long Island. The dogwood is the only tree answering his description, and this lacks two "petals" of filling it; for he says that the flowers have six petals, whereas the dogwood flowers have only four bracts. I fancy this a mistake in count, however, for the rest of what he says is so exactly the account of *Cornus florida*, and of nothing else, that he must have remembered wrong, or his printer played him false. One other possibility there is, though a very slight one; the "morning star" was a mediæval weapon consisting of a ball, spiked hideously, hung on the end of a chain which depended from a great club. One kind of thistle has been known by this name, from its resemblance to this spiked ball. But this is not a flower of sufficient beauty to attract mention in a list like Van der Donck's; and I am inclined to believe he meant the flowering dogwood, for this alone was really new to him, and is of course of striking beauty.

"Maritoffles" are, to the best of my belief and ability to declare, lady-slippers, "Mary's Slippers," literally—the wild *Cypripedium pubescens*, *C. spectabile* and *C. acaule* furnishing the yellow, the white and the red—not actually red to be sure, but a shade difficult for the inexperienced to define, therefore called red by Van der Donck, that being as near it as he could come.

The kitchen garden products are introduced with

the declaration that they are "very numerous"—a patch of cabbages, indeed!—and the chronicler calls himself a poor one to remember them all. But in a general way he finds himself able to say: "They consist then of various kinds of sallads, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, beets, endive, succory, finckel" (fennel) "sorrel, dill, spinage, radishes, Spanish radishes, parsley, chervil (or sweet Cicely) cresses, various leeks and besides whatever is commonly found in a kitchen garden. The herb garden is also tolerably well supplied with rosemary, lavender, hyssop, thyme, sage, marjoram, balm, holy onion, (*ajuin helig*) wormwood, belury, chives and clary; also pimpernel, dragon's blood, five finger, tarragon (or dragon's wort) &c. together with laurel, artichokes and asparagus and various other things."

He agrees with Josselyn that the pumpkin is firmer, sweeter, drier and more palatable than when grown in Europe; and he explains at some length another vegetable, similar to it, which the Indians use: "The natives have another species of this vegetable peculiar to themselves, called 'quassiens.'" This is a Dutch form of the aboriginal name for the squash—askutasquash—which means "vine apple," according to Roger Williams' work of 1643. Melons there are too, in abundance, he says; and the citrull or water citron he describes with great detail, unmistakably

identifying the watermelon. This was known in the Netherlands through being brought from Portugal, whence West Indian traders had taken it, as they took the potato, sweet potato and tobacco.

Of cucumbers and gourds there were plenty; the calabashes or gourds were raised for their hard shells, which were used to hold spices, seed and such things. The gourd indeed "is the common water pail of the natives and I have seen one so large it would contain more than a bushel"—that is, a Dutch bushel, which is a peck less than the English. Turnips, peas and beans he says are excellent, except the large Windsor bean; this never seemed to fill its pods, owing to the heat and dry climate, he reasons. Which was right; and even now this variety of bean is useful only in the northern sections, although it may do fairly well in a cool summer, if planted early. It is hardy enough to go into the ground about the time that peas are planted.

A bit of practical information comes in here, in his account of the methods of planting adopted by the Colonists. Referring to the Indians he says: "They have a peculiar mode of planting them" (beans) "which our people have learned to practice:—when the Turkish wheat" (Indian corn) "or as it is called maize, is half a foot above the ground, they plant the beans around it, and let them gow together. The

coarse stalk serves as a bean-prop and the beans run upon it. They increase together and thrive extremely well, and thus two crops are gathered at the same time."

Thus we see how quick to adopt as their own the devices and methods of the red men, the Dutch were. And these, grafted upon their hereditary skill and knowledge, speedily developed a husbandry suited to the climate and conditions in which they were settled. It was not long before travelers who visited New Amsterdam and the outlying farmsteads which dotted the island of the Ma-na-atans—or the Manhates, or Manna-hatas; there is variety enough to choose from —exclaimed at the abundance on every side, and lamented the peaches lying in such quantities everywhere upon the ground that even the hogs surfeited of them and could devour no more.

As to the ancient name of the island, I must digress long enough to explain that I have adopted the form which appears to have the strongest claim to being correct, alhough it is the form least used. Many fanciful and far-fetched derivations for "Manhattan" have been advanced by scholars—and others—and repudiated by scholars. I must confess I cannot bring myself to agreement with the necessity which most of those who have studied the question seem to feel themselves under, of limiting their interpretation by

the orthography of the word as it appears on the early maps of the region. The spelling of even a mother-tongue was largely a matter of chance, individual preference or peculiarity at the time these first maps were made; and what was one thing, at one time, under one man's pen, appeared in a slightly or very much altered dress, as the case might be, when another set it down. This being true of a familiar tongue, how is it to be expected that consistency should have marked the treatment of the strange sounds and gutturals which characterized the speech of the savage, whose phonetics even must have been largely guessed?

Juet, the journal keeper of Hudson's first voyage, wrote the much disputed word the first time it was ever committed to paper; his rendering of it is "Manna-hata." He applies this very distinctly and unmistakably to the land, not to the men inhabiting it—but apparently to the mainland opposite the island; to what is now the New Jersey shore. The first English map seems to bear out this definite location of the name, for this has it written along the river's western bank—"Manahata"; but it confuses the question by presenting "Manahatin" along the eastern bank. Another map complicates it by showing "Manhattes" on the mainland to the north and no island at all, while still another confines the word to the island alone, and gives it as "Manhates"!

Out of this confusion there seem to be at least two definite conclusions to be drawn. One is that the name referred to the *land*—to some peculiarity or feature, doubtless, which distinguished that particular portion of the continent—rather than to a tribe of the aborigines; the other is, that it was not confined to the island, as some insist, but embraced the entire section, including the mainland all about, and the island. This much the old maps and descriptions seem to prove, without question. With this as a starting point, and the knowledge which we now have that Indian names are commonly bestowed for a very definite reason—that they convey usually, in most poetic fashion, a description of the general appearance of the place designated, or of some geographical marvel which identifies the place, it seems that it should not be a very puzzling matter for the student of Indian lore and speech to decipher the meaning.

That it is an Algonquin compound term descriptive of the region—a region of exceptional beauty even changed as it is by civilization—seems of all explanations the most logical. Geographically the place is one of the greatest distinction, differing from anything else the length of the entire seaboard; and the majesty and imposing strength of the great river slipping past its matchless palisades, out into the wonderful, land-

locked bay, presented to the imaginative savage a veritable summing up of all earthly beauty. So he called it just that—"Wonderful (or Majestic or Noble) Place of Surpassing Beauty"—which is the free rendering of the compound. Its spelling would be more nearly correct without the aspirate—that is, Ma-na-ata. It is quite possible, however, to understand the anxiety to emphasize that soft and elusive third syllable, which led to the inserting of the *h*. The discoverers, taking no chance of its being lost, put this rough letter before it, to drag it out of its gentle somnolence.

The red men who lived in the region would of course be "Ma-na-atas" to the strangers; it is hardly probable that few ever knew or thought or cared whether the name was actually the name of the tribe or not. It served to identify the people as well as the place, to the whites; that was sufficient. As for the old map makers, they took pains to show that this was the term which the Indians applied to all the section round about—and one, more painstaking and conscientious than the rest, or less certain of his guess, possibly, spelled it in two ways on the opposite sides of the river. Or possibly the Indians did make a distinction between the island and the mainland by a change in the termination of the word, so that "Ma-na-ata" referred to the latter, while "Ma-

na-atan" was specifically the "*Island* of the Place of Surpassing Beauty."

The first poet of the colony, Jacob Steendam, supplements Van der Donck's fruit and flower and vegetable lists with his "Praise of New Netherlands," a long poem written six years subsequent to the "Description." It is a rather nice poem, too; so for its own sake as well as for its corroboration of the plenty of garden and field to which Van der Donck had previously testified, I shall quote that portion which is of definite interest here because it tells of these things:

"Whatever skilful science more may know,
And in your lap, from other countries, throw
For culture: these, fresh strength on you bestow,
Without consuming.

You've most delicious hand-and kitchen fruits,
Greens, salads, radishes and savory shoots,
And turnips; and the cabbage you produce,
In large heads poming.

The biting herb—the strong tobacco plant;
The carrot and the Maltese parsnip, and
The melon, pumpkin, Spanish comfrey, grant
The sweetest pleasure.

Exotics which, from foreign climes, they bear
Unto your bosom, need no special care;
But reach, untended, in your genial air,
Their proper measure.

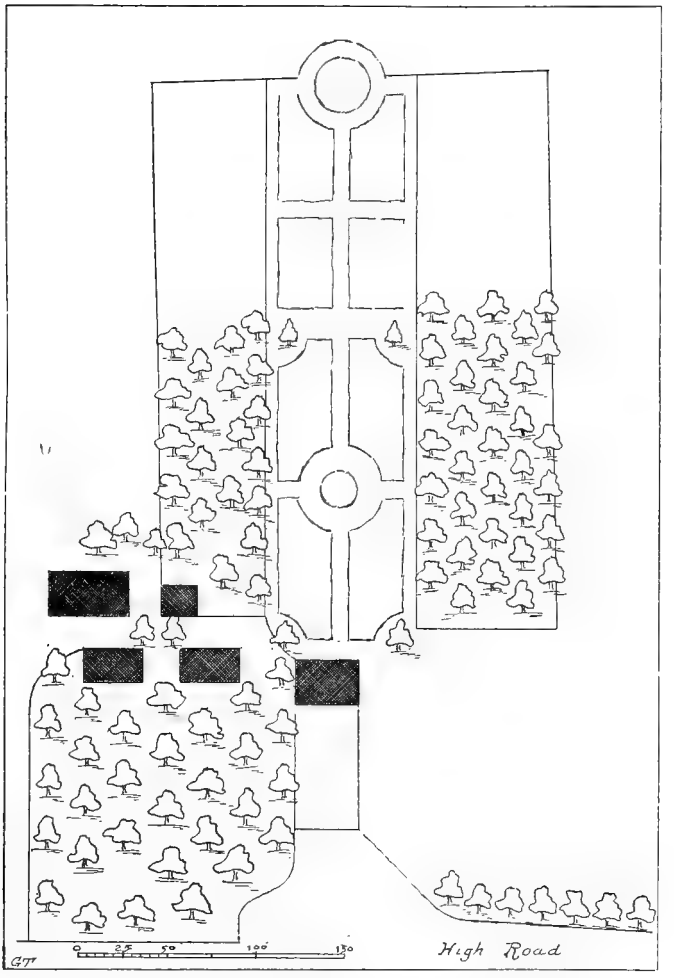
There's wheat and rye; and barley, pea, and bean;
Spelt, maize and buckwheat; all these kinds of grain
Do nobly grow: for horses to sustain,
Oats are awarded."

This horse sustenance is surely the most gratifying touch of all! *Spelt*, by the way, is a wheat that was very common once upon a time and is still used in some European countries, especially where the soil is poor.

One cannot but wonder when they slept, these industrious, tireless, sturdy women, when the amount which they accomplished is all taken into account. "Everyone in town and country had a garden," according to a reminiscence of the early eighteenth century, "but all the more hardy plants grew in the field, in rows, amidst the hills, as they were called, of Indian corn. These lofty plants sheltered them from the sun, while the same hoeing served for both: there cabbages, potatoes and other esculent roots, with variety of gourds, grew to a great size and were of an excellent quality. Kidney beans, asparagus, celery, great variety of sallads and sweet herbs, cucumbers &c. were only admitted into the garden, into which no foot of man intruded, after it was dug in spring. Here were no trees, those grew in the orchard in high perfection; strawberries and many high-flavoured wild fruits of the shrub kind abounded so much in

the woods, that they did not think of cultivating them in their gardens, which were extremely neat but small, and not by any means calculated for walking in. I think I yet see what I have so often beheld in both town and country, a respectable mistress of a family going out to her garden in an April morning, with her great calash, her little painted basket of seeds, and her robe over her shoulders, to her garden labours. These were by no means merely figurative. . . . A woman, in very easy circumstances and abundantly gentle in form and manners, would sow and plant and rake incessantly. These fair gardeners were also great florists: their emulation and solicitude in this pleasing employment did indeed produce 'flowers worthy of Paradise.' Though not set in 'curious knots' they were arranged in beds, the varieties of each kind by themselves; this if not varied and elegant was at least rich and gay." So the women were the gardeners; and they spun and wove and knit, also—and found time to take tea with a neighbor or to entertain one at home! How did they ever do it?

The secret of it lies, of course, in their sense of order, and the methodical system arising from this sense. Nothing was ever neglected or postponed; everything was done as it should be, *when* it should be. And the result was fat larders, and fat linen-



SOMERNDICK'S *BOUWERIE* FROM A "PLAN OF THE NORTH-EAST ENVIRONS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, PERFORMED BY THE ORDER OF HIS EXCELLENCY, THE EARL OF LOUDON, &C., &C., BY SAM'L HOLLAND, 17TH SEPT., 1757"

closets—and full gardens and fat. But what did they look like? What was their form? How were the things planted? Not in "curious knots"—yet in beds; what were these like? What was their arrangement? Or, to reduce all these questions to one, what were their garden designs?

Garden making is a primitive art; nothing, indeed, antedates it as an occupation, whatever one's favored authority may be. So we may confidently say that it was in making garden that man first gave expression to himself. All must have hunted the Diplodocus and defended themselves from the Anoplotherium—which was not so very fierce, after all, they say—or from those frightful ancestors of the hyena that could grind up the bones of the ancestors of our bears and lions even as the bull pup chews a chicken wing today, in very much the same way. But when it came to clearing away the forest and shaping a field, here was chance for variation; and ever increasing opportunity for more and more variation, as the earth was gradually subdued.

It is in the form of his garden, therefore, that man has always been, and is, and always will be, most self-revealing. He is utterly unable to be anything else. There is something within each one of us that shapes—actually, not figuratively—the work of our hands; a something that directs all the delicate forces

which we designate as "individuality," along definite lines. And these lines become the tracing of the form of our individuality, in whatever we do, visible in a thousand ways yet not discernible to any but the close observer perhaps. Handwriting is the simplest illustration of this truth; no two persons form a single letter of the alphabet identically the same, and though the letter may be perfectly legible in ten thousand thousand examples, each will possess a tracing of the individuality of the writer.

What is true of the individual is true of races. So it is literally and actually true to say that a certain *form* of architecture, of speech, of art, of music, of dancing, of design, of what not, is characteristic of a race. It cannot be otherwise; whatever exists at all has form—even so elusive a thing as the individuality of man, and of men.

So much for the theory; how does it prove, under a test? Almost absurdly true in the case in hand. Given a people of the Dutch type—a type that has not changed appreciably within the time we are considering—strong, careful, patient, neat, exact, not particularly imaginative but gifted with an infinite capacity for taking pains, there is just one form within our ken that corresponds exactly with their character. That form is the square; four equal sides it has, and four right angles—the embodiment of exactness, neat-

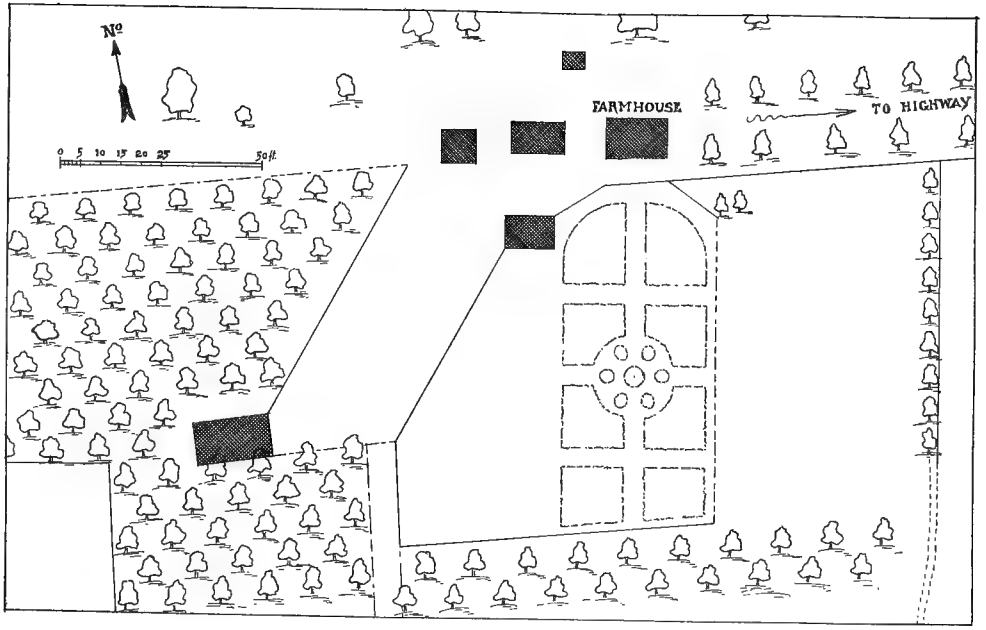
ness, balance, strength; minus imagination. Indeed it is so true to them that it has even crept into speech. The idly spoken "square, sturdy Dutch type" embodies a profound truth, as many another easy slipping phrase does without our realizing it.

This is not to say, however, that only the square form is to be found or expected in Dutch garden design. Indeed no; many graceful turns are given it, and varying forms are present. But the square is the underlying, construction basis; the work of these people is built upon this primarily. And it cannot be built upon any other, because this and this alone expresses them. Perfectly poised, it is the form of the race's individuality; and the one other form commonly seen in a Dutch garden is the circle at the center of this square, which serves to emphasize the exactness and the balance and the poise by emphasizing the center at which they rest.

The New Netherland farms whose plans are given, show this prevailing characteristic even after almost a hundred years of English possession. Nicholas Bayard was the cousin of Governor Stuyvesant's wife, hence a man of quality, undoubtedly. Here then is an instance of a place developed with some idea beyond the mere economic phase of getting the most out of a given space; yet here is the same form, setting a definite stamp upon the earth, as of a great signet imprinting

the symbol of a people. The Kip farm, famed for its fruits and for its collection of *rosacæa*, also had a garden of "Dutch regularity." Here Washington was entertained while President, and presented with a *Rosa Gallica*, which tradition says was introduced to America here. Designs from the old Dutch work on gardening by Jan van der Gro-en, as well as old maps and plans generally, repeat again the square, with slight variations.

We have seen how it was the form usually adopted when the Elizabethan gardens were made. Parkinson accounts for this on the ground of its conforming more nearly than anything else to the shape of the house, but I am inclined to think the idea was introduced, in the first place, through the advent in England of the great numbers of Dutch refugees from Spain's persecutions. England owes much to these fugitives. They drained and reclaimed the fens as they had drained and reclaimed their own low-lying Holland; and they taught people many things, so that an acre was "enabled to support double the number" that it had sustained. Scientific farming was unknown to the English prior to their arrival. In addition to practicing and teaching this, they introduced many vegetables hitherto uncultivated, really revolutionizing agriculture. In view of which, it hardly seems likely that England would have had to wait



NICHOLAS BAYARD'S *BOUWERIE*, FROM HOLLAND'S PLAN

the arrival of William of Orange to feel the influence of Dutch design on her gardens.

The "great tree, coeval with some beloved member of the family" which is spoken of as usually growing before the door of the house in other Dutch settlements, is nowhere mentioned in accounts of New Amsterdam, neither is it indicated on either of the *bouweries* illustrated. Such a custom can hardly have been confined to one or two settlements, however; but very probably such patriarchal specimens had disappeared from the fast-growing little village when the survey for His Excellency the Earl of Loudon, was made. This tree was planted by the head of the family, presumably when his house was finished and he, with his, went to dwell therein. The antiquarian will find in the practice, some correspondence with ancient tribal rites and beliefs; with the *lar familiaris* of the Roman household, perhaps, even with the symbols which served early men in the place of speech. Certainly it was a pleasant custom; and the tree itself must have been the subject of ever-increasing veneration as the years went by, and the sire passed and the son came into his place, to pass as sire in his turn, and yield to his son.

V

AUSTERE PURITAN GARDENS

"For Mrs. Winthrop at Boston—"

"My sweet wife—I prayse God I am in good health, peace be to thee and o^r^ familye, so I kisse thee, and hope shortly to see thee: farewell.

Hasten the sending away Scarlett, and gathering the Turnips.

J. W."

ABSENT from home on the affairs of the Colony, great and good John Winthrop compasses, in this short and tender little letter to his wife, practically the whole range of life as it was lived in New England in Puritan days. The "prayse" of God first, always; then the conscious and deep, real thankfulness for bodily vigor and health in this new, rude land where these were so frequently impaired; and finally practical directions concerning practical, homely things—for even the Governor, busy with his duties of state, could not afford to neglect his turnips. Turnips in those days occupied about the same place that potatoes do now, furnishing the main root

crop and a very essential food. Not until 1800 did the "Spanish potatoes" take the place generally of turnips, although these had been planted as early as 1761. And only for the failure of the corn would they have been used at that time. One account says of the years 1762 and 1763 that they "were years of scarcity, that would have been years of famine had not this despised root been providentially brought among us."

Although much that is popularly cherished with regard to gardening in the New World centers around the section which is now under consideration, this section, as a matter of fact, is more barren, in some respects, than any other. Nor is the reason far to seek. The Independents or Separatists who withdrew themselves from the ancient Church of England to make up the little congregation which began, under Parson Robinson, to worship God in its own way at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1606, were simple country folk of little consequence in the land—mostly farmers presumably, very like the farmers of to-day, or workingmen perhaps, who earned honest, frugal livings by their trades; all common, rural, unpolished and uncultivated. William Brewster—the Elder Brewster of later Plymouth days—was the village postmaster; William Bradford, then a lad of seventeen—Governor and historian in his maturity—was

a fustian maker; which means that he was a maker of cotton cloth—probably, in other words, a weaver. And there were wool carders, silk makers, printers, brewers' men, a hatter and so on, among those who set out from Holland some fourteen years later.

Some of these trades may have been acquired during the eleven years that the congregation abode in Holland, to be sure; but the men who, even in exile, took up trades, were not scholars nor men of high position; that is certain. They were the simple rustics of a little English village, most of them, no doubt, tillers of the soil, all of them strangers to the finer arts and graces of living. That there were a few of gentle breeding may not with certainty be denied; but even this is open to some question. All were refined, however, by the common fire of high resolve which burned in every breast, and by the strict introspection and discipline to which they constantly subjected themselves, for conscience's sake. And much reading of their Bibles, with little reading of anything else, developed a dignity and certain nobleness of manner, even in the rudest.

But in the very nature of the rigid bands which bound them so close, one to another, lay the spirit which abjured beauty and grace, even were the conception of beauty and grace inherently possible in the minds of such people. With strange ideas of a bar-

ren holiness in the first place, they had been persecuted at home until reduced to the necessity of flight into a strange land, or of yielding to the oppression of ecclesiastical authority which they hated. Choosing the former, even those who had been reared in affluence, if there were such, had known only poverty and privation for a long term of years. Every one had to work and work hard, in the land of exile, for a bare living; and from the labor which was necessary to keep soul and body together they took no time save for worship; they left not a minute for the cultivation of aught save the soil of their own souls. Here each was ever wrestling to establish, against the tares and in spite of often stony ground, the "perfect flower of true piety," that they might enjoy abundance when fruit time and harvest arrived. Small interest could they feel and little energy could they have, for gardens of this world.

Holland has been called the school wherein the Pilgrims were instructed and shaped for their great work, west of the waters of the Atlantic. While this is no doubt true in that Holland provided the instruction, it seems to me only fair to her to acknowledge that her pupils accepted what she had to offer, with reservations. From her great treasuries of tolerance and generous wisdom they took absolutely nothing; and not one whit of the Hollander's innocent delight

in the neat, precise, thrifty beauty which, out of his orderly being, he could not help creating everywhere about him, did they acquire.

Absolutely devoid of these attributes were the Pilgrims, first, last, and all the time. And though poverty naturally does rob those who suffer it of much that is gracious and good, poverty was not the reason for their attitude. It was rather the incessant lashing to which they subjected soul and brain; this bred a spirit which rejoiced in works of supererogation, immolating itself upon cold altars of stony beauty-barrenness. Pleasure of every kind was condemned, and pleasant things were fearful. John Barry, for example, gives as one of their reasons for desiring to leave Holland, "The corruption of the Dutch youth was pernicious in its influence"; a somewhat astonishing accusation to lay against the happy flaxen-haired, apple-cheeked Dutch boys and girls.

It was a certain measure of good fortune for the Colonists, perhaps, that pestilence had almost depopulated the shores of the Bay of Masathuset some time before the arrival there of the first comers. It left them less exposed to danger from the few Indians who remained, as well as afforded them ready-made clearings in which to establish their settlements. But what was an advantage in one way—the lesser, possibly—was a distinct disadvantage in another; where

the red man had long made his home and planted his corn, the ground was impoverished. So instead of the boundless abundance which rewarded the efforts of the Cavaliers in Virginia and the Dutch in New Netherland, these austere settlers met with an austere reserve in Nature, a niggardliness quite unlooked for in what had been regarded as virgin land: which was a great misfortune.

Safe and splendid harbor the Pilgrims had found; but if Squanto had not been their friend and teacher in that first spring after their arrival, it is hardly likely that they would have had even the small crop of native corn which the autumn brought them. Bradford recounts the agricultural lessons which they learned from the Indian. "He tould them except they gott fish & set with it (in these old grounds) it would come to nothing, and he showed them yt in ye midle of April they should have store enough come up ye brooke, by which they began to build, and taught them how to take it and wher to get other provissions necessary for them; all of which they found true by triall and experience. Some English seed they sew, as wheat & Pease, but it came not to good, eather by ye badnes of ye seed or latenes of ye season, or both, or some other defecte."

This first planting was done in community; but the next year, "they begane to thinke how they might

raise as much corne as they could, and obtain a beter crope than they had done, that they might not still thus languish in miserie. At length, after much debate of things, the Governour (with ye advise of ye chiefest among them) gave way that they should set corne, every man for his perticuler, and in that regard trust to themselves . . . so assigned to every family a parcell of land, according to the proportion of their number for that end, only for present use. . . . This . . . made all hands very industrious, so as much more corne was planted than other waise would have been by any means ye Governour or any other could use, and saved him a great deall of trouble and gave farr better contente." Somewhat tartly he concludes the account with the mention of feminine help, saying, as earlier quoted, that they went willingly into the field, "which before would aledge weakness and inabilitie: whom to have compelled would have been thought great tiranie and oppression."

It is perhaps beside the question—but it is interesting—to note that Bradford comments on Plato's projected communal life being proved impracticable by this experience. Great though the need and the stress of these God-fearing men and women was, in this wild land beset with the perils of wild men and untamed Nature, they yet quibbled when it came to

laboring in unity for a common store. Each was careful to do little, lest his labor be not fully recompensed; each lagged in order that none should underwork him; each kept an eye upon his neighbor, and burned within that he should share in the profits who, according to careful estimate, had not shared equally in the toil; each was absorbed in a mental calculation to determine whether the balance was not rising on his own side: in the face of all which, even the lash of self-preservation was insufficient to sting into an activity which should assure plenty.

The assignment of a "parcell of land . . . only for present use," became almost as unsatisfactory after trial as the community planting of the first year, for each man got a different tract each year—which led to unendurable injustice. So in 1624 "they made suite to the Gov^r^ to have some portion of land given them for continuance, and not by yearly lott, for by that means, that which ye more industrious had brought into good culture (by much pains) one year, came to leave it ye nexte, and often another might injoye it . . . which being well considered was granted. And to every person was given only one acere of land, to them and theirs, as nere ye towne as might be, and they had no more till ye seven years were expired." This provision was a precaution for greater safety than they could have enjoyed if scat-

tered, as well as a discouragement to any grasping tendency which might be latent in the breasts of the not altogether regenerate. "Which did make me often thinke," says Bradford, "of what I had read in Plinie of ye Romans first beginnings in Romulus time. How every man contented himself with two aceres of land, and had no more assigned them . . . and long after the greatest present given to a Captaine that had gotte a victory. . . . was as much ground as they could till in one day. And he was not counted a good but a dangerous man that would not content himself with seven aceres of land." Also it reminds him of "how they did pound their corne in morters, as these people were forcte to doe many years before they could get a mille."

The characteristic stern disapproval of joy and gaiety and beauty for beauty's sake that formed so great a portion of the creed of those who settled Plymouth Colony, was cherished by the later Puritans as well—those "new planters" who settled on the shores of Massachusetts Bay ten years after the founding of Plymouth. In many ways, indeed, these were greater fanatics than the little band of Independents who had found Holland and the Hollanders not altogether to be approved. They had not separated themselves from the Church of England, to be sure, as the Independents had; but they were in the throes

of even greater tribulation and strife, for they were resolved upon the "housecleaning," as someone has termed it, of that powerful body. Separation was the farthest thing from their purpose; but they were determined upon reform, upon theological purification.

Hence they were revolutionists of the most aggressive type, with the revolutionist's severity of spirit; and the very fact that they were men of higher station than the simple Scrooby congregation, made them more intense, more extreme, more determined—and less likely to tolerate what they condemned. Men of position, education and culture, they were naturally more imperious in their attitude, and they cultivated their convictions with more intellectual force—cultivated them so assiduously that their ever narrowing zealotry reached a fearful climax in the witchcraft horrors which stain the history of Salem toward the end of that same century.

Knowing the mental bias under which they lived, therefore, we should know that it was never with gardening for pleasure that these Puritans allowed themselves to be occupied, even if there were no actual evidence to prove it. But there is such evidence, indirect in a way, yet positive and conclusive. It lies in the lack of all reference to gardens, other than economic gardens, in the diaries, travelers' tales and letters of the period. Governor Winthrop's concern

for his turnips presents the entire spirit of Puritan gardening more comprehensively than volumes written about it could, albeit Winthrop himself was, generally speaking, far more gracious and gentle than the holders of religious convictions of a similar nature seemed to know how to be.

He was an exceptional man in every way, however; otherwise he would scarcely have been chosen Governor by the twelve "gentlemen" who took the first step towards the actual freedom of this continent—though they may not have been aware of it—when they pledged themselves to each other to take up permanent residence in New England with their families, providing the charter of the "Governor & Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," and the administration under it, were transferred to the Colony. Two sons-in-law of Thomas, third Earl of Lincoln, were among the group—John Humphrey and Isaac Johnson—as well as the manager of his estates, Thomas Dudley; another, Theophilus Eaton, who was a merchant in London, had been a Minister to Denmark; and every man of the group was of high standing and independent fortune.

Poor Lady Arabella Johnson, daughter of the noble earl, came with her husband and the rest in the *Arabella;* but the "wilderness of wants" in which she found herself proved too much for her endurance,

after the "paradise of plenty" wherein she had been bred, and she died a month after landing. Her husband survived the grief of her death but a few weeks —and there followed, before the autumn of that year, upwards of two hundred of the thousand or so who came under Winthrop—"new planters" these were called, to distinguish them from those already settled on the Bay's shore where beginnings had previously been made.

These "beginnings" had been variously brought about. There was, for example, a group of fishermen at Cape Ann; there were "some religious and well appointed persons," grown weary of rigid Pilgrim ideas as they prevailed at Plymouth, who had shifted their abode; Nahumkeike or Naumkeag had become Salem—a definite little colony—under Endicott who, with three other "gentlemen" and two knights, had obtained a grant in 1628 for a large tract. An exploring party from this group had begun preparations for a settlement at Mishawum—now Charlestown—the same year; and there were here and there independent and solitary planters who preferred to brave the wilderness alone rather than to live among their fellows. William Blackstone, a Church of England clergyman who had come with Gorges in 1626, was one of these. He had established himself in solitude at Shawmut—now Boston

—and it was at his suggestion that this site, abounding in excellent water, was chosen for the large settlement, when it came to be made. Here he already had a garden plot and orchard when the immigrants of 1630 arrived.

A letter written by the Rev. Francis Higginson in 1629, soon after his arrival in Salem, gives a generous list of garden products as common everywhere. "Our governor hath store of green pease growing in his garden as good as ever I eat in England. This country aboundeth naturally with store of roots of great variety and good to eat. Our turnips, parsnips and carrots are here both bigger and sweeter than is ordinarily to be found in England. Here are also stores of pompions, cowcumbers and other things of that nature which I know not. Also divers excellent pot herbs grow among the grasses as strawberry leaves in all places of the country and plenty of strawberries in their time, and penny-royal, winter-savoury, sorrel, brooklime, liverwort, carvel, and watercress; also leeks and onions are ordinary and divers physical herbs. Here are also abundance of other sweet herbs, delightful to the smell, whose names we know not, and plenty of single damask roses; and two kinds of herbs that bear two kinds of flowers very sweet, which they say are as good to make cordage or cloth as any flax or hemp we

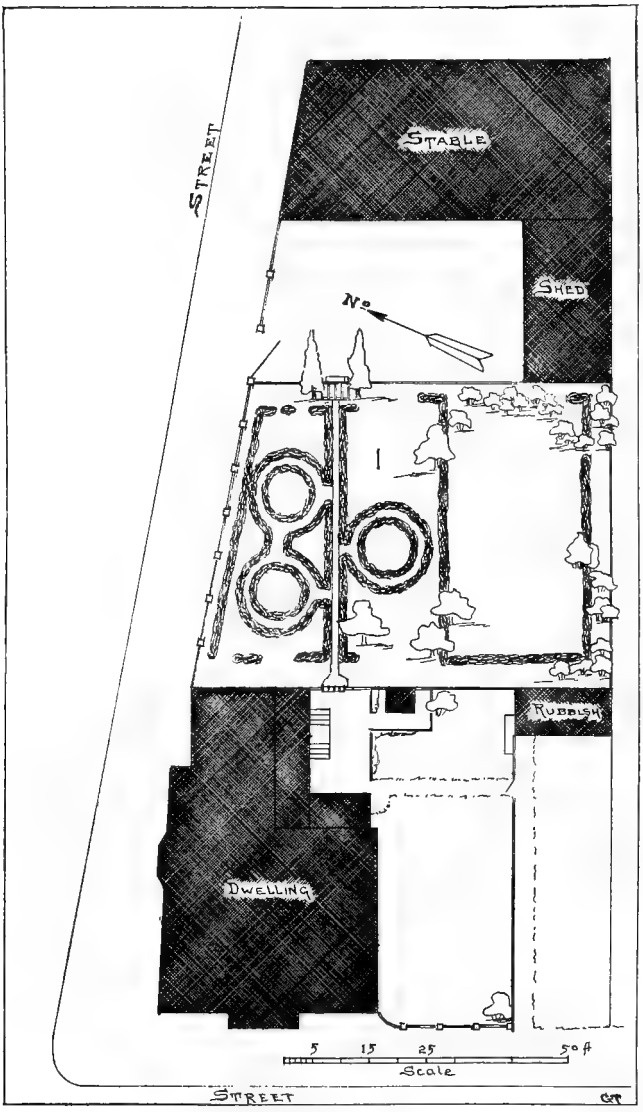
have. . . . Excellent vines are here up and down in the woods. Our Governor hath already planted a vineyard with great hope of increase. Also mulberries, plums, raspberries, currants, chestnuts, filberts, walnuts, small nuts, hurtleberries and haws of white-thorn, near as good as our cherries in England, they grow in plenty here."

Half a score of houses were all that "Naumkeag" could boast when Higginson arrived there, "and a fair house newly built for the Governour." Each of these no doubt bore the noon sun-mark upon the ledge of a window of the great room—that room which was literally living-room, where food was prepared, cooked, and meals eaten, and where all the household tasks went on, moving in their orderly sequence through the hours of a day accurately divided—the better to marshal them into their proper places—into two parts, by this line. The houses faced the south usually—and one "primitive planter" of Salem, whose place was old and had fallen into ruins in the eighteenth century, had his garden "eastward of the house, higher upon the hill."

The "house newly built for the Governour" did not remain the official residence long after Winthrop's arrival, for he at once looked about with a view to locating the seat of government to better advantage. Just what his objection to Salem was, is not clear.

Charlestown, which was under consideration, proved undesirable because of lack of good water; and eventually the choice fell on "the peninsula" recommended by Mr. Blackstone. The house built by Governor Winthrop here, which was torn down by the soldiers and used for firewood during the occupation of the town by the military in 1775-76, stood "under the shadow of the Old South," the church itself having been built upon the site of his "garden." That he raised in this garden the things needful for his table is of course a certainty; it is now most equally certain that not many plants which had only their blossoms to recommend them, were admitted. There is but a single reference to the garden, made some sixteen years after he had established his household. The occasion was the visit of two "Papists" who were passing through the town on their way to labors in the interior.

They lingered over a Sunday and, fearful lest they break the ironclad rule of the town by unseemly gadding about, "The Lord's Day they were here the Governour acquainting them with our manner that all men either come to our public meetings or keep themselves quiet in their house, and finding that the place where they lodged would not be convenient for them that day, invited them home to his house, where they continued private all that day until sunset, and made



GARDEN AT NANTUCKET, ABOUT 1800, UNUSUALLY ELABORATE FOR NEW ENGLAND, WITH A TREFOIL MOTIVE EXECUTED IN BOXWOOD AND PLANTED WITH ROSES. A VEGETABLE GARDEN PROBABLY OCCUPIED THE SPACE AT THE RIGHT

use of such books, Latin and French, as he had, and the liberty of a private walk in his garden, and so gave no offence."

But even a garden wherein nothing bloomed that did not serve a useful purpose, might contain many sweet and pleasant flowers. Marigolds for the stew-pot, feverfew to cool "agues that burn," lavender to lay among the linens, barberries for preserves, comfrey to heal rasped throats, mallows (hollyhocks), winter savory, thyme, pennyroyal, rue, rosemary, fennel, anise, coriander—all these and more—and roses, roses, roses for distilling into waters and flavorings. With all its fragrant smells surely a very pleasant place to wander!

That this garden of Governor Winthrop's was not developed according to any fixed design is even more certain than the nature of the flowers within it. None of the Puritan gardens were, for the reasons already named; and for the additional reason, to a man of Winthrop's position, that they would have suggested, through association, the old ritual and the ones who practiced it. The formal and elegant in whatsoever branch were necessarily associated with the church of the State; so even if the stern asceticism of their religion had not forbidden indulgence in such unseemly fol-de-rols, prejudice would. Winthrop, who reprimands the Deputy-governor Dudley sharply

for wainscoting the dining-room of his house, would hardly tolerate in the garden outside his own doors any hint of the worldliness which had been put resolutely behind as a menace to the soul. Pleasant to walk in, the space may have been, with white palings, or perhaps a high fence, protecting it from the outer world. But it was a chance pleasaunce rather than an intended one, with this and that and the other set in careless indifference to all save convenience, and the plants' individual liking or necessity.

Tradition has it that the earlier garden of Governor Endicott, at his seat in Salem called "Orchard" and "Birchwood" variously, was the source of what is now perhaps the commonest field flower of all the United States—a flower that few ever suspect of being an exotic—the pestiferous white weed, the jubilant, smiling ox-eye daisy. From this old, old Salem dooryard garden it has danced to the music of the east wind straight across the land; up and down the meadows, through the long grass and the short grass, in along every highway and every byway, wherever man has penetrated it has followed, gaily taking possession very often and driving him out completely.

That Endicott valued the daisy enough to bring it with him to new England from old, marks him as a man of taste, for this flower had in ancient days

"found its way into the trimmest gardens; the greenswards and arbours were 'powdered' with daises." And Chaucer wrote of it in superlatives:

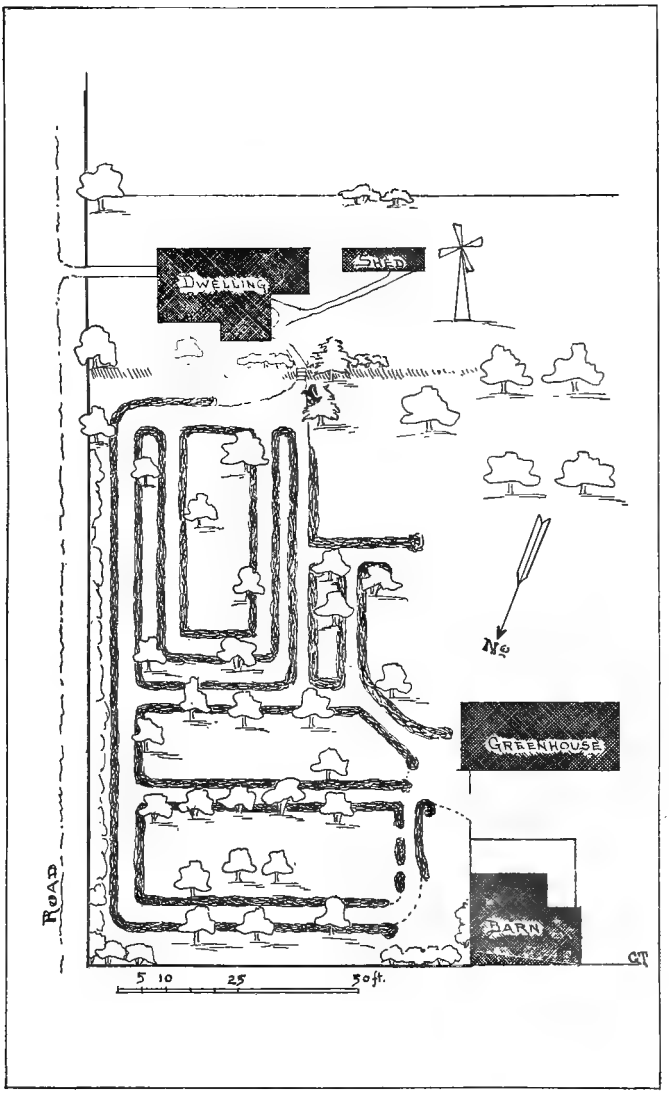
> "The daysie or elles the eye of day
> The emperise and flour of flowres alle."

It is not native to England either, however, but came from the Continent, or perhaps by way of the Continent from an original home still further east, in northern Asia.

The last "Will and Test^amt^ of John Endecott Senior late of Salem now of Boston, made the second day of the third moneth called May 1659" gives to his wife, "all that my ffarme called Orchard lying wi^th^ in the bound of Salem together with the Dwelling House, outhouses, Barnes, stables, Cowhouses, & all other building & appurtenances thereunto belonging & appertayning and all the Orchards, nurseries of fruit trees, gardens, fences, meadows and salt marsh." Evidently the "ffarme called Orchard" was a very complete establishment, run on the highest efficiency basis. The nursery of fruit trees would prove this, if the other features enumerated left any room for doubt; but even to the salt marsh it is all just what it should be. The latter was an important part of the farm in the early days, the hay from it being highly prized.

Village plots granted to the Colonists in the beginning were small, as was usual in village communities in England. In 1637 the place belonging to Mr. Roger Conant which was bought by the town for "old Mr. Plase & wife" consisted of but half an acre. Yet Conant was director of the Colony prior to Endicott's arrival, and continued always prominent and highly regarded. The size of his home lot may therefore very reasonably be assumed to be a maximum allotment. No one would be likely to have any more land than he; the greater number would probably have less. The requirements which regulated the size of the plot were that it should afford room for the dwelling and dooryard, the outbuildings, and the garden, with perhaps a space for corn. No one needed more than this—so none was allowed to have it. For broader agricultural purposes there were common fields, held by several together. In 1640 there were in Salem ten groups of these associated proprietors living in the town, who fenced their fields outside the settlement in common. Fence "viewers," appointed in town meeting, looked after these community enclosures, each field having its special committee.

More generous ideas seem to have prevailed, however, when Charlestown was under consideration by Governor Winthrop, as the site of the "great towne"



ANOTHER NANTUCKET GARDEN, ALSO ABOUT 1800. THE USE OF FRUITS IN THE LARGE BOX-BORDERED BEDS IS DISTINCTLY TYPICAL

which it was proposed to build. Here it was jointly agreed that each of the inhabitants should have a two-acre lot. This more liberal allowance no doubt took into consideration the dignity which it was desirable a town of such proportions should have, as well as the likelihood of the residents having only their town plot, with no fields beyond the settlement.

The "gardens" of all this period were what gardens commonly are to-day—kitchen gardens. Now and then a reference is thus specifically made, as in Wood's "New England Prospect": "The ground affords very good kitchen-gardens for turnips, parsnips, carrots, radishes and pumpions, mush-melons, isquoukersquashes, cucumbers, onions; and whatever grows well in England grows as well there, many things being better and larger." A writer of 1671 says that "the quinces, cherries, damsons set the dames awork. Marmalad and preserved damsons is to be met with in every house. Our fruit trees prosper abundantly, apple trees, pear trees, quince trees, cherry trees, plum trees, barberry trees, I have observed with admiration that the kernels sown or the succors planted produce as fair and good fruit without grafting as the tree from whence they were taken. The country is replenished with fair and good orchards."

Josselyn enumerates principally the kitchen garden products, interspersing them with grains and a few

herbs. "Of such garden herbs (amongst us) as do thrive, and of such as do not: Cabbidge grows there exceeding well. Lettice. Sorrel. Parsley. Marygold. French Mallowes. Chervel. Burnet. Winter Savory. Summer Savory. Time. Sage. Carrots. Parsnips of a prodigious size. Red Beetes. Radishes. Turnips. Purslaine. Wheat. Rye. Barley, which commonly degenerates into Oats." (This miraculous transformation was a popular notion of long ago.) "Oats. Pease of all sorts, the best in the World: I never heard of nor did see in eight years time, one Worm eaten Pea. Garden Beans. Naked Oats, there called Silpee, an excellent grain used instead of Oatmeal, they dry it in an oven, or in a Pan upon the fire, then beat it small in a Mortar. Spearmint. Rew will hardly grow. Fetherfew prospereth exceedingly. Southernwood is no plant for this country. Nor, Rosemary. Nor, Bayes. White Satten groweth pretty well, so doth Lavender Cotton. But Lavender is not for the climate. Penny Royal. Smalledge. Ground Ivy or Ale Hoof. Gilly Flowers will continue two years. Fennel must be taken up and kept in a warm cellar all winter. Houseleek prospereth notably. Hollyhocks. Enula Campana, in two years time the roots rot. Coriander, and Dill, and Annis thrive exceedingly, but Annis Seed as also the Seed of Fennel seldom come to maturity; the Seed of Annis is com-

monly eaten with a fly. Clary never lasts but one summer, the Roots rot with the Frost. Sparagus thrives exceedingly, so does Garden Sorrel, and Sweet Bryer, or Eglantine. Bloodwort but sorrily, but Patience and English Roses very pleasantly. Celandine, by the West Country men called Kenning Wort, grows but slowly. Muschata as well as in England. Dittander or Pepper wort, flourisheth notably, and so doth Tansie. Musk Mellons are better than our English, and Cucumbers, Pompions, there be of several kinds, some proper to the Country."

Here he disgresses long enough to give the formula for the "Ancient New England Standing Dish"—stewed pompions—still "standing," though now in the form of fat New England pompion (pumpkin) pies. In the early days the vegetable was cut into dice and stewed all day: "the Housewives manner is to . . . fill a pot with them of two or three gallons, and stew them upon a gentle fire a whole day, and as they sink they fill again with fresh Pompions, not putting any liquor to them: and when it is stewed enough it will look like bak'd apples: this they dish, putting Butter to it, and a little Vinegar (with some spices as Ginger, &c) which makes it tart like an Apple and so serve it up to be eaten with Fish or Flesh."

New England's other "standing dish" furnishes

Thomas Hutchinson with an item for his diary more than a century later. He writes that when he was in Boston, "both fruit and vegetables were abundant; but the dried French haricot beans were much in demand, stewed soft with meat, and eaten as a Sunday dish between the services; and many is the dinner of it I there enjoyed." He further retails the yarn of one popular preacher's calculations of how many quarts of beans he preached to Sunday afternoons, and the gross value of his congregation, reckoned at the market price of beans per quart.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Boston was the largest town on the continent. It contained about three thousand houses of which perhaps a thousand were brick, the rest wood, clapboarded. The earliest houses were built of the wood of the locust—*Robinia pseudacacia*—a tree which had driven the Englishmen wild with delight, and which was early carried to English gardens, where it was pronounced of all exotic trees the finest. One enthusiast says that the "nightingale loves to confide her nest to this new inhabitant of our climate"; and elsewhere, "The native Americans make their bows of the wood, and point their arrows with one of its thorns."

Some of the dwellings were "very spacious Buildings which togeather with their Gardens about them cover a Great deal Ground." Those of brick were

the largest and best, "more after the modern Taste all Sashd and pretty well ornamented haveing yards and Gardens adjoyning also." Outside the town, at Milton, was the country seat of Mr. Edmund Quincy; and a description of this affords almost the first reference made to any other than the kitchen garden. The house was of brick; thirty feet distant from it was "a Beautiful canal, which is supplied by a Brook, which is well stockt with Fine Silver Eels, we caught a fine parcell and carried them home and had them drest for supper, the House has a Beautyfull Pleasure ground adjoyning it, and on the back part the Building is a Beautyfull orchard with fine fruit Trees." Toward the end of the century another description says that Boston's dwellings have an advantage over those of most cities with respect to garden spots, for practically every house has one, "in which vegetables and flowers are raised, in some fruit trees are planted: and what is still more intrinsically good and valuable, the inhabitant is supplied with pure wholesome water from a well in his own dooryard."

The gardens of New England gradually developed into something a little more like definite form and beauty about this time, although the old Puritan influence always operated against the magnificence which prevailed elsewhere. Dooryards in the town were literally just "dooryards"—tiny enclosures be-

fore the front door, as prim and unused as the front parlor; fenced in from the corners of the house with white palings, sharp and ranged like vestal bayonets around the few neat and proper flowers which enjoyed the privileges of existence within the modest enclosure. These were the old-time tulips, jonquils, gilliflowers—always these—and heart's-ease perhaps; or bell flowers, poppies, mallows, fair-maids-of-Kent and Love-lies-bleeding. Lily-of-the-valley was there no doubt, and the "great white silver lily" of the Annunciation; valerian, "flower-de-luces" as Parkinson calls them, violets, foxgloves, daffodils, peonies, the blue and the yellow aconite, the "honestie," the yellow larkspur, and the sweet, sweet old eglantine, trailing against its rack beside the prim little front doorstep. The "Mary gold" lived behind the house, handy to the kitchen and the savory stew-pot; for there was a very sharp line drawn, when the division was finally made, between the front parlor-garden flowers and those which had allotted, homely tasks of ministering to the inner man.

There were few large places of note, however, at any time. The Bromfield Mansion, which was erected on Beacon Hill in 1722, was one of the earliest. This had a paved courtyard behind it, with terraces beyond and above this, rising in succession to a summer-house at the hill's summit. These terraces

PATH ON EAST SIDE OF GARDEN SHOWN IN PLAN FACING P. 98. FLOWERS ARE CONFINED TO THE BORDER, FRUITS BEING THE FEATURE

were filled with flowers and fruit trees, and the summer-house commanded a view down upon them and away to the harbor and all that lay beyond. Some great trees near it were a landmark for mariners approaching the coast, up to the time of the Revolution; but these were cut down by the British during the siege of Boston.

Another notable place was the seat of Thomas Brattle, Esq., in Cambridge. This was perhaps the most remarkable of any of the places worthy of record, although it was of considerably later development. Brattle was a native of New England, prominent in Boston as a merchant when the troubles of the late eighteenth century were brewing. When these demoralized business, he retired temporarily—and some have criticised him sharply for retiring from the country at such a time, as well as from his counting house. He had a taste for travel, however, and presumably he reasoned that it might conveniently be indulged during the enforced idleness which lay before him. So he went across the sea in 1775, and journeyed and observed; and when he came back four years later he was well equipped to "develop, improve and embellish his patrimony." No doubt he contributed much of real value to the horticulture of that time, for horticulture he made his favorite study and pastime.

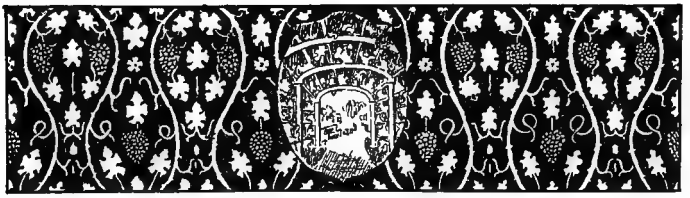
No description of his gardens, which were "universally admired for the justness of their design and the perfection of their productions," is left, unhappily; but nowhere in New England was horticulture carried to so high a degree of perfection, if the enthusiasm of a contemporary has not exceeded his veracity; and no doubt the mall adjoining his grounds "made in 1792 and shaded by handsome rows of trees," was a "work of neatness and taste; . . . at once convenient and ornamental to the town."

Another garden of the end of that century, in Boston proper, entered in the "Book of Possessions" as belonging to Gamaliel Wayte, is described with a fair amount of detail. The place, which lay lengthwise on the street, was inclosed by a fence ten feet high, solid and paneled for some distance up from the ground, with the top open for observation abroad. This open top was made of inch-square vertical "slats," capped by a rail and set far enough apart to see through. A large double gate for carriages was at one end of the grounds, with a small one for visitors afoot at the other, near the house. From the "front gate"—probably this small footgate—there was a vista of three hundred feet which took in the court and the garden, closing with the summer-house at the garden's far end. The court was paved with white and blue cobblestones—ancient Spanish gardens

show these interesting pavements, by the way, the handwork of the mosaic-loving Moor—and it contained box-bordered beds wherein shrubs grew instead of the flowers customarily seen in such beds. Roses, "seringa," honeysuckle and snowdrops are mentioned. The garden proper was laid out in four large square beds, edged with box. These apparently were not grouped around a common center, but were ranked side by side the length of the space. That one which was nearest the house was filled with grapes on trellises. The others had other fruits—currants and raspberries, peaches, cherries and pears. Of the latter were some anciently held in high regard—the St. Michael, St. Germain, Vergouleme and Brown Buerre. All told, there were forty-four fruit trees in this garden. No mention is made of vegetables nor of flowers, except the flowering shrubs; and I suspect the place showed too marked an individual taste to be regarded as a typical garden of that or any other period.

A labyrinth is mentioned as occupying the grounds in front of one dwelling of the period. This mention is incidental to an account of the discipline administered to the owner of the place, who was "dealt with" for the manner in which he treated his wife. This labyrinth constituted the boundary of the lady's liberty, beyond which she dared not venture to go, even for exercise, because of her brute of a lord!

Whether it was especially constructed to keep her within the limits which he was pleased to set, or not, is not recorded—but it seems as if it may have been, for nowhere else in all New England is such a feature mentioned.



VI

CATHOLIC AND QUAKER ALONG THE DIVIDE

THE gardens of the South and the gardens of the North were planted within certain well defined colony limits, and were distinguished by certain rather definite characteristics, these being the prevailing characteristics of respective colony and colonist alike. But the gardens of the midway, of that great territory which lies neither north nor south, but seems rather to mark the division between the two—these are curiously hybrid. Elements of both North and South distinguish them, and an elusive something more that is neither one nor the other, is present in them; so it is impossible to say of them definitely that they are of any style or period, or influenced more by one than by another. Traces of all styles and periods are to be found in them, yet each is individual and a law unto itself.

The two Colonies which together form the "divide" were never at one in anything excepting their eighty-

year dispute as to where each ended; and when this finally reached a settlement, an actual line, three hundred miles long, had been drawn upon the surface of the earth, separating them positively and finally for all time. North of this line lay the grant of William Penn, the Quaker, and south of it the Mary-Land of George Calvert, the Catholic—each gathered to his fathers long before.

And in cutting this line, through forests, down into valleys, across gullies and streams, up over mountains and ever straight on, into the west, two obscure men, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, carved their names deep into the records of the nation. For Mason's and Dixon's line, purely imaginary and following nothing but the true curve of a line of latitude belting the earth, has marked something greater in the history of the land than the boundary of two provinces or states. Unalterable and fixed as the stars by which it was determined, it seems strangely enough to have defined the limits of something within the people themselves, to have indicated in a tangible way, differences that set them apart almost as widely as separate races.

Yet in the founding of the two Colonies Lord Baltimore and William Penn each entertained a similar ideal, each cherished a similar hope, each was working towards the same end—a state based upon the highest ideal of religious liberty, a state wherein men of vary-

ing creeds and sects should live together in religious toleration. This was an undreamed-of condition until Sir George Calvert's broad humanity conceived it, and the friendship of the King, Charles I, for him, granted the charter which assured it.

That he died in the year in which this charter was issued made no real difference in his great plan; for his son Cecilius, into whose hands it was put in June, 1632, went on as his father would have done, collecting immediately the nucleus of the Colony, so that by March of the following year, about two hundred arrived off Point Comfort. Leonard Calvert, brother of the older Cecilius, came as their Governor; and under him and his motto, "Peace to all—proscription of none," this little group took up their lives in the abandoned Indian huts of the ancient native village which they piously renamed "St. Mary's." Upon the charter given to Lord Baltimore the charter of Penn's later grant was modeled, with few alterations. Hence it seems curious that so strong an antagonism should have existed between the domains of these two great men; but the question of boundary rights is a very delicate one—a question that has often strained the friendship of the good and excellent.

Each Colony, being vested in a single Lord Proprietary rather than in a Company, as the other patents were, developed in a manner somewhat more

individual than any of the others, and according to definite and well laid plans. Maryland does not show this to the same degree that Pennsylvania does, yet as early as the year of its founding, Lord Baltimore gave minute directions for the choice of the "Plantacon Site"; and further instructed, "That they cause all the Planters to build their houses in as decent and uniforme a maner as their abilities and the place will afford, & neere adioyning one to another, and for that purpose to cause streetes to be marked out where they intend to place the towne and to oblige every man to buyld one by another according to that rule and that they cause divisions of Land to be made adioyning on the back sides of their houses and to be assigned unto them for gardens and such uses according to the proportion of every ones building and adventure and as the conveniency of the place will afford which his Lordship referreth to their discretion, but is desirous to have a particular account from them what they do in it, that his Lo^{pp} may be satisfied that every man hath iustice done unto him." Further on they are instructed to "imploy their servants in planting of sufficient quantity of corne and other provision of victuall and that they do not suffer them to plant any other comodity whatsoever before that be done in sufficient proportion which they are to observe yearly."

This strict injunction with regard to the planting

BELMONT HALL, AN OLD MARYLAND GARDEN THAT IS SPACIOUS AND RESTFUL, AND TRUE TO THE BEST TRADITIONS

of corn "and other provision of victuall" seems to have been very generally necessary, to overcome the mania for tobacco planting into which get-rich-quick desires led Cavalier, Puritan and Catholic alike.

Notwithstanding the definitely proposed town about which the Lord Proprietary wrote, however, the story of the settlement of Maryland repeats, in a general way, the story of Virginia on a lesser scale. The town —little St. Mary's—for sixty years the seat of the provincial government, "was the chief star in a constellation of little settlements and plantations," to be sure, these lying along the beautiful waterways. But the plantations were more numerous than the settlements, and the Maryland planters seem not to have favored the town much more than their Virginia neighbors.

It was along the waterways, as might be expected, that most of the great places of the Colony were to be found, for it was the aim of the planter here, as in the earlier Cavalier country, to seat himself conveniently near the natural means of transportation. The possession of a "landing" meant that he could barter his goods from his own ships in the markets of the world; and each man here was as much a princeling as his fellow further south.

I shall not therefore undertake an analysis of the influences which were at work in the development of

the great estates and gardens of Lord Baltimore's patent, for this would be superfluous. Dating from practically the same time, made by the same kind of people and under similar conditions, the gardens of Maryland naturally partake of much the same characteristics which distinguish the gardens of Virginia. They were liberally conceived, and liberally executed; the domestic arrangements were practically identical, hence there was the same general scheme of building—although Maryland houses do not show the altogether detached offices and "quarters" as often as they are seen in the Virginia planter's home—and the same plants grew in both. There seems to have been a less free touch in Maryland sometimes, and this leads to a more conventional, chilly stiffness and an impression of loneliness, such as is seen also in the houses; but, taken all in all, the subtle differences are too elusive to be enmeshed in words.

The province founded by the Lords Baltimore, with its great and beautiful shore line, was almost forty years old when his Quaker sympathies drove William Penn to seek a grant of land in America in payment of the Crown's indebtedness to his father, Admiral Sir William Penn, of something like £16,000. Strong influence was brought to bear upon the privy council against the grant being made, but Penn, well born, charming, polished and eminently likable, was popular

enough, in spite of his strange religious antics, to win what he wanted.

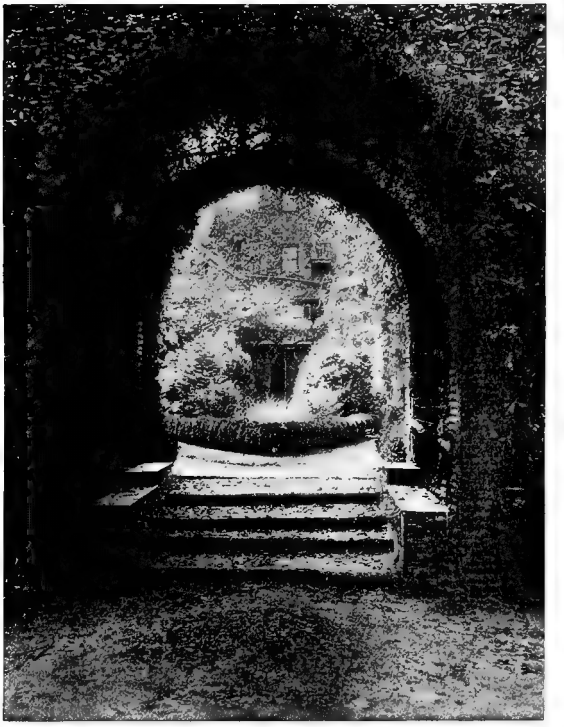
He lost no time, once the patent was his, but sent three commissioners at once, giving them minute instructions about each detail. A site by the river was to be selected for a town, and this was to be laid out immediately. "Pitch upon the very middle of the Platt," he further says, "where the Towne of line of Houses is to be laid or run facing the Harbour and great River for the scituation of my house, and let it be not the tenth part of the Towne, as the Conditions say (viz.) yt out of every hundred Thousand Acres shall be reserved to me Ten, But I shall be contented wth less than a thirtyeth part. . . . Let every house be placed, if the Person pleases, in ye middle of its platt as to the breadth way of it, that so there may be ground on each side, for Gardens, or Orchards or feilds, yt it may be a greene Country Towne, w^{ch} will never be burnt and will allwayes be wholesome."

In another year he came himself, arriving the first of November, according to Pastorius. Of this arrival also the latter writes, "Even while they were yet far from the land where there was wafted to them as delightful a fragrance as if it came from a freshly blossoming garden." Invariably the breath of flowers!

In his description of his patent, which he sent to England the next year—1683—Penn gives a list of

native fruits and trees and mentions wheat, barley, oats, rye, peas, beans, squashes, pumpkins, watermelons, and muskmelons as the artificial produce of his land, as well as "all herbs and roots that our gardens in England usually bring forth." Of flowers he says that the woods are adorned with them, "lovely flowers, for colour greatness figure and variety; I have seen the gardens of London best stored with that sort of beauty, but think they may be improved by our woods."

He too had great hopes of the grape, it seems, it was everywhere so abundant. "The great red grape (now ripe) called by some the 'fox-grape' (because of the relish it hath with unskilful palates) is in itself an extraordinary grape, and by art doubtless may be cultivated to an excellent wine, if not so sweet yet little inferior to the Frontiniac, as it is not much unlike in taste, ruddiness set aside; which in such things, as well as mankind, differs the case much; there is a white kind of muskadel, and a little black grape like the cluster grape of England, not yet so ripe as the other; but they tell me, when ripe, sweeter, and that they only want skillful vinerons to make good use of them; I intend to venture on it with my Frenchman this season, who shows some good knowledge in those things. Here are also peaches, very good and in great quantities, not an Indian plantation without them; but



A GARDEN ENTRANCE OF CURIOUS BUT RESTRAINED RUSTIC CONSTRUCTION WITH GENEROUS STEPS RETAINED BY LOGS

whether naturally here at first I know not: however one may have them by the bushel for little: they make a pleasant drink and I think not inferior to any peach you have in England, except the true Newington."

It was to a motley collection of races and religions that the Lord Proprietary of Pennsylvania came, but all received him with the warmest expressions of delight and respect. The first planters of his patent had been the Dutch, who came in 1623; Swedes and Finns soon followed, and of these races Penn himself writes: "The Dutch applied themselves to Traffick, the Swedes and Finns to husbandry. . . . The Dutch inhabit mostly those parts of the province that lie upon or near to the bay; and the Swedes the freshes of the Delaware . . . they are a plain, strong industrious people, yet have made no great progress in culture or propagation of fruit trees, as if they desired rather to have enough than plenty or traffick."

The Swedish Governor Printz—a clever, educated man as well as a right good fellow—had built himself a mansion, planted an orchard, and "constructed himself a pleasure house," at Tinicium, where he was already living the life of a landed gentleman when Penn arrived. And the Swedish colony had fine orchards of peach and other trees, as well as fine gardens at this time; but these gardens were devoted almost entirely to vegetables, with which they were able to supply

the Quakers, to their own material profit, when the latter began to build their city.

It was never the intention of William Penn to dwell in the midst of a city, however, even though it were "a greene Country Towne." In the beautiful letter of family counsel which he wrote to his wife from Worminghurst almost the last thing before his departure for America, he says: "Let my children be husbandmen and housewives. This leads to consider the works of God and nature, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. Of cities and towns of Concourse, beware. The world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and get wealth there. A country life and estate I like best for my children."

To the end that their country seat should be ready for them when they were brought to America, his deputy Markham was already engaged on the work at "Pennsbury," some distance above the site chosen for the city, even when this letter was written. Some of the ornamental work which was to adorn the mansion had been taken over from England the year before; and the house was built, although not finished, when Penn paid it his first visit a month after landing from the "Welcome." The original tract as purchased from the Indians by Markham contained about 8400 acres, but this was reduced, by

grants made to one or two others, to a little more than 6100 acres.

The interest and attention which Penn gave to the development of this splendid manor—which he unquestionably intended to be his permanent and final home—are manifest in his correspondence after his return to England in 1684. In August of that year he sent to Ralph, his gardener, some walnut trees and some seeds of his own raising, "which are rare and good." He exhorts Ralph to stick to his garden and to get the "yards fenced in and doors to them." Later he writes, "Pray let the courtyard be levelled and the fields and places about house be cleanly and orderly kept: so let me see thy conduct and contrivance about grounds and farm accomodations. I hope the *barge* is kept safely." (This corresponded to the private yacht of to-day, and was one of his especial delights.)

In another letter, "Let Ralph take the lower grounds of the garden and the other, his helper, the upper grounds and courts—have too a convenient well or pump for the several offices. . . . It would be pleasant if the old Indian paths were cleared up" . . . (this in connection with the outlying portions of the estate). "Let there be a two-leaved door back and have a new one in one for the front, as the present is most ugly and low. I would have a rail and banisters before both fronts. The pales will serve

round, though they are sad ones." Evidently round pales or pickets were very little to his liking, for some reason or other!

The nineteenth of the third month, 1685, he writes, "I like all thou hast sent me. I hope they go on with the houses and the gardens and let them finish all that which is built as fast as they can. . . . Let Ralph this fall get twenty young poplars of about 18 inches round, beheaded to twenty feet, to plant in the walk below the steps to the water." Two months later, "tell Ralph I must depend on his perfecting his gardens—hay dust" (seed?) "from Long Island, such as I sowed in my courtyard, is the best for our fields. I will send divers seeds for gardens and fields. About the house may be laid out into fields and grass which is sweet and pleasant." Three months go by and then he writes, "I hear poor Ralph is dead. Let Nicholas then follow it diligently and I will reward him. . . . . By this ship I purpose to send some haws, hazle-nuts, walnuts, garden seeds, &c."

Another letter says, "I would have Nicholas have as many roots and flowers next spring by transplanting them out of the woods, as he can." This bit of direction is especially interesting as being the first evidence of the use, in any garden, of the wild native flowers which grew in such profusion. Penn appreciated the beauty of these so keenly, however, upon

first seeing them, that such use of them by him might have been expected.

In the ninth month he writes, "P. Ford has sent James Reed more trees, seeds and sciences" (doubtless this means "scions"), "which James my gardener here brought." Then further, "In what you build . . . let all be uniform and not *a scu* from the house. Get and plant as much quick as you can about fields and lay them out large, at least 12 acres in each." Still detained in England in 1686 he writes: "I should be glad to see a draft of Pennsbury which an artist would quickly make, with the landscape of the house, outhouses, their proportions and distance from each other. Tell me how the peach and apple orchards bear."

According to a description of comparatively recent times the mansion—sometimes called the palace—stood about seventy yards from the river, along which the manor lay. It was of brick, sixty feet long and forty deep, with a garden sloping away in front of it. The offices were arranged alongside on the front line of it, "all uniform and not *a scu* from the house," with a "lane" forty feet wide separating them from the house. This space which the writer took to be a lane was of course the courtyard mentioned repeatedly by Penn, which had been sowed by himself with the "hay dust" from Long Island. It was intended to be kept close cut, in spite of there being no lawn-

mowers to do this work then; doubtless it was part of the gardener's helper's task to trim it. It is the space mentioned in his first letter where grading was to be done.

Opposite the house, across this courtyard, came the brew house and the malt house, under one roof; together they occupied a space thirty-five by fifty-five feet. Farther along were the other buildings—shops, tool-houses, poultry-houses and so on, very much as the similar buildings were attached to the English planned house of the Cavalier. In the middle of the "lane" or courtyard was a well, as the Proprietary had directed, "convenient for the several offices;" and along one side of it—probably the front—there stood a row of English red-heart cherry trees. In front of the mansion, near the river, was a triple row of walnut trees—the same no doubt that were sent from England in 1684 and again in 1685, after Ralph had given way to Nicholas as gardener. And a poplar-lined walk was "below the steps to the water."

A contemporary of the Lord Proprietary writes that he "has built a very fine seat," at Pennsbury, and that "The Lord C. visited this manner and was extreamly pleased with the house, orchards and gardens. The house is built with brick and stands high and dry, having sixteen acres of very good orchards producing better Pearmains and golden-pippins than any in Eng-

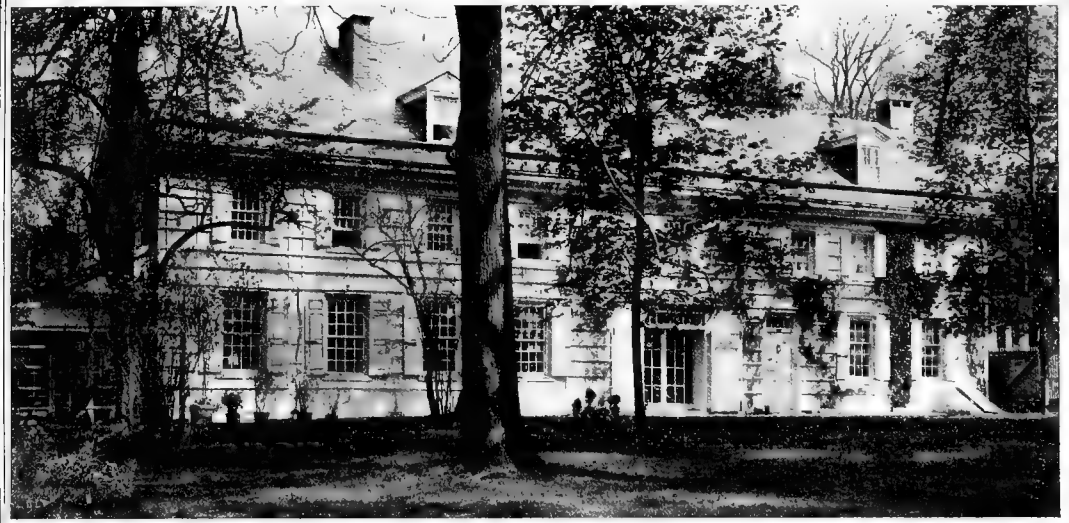
land, by the confession of good judges here; for Mr. Pen brought some of them with him to England." That the fruits at Pennsbury were exceptional may well be believed, for Penn took infinite pains to secure the finest. In a letter to Col. Henry Sidney he says, "I writt from sea a begging letter for a few fruit trees of the Lord Sunderland's gardener's raising out of his rare collection, that by giving them a better climat, we may share with you the pleasure of excellent fruit, the success of which I hear nothing."

The city which Penn planned so carefully was laid out immediately upon his arrival in 1682, and by the end of the next year there were at least a hundred houses built, "both ordinary and good." Three thousand persons came to take up their residence under his gracious rule, that first year, and it continued to make "answerable progress." The least of the houses or home plots had room for a house garden and a small orchard, and many were places of considerable size. Pastorious says that, "Our first lot in the city has 100 feet front and is 400 feet deep," and goes on to explain how lots this size, with streets between, may have two houses built upon them. He records that, "On October 24, 1685, I, Francis Daniel Pastorius, with the good will of the governor, laid out another new city." This was Germantown, planned for the Germans, who were present in large numbers, with more coming. He

made the principal street sixty feet wide, with a cross street forty feet in width. "The space or lot for each house and garden I made three acres in size: for my own dwelling, however, six acres."

Thomas Budd's description of the land from six miles above New Castle to the falls of the Delaware, written in 1685, says, "The land is in vines, some good and some bad, but the greatest part will bear good corn. . . . Garden Fruits groweth well, as Cabbage, Coleworts, Colliflowers . . . Potatoes, Currants, Gooseberries, Roses, Carnations, Tulips, Garden-Herbs, Flowers, Seeds, Fruits, &c for such as grow in England will certainly grow here . . . Orchards of Apples, Pears, Quinces, Peaches, Aprecocks, Plums, Cherries, and other sorts of the fruits of England may be soon raised to good advantage, the Trees growing faster than in England, whereof great quantities of Sider may be made . . . There are some vineyards already planted in Pennsylvania and more intended to be planted by some French Protestants and others that are gone to settle there . . . Several other commodities may be raised here, as Rice which is known to have been sown for a tryal and it grew very well and yielded good increase. Also Annis seed I have been informed . . . Liquorish would doubtless grow very well."

An account of Salam, in Pennsylvania, in 1698 tells



A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE QUAKER'S WELL-LOVED LONG EXTENDED LINES IS WYCK, AN OLD HOUSE AT GERMANTOWN

of the many "Fair and Great Brick Houses on the outside of the Town which the Gentry have built there for their Countrey Houses, besides the Great and Stately Palace of John Tateham, Esq.: which is pleasantly situated on the north side of the Town, having a very fine and delightful Garden and Orchard adjoyning to it, wherein is variety of Fruits, Herbs and Flowers; as Roses, Tulips, July-flowers (gilliflowers), Sun-Flowers, (that open and shut as the Sun Rises and Sets, thence taking their Name) Carnations and many more; besides abundance of medicinal Roots, Herbs, Plants and Flowers, found wild in the Fields." The same writer mentions further on "Glocester-Town which is a very Fine and pleasant Place, being well stored with Summer Fruits, as Cherries, Mulberries, and Strawberries."

A famous place of the next generation, on the road from Philadelphia to Darby, was "Woodlands," begun in 1734 by Andrew Hamilton, a celebrated Maryland planter. The place contained about six hundred acres, and was most imposing, judging from the loose descriptions of it that are preserved. Its entrance gateway was flanked by two splendid lodges; the grounds about the mansion were large, and the gardens abounded "in rare and foreign trees and luscious fruits and exquisite flowers." Its fame spread so that all visitors of cultivation and taste who came to Phila-

delphia had heard of it, and made a point of seeing it. Its successive proprietors seem each to have cherished the same enthusiasm that animated the first, and William Hamilton, who visited abroad during the Revolution, added many rare plants and flowers, collected at this time, to its already well stocked gardens. Tradition has it that the Lombardy poplar was one of these, the Ginko another; and that there were several magnolias.

John Bartram and Humphrey Marshall were both friends of the later Hamilton and much of his success may have been inspired by the counsel and advice of these two famous botanists. The natural style, which by his time was quite the rage, driving everything else before it, found an ardent advocate in him, and "Woodlands" was probably the best example of it that this country possessed at the close of the eighteenth century. Its trees were fine specimens and they were said to be arranged with great skill, producing carefully considered effects. But we surely must wonder a bit at the "naturalness" of the following: "Walks unexpectedly ended where, as one stood, the vision beyond was through a square or oval opening of leaves that seemed a picture frame, so nicely were the boughs trimmed to secure the charming vistas afforded by the beautiful Schuylkill."

The first botanic garden in America, planted by

John Bartram at his farm on the banks of the Schuylkill, within the limits of Philadelphia now, but three miles from the site of the town then—1728—also afforded a pilgrimage to travelers of all sorts, from the old world and the new. Every one made a point of visiting here, and visitors were always liberally entertained. But General Washington's diary has an entry concerning the gardens that reveals one over-expectant guest at least: "Sunday, June 10 (1787)—rode to see the Botanical Garden of Mr. Bartram, which though stored with many curious Trees and Shrubs and Flowers was neither large nor laid out in much taste." Botanic gardens seldom please the esthetic sense, however, though maybe the General did not know this, hence his very evident disappointment.

John Bartram was a lovable, simple Quaker who built his house with his own hands, in 1730-31; who taught himself Latin that he might learn botany; and who had all his household at his table, which ran the length of the great hall—his servants and slaves sitting "below the salt" in ancient patriarchal fashion. His farm was as remarkable in a way as his botanic garden, for he irrigated his meadows and orchards, and had redeemed some portions of it from what had been regarded as utterly useless ground. His system of irrigation was one which he originated; the waters of a spring which was a mile and a half away, were

brought to a reservoir wherein they were enriched with old lime, ashes, manure, etc. "Twice a week," to use his own words, "I let it run, thus impregnated." Also he explains that he regularly spreads "on this ground, old hay, straw and whatever damaged fodder I have about my barn." Under this system his land was remarkably fruitful, at which those who had known it before he developed it, marveled greatly.

A popular flower of to-day came to America, it would seem, through his hands, for in 1735 a letter from P. Collinson in England contains this interesting paragraph; "The China Aster is the noblest and finest plant thee ever saw of that tribe. It was sent per the Jesuits from China to France; from thence to us; it is an annual. Sow it in rich mould immediately" (the letter dated February 12 would reach Bartram about the first of April, under favorable conditions), "and when it has half a dozen leaves, transplant in the borders."

Gardens were of course growing common by this time, and nearly every writer of either a journal or travels has something to say about them. Several places are mentioned by Brissot, who journeyed about here in the year 1788. One item tells of a visit to "the country house of Mr. Temple Franklin. He is the grandson of the celebrated Franklin. . . . His house is five miles from Burlington, on a sandy

soil covered with a forest of pines. His house is simple, his garden is well kept, he has a good library, and his situation seems destined for the retreat of a philosopher." In August he went "with Mr. Shoemaker to the house of his father-in-law Mr. Richardson, a farmer who lives near Middleton, twenty miles from Philadelphia. . . . The garden furnished vegetables of all kinds and fruits." The next month found him at Springmill, eight miles up from Philadelphia on the Schuylkill, where the best house was occupied by a Frenchman whose name he does not give, but to whom he refers as "M. L."

This residence was on a hill, with the river flowing past on the southeast—"the most sublime prospect that you can imagine," says he. "From the two gardens, formed like an amphitheatre, you enjoy that fine prospect above mentioned. These gardens"—they were three acres in extent—"are well cultivated and contain a great many bee-hives. . . . M. L. has . . . planted a vineyard near his house on the south-east exposure, and it succeeds very well. . . . I have already mentioned that the pastures and fields in America are enclosed with barriers of wood or fences. M. L. thinks it best to replace them by ditches six feet deep, of which he throws the earth upon his meadows, and borders the sides with hedges; and thus renders the passage impracticable to the cattle." This

is the first hint of the very popular "sunken fence" which the craze for natural effect brought into general use in England early in the century.

Gardens of great beauty came rapidly into existence after the fashion had been set by the building of "Pennsbury," notwithstanding the Quaker simplicity of taste and disapproval of display. But the Quakers were warm-blooded and human in spite of their doctrines, and the beauty of Nature was never frowned upon, nor was lavish living deemed a sin. Flowers and fruits and trees, and all the produce of the fields were a part of the bounty of God, to be enjoyed accordingly. So there was an elegance about their simplicity quite foreign to the ascetic cast of mind.

Their silent worship, too, and the long, tranquil hours of meditation, bred the keenest of sensibilities, and there was probably never one among them who lacked in taste or in appreciation of that which was truly beautiful. They despised learning, to be sure—theoretically; yet there were many learned among them, and many who had traveled and seen all that was best in the civilized world. Add to all this the fact that they were men of marked individuality of thought, else would they never have been Quakers—and the individuality of their gardens is at once explained.

No style of design prevailed; but a sweet and rest-

ful homeliness reigned, whatever the design. Quiet and tranquillity lay at their hearts, and quiet and tranquillity were reflected in their homes, indoors and out. In so far as this may be reduced to a definite formula we may say that it finds expression in horizontal lines. And the horizontal line, spanning the width of the world as did their brotherly love and charity, by which these lovable folks unconsciously revealed themselves, will be found to be the secret of the sweet peace of their old gardens.

VII

THE PRESIDENTS' GARDENS

IT is a peculiarly fitting and happy circumstance that the history of old-time gardening in America should come to a close with the magnificent estates of two such Americans as our first and our third Chief Executives. And that these great plantations of Mount Vernon and Monticello were the personal charge and beloved occupation of their respective masters, before, during, and after their years of service to the infant republic—if ever there were such a "before" and such an "after" in their wonderful lives, which, as a matter of fact, there was not—is the final gratifying coincidence and delightful fact.

Many great men have built splendid houses and planted splendid gardens, but more or less by proxy, more often than not. But these two men built *homes*, and built them themselves—almost indeed, with their own hands. The estate of Mount Vernon had been the plantation of Washington's father to be sure, at whose death in 1743 it passed to Lawrence Washing-

THE LAWN AND MANSION HOUSE AT MOUNT VERNON, WITH THE SUNDIAL AT THE CENTRE BEFORE THE DOOR

ton, elder half-brother of George. By Lawrence it was named for his friend and commander, Admiral Vernon, under whom and General Wentworth, he held the commission of a Captain in their expedition against Cartagena. So as boy and lad, George Washington had lived in the simple two-story farmhouse—which contained only eight rooms, four below and four above, with the wide hall setting them apart—although he was not born there, but at his grandfather's home farther up the Potomac in Westmoreland.

And it was not until long after he in turn had inherited it from Lawrence, who died in 1751, that he actually set to work to develop his own ideas—long, long after, indeed. For it was the necessity for a larger house, wherein the crowds who came to see him, by now the greatest of Americans, might be entertained, that at last moved him to action. This was of course at the time that war was over, victory was won and he had resigned his commission, in 1783, and retired—for the rest of his life, he ardently hoped—to the plantation and its management, which he delighted in.

Here Brissot, who made the pilgrimage to Mount-Vernon-on-the-Potomac five years later, finds him: "This celebrated general . . . nothing more at present than a good farmer, constantly occupied in the care of his farm and the improvement of cultivation.

He has lately built a barn . . . destined to receive the productions of his farm, and to shelter his cattle, horses, asses, and mules. It is built on a plan sent him by that famous English farmer, Arthur Young. But the general has much improved the plan . . . His three hundred negroes are distributed in different parts of his plantation, which in this neighborhood consists of ten thousand acres."

Four thousand acres and more were under cultivation, and from the Mount Vernon landing Washington's tobacco and his wheat and his well known and prized brand of flour, went, some to the West Indies, and some all the way across the Atlantic to the markets of England.

It was his purpose and delight that every part of the place should be kept with the utmost neatness; but during his two long absences, each of eight years—for the war kept him from home as long as his two terms as President—things were not done as they would have been under his watchful eye. This he expected of course, and he refrains characteristically from complaint. But a word or two now and then reveal his discomfort and disgust at the neglect—as when he writes, immediately upon his return from being President, that part of the work of a joiner whom he wishes engaged at "the Federal City" (Washington now) or George Town, will be to give some

repairs to the steps, "which (like most things else I have looked into since I have been at home) are sadly out of repair." Or again in the fall of that same year, in apology for not answering a letter sooner: "an eight years' absence from home (excepting short occasional visits) had so deranged my private affairs;—had so despoiled my buildings;—and in a word had thrown my domestic concerns into so much disorder, as at no period of my life have I been more engaged than in the last six months, to recover and put them into some tolerable trim again."

Twice he went through this experience, though the first time it was hardly as trying as the second; for the first return to Mount Vernon, after he had resigned his commission at the close of the war, was to the old and, to a degree, undeveloped, estate. From 1783 until he was called to be President six years later, were the years which saw the real creation of Washington's Mount Vernon. During this time it was that he made plans, drew specifications and personally directed the work on new buildings, the alterations to old, and the improvements in the grounds, and construction of the gardens. The barn which Brissot writes of as just completed, was a part of this general work; and when he left the second time there was much that was trim and new and the old work was in perfect order.

So when he came back the second time, in the spring of 1797, it was this work of his own in which he had taken such pride and such delight, that he found "despoiled." Small wonder that he does give way sufficiently to say, "Workmen in most countries, I believe, are necessary plagues;—in this where entreaties as well as money must be used to obtain their work, and keep them to their duty, they baffle all calculation in the accomplishment of any plan, or repairs they are engaged in;—and require more attention to, and looking after, than can well be conceived." Surely a very modern sounding complaint.

In spite of all the neglect, however, the splendid house with its generous array of offices, the fine garden walls, the graceful inclosures, the exceptional pavements of brick and stone wherever these are desirable, and the well drained walks and drives leading from point to point, all bearing witness to the care and attention given originally to their construction, were not seriously harmed. Thus everything bespeaks the thoroughness of the builder—and the truth to which I am perpetually referring, that the garden reflects absolutely and in spite of himself the character of its maker, is nowhere more completely exemplified than in this creation of the man whom we all always have and always shall, delight to honor. If there were nothing else by which we might know him, this simple

IN THE BOXWOOD GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON WHERE THE ANCIENT HEDGES DESCRIBE INTRICATE AND PERHAPS ONCE SIGNIFICANT FORMS

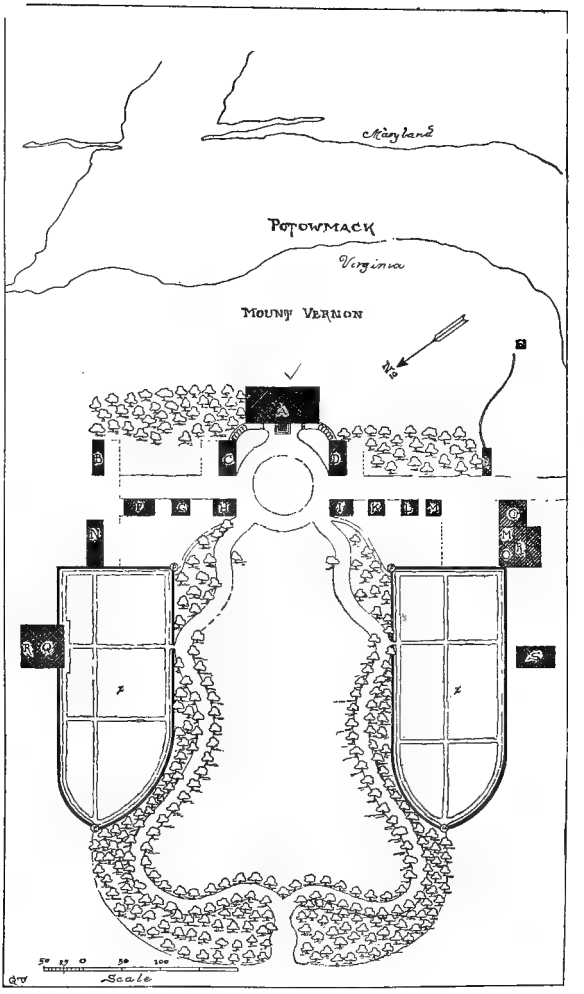
yet stately and beautiful home would, in every part, reveal him to us.

In the first place, there is its design: planned in 1783, at a time when gardeners generally were making a ridiculous mess of things, with their extravagant efforts to beat Nature at her own game, it is a supremely simple and at the same time most interesting and rarely original scheme, which applies the best in the old ideas and the new, yet imitates nothing. Dignity and serenity pervade it throughout; there is certainty in every line and the most delightful and straightforward honesty. Yet it is all gracious and warm and inviting—and was all of this when its trees were young and the ancient box had just begun to grow; for it is not to Time that this garden must lay its charm. Even the curious little twist in the driveways as they approach the great circle before the Mansion House, is made appropriate simply by repetition. If it were on one side of the lawn only, it would be meaningless and trifling; but duplicated opposite, it is immediately vindicated because it then serves to give definite form to the lawn itself, as this narrows towards the house.

The symmetry—or to be more literally exact, the formality—of the general design is preserved with the scrupulous care which we should expect in so fastidious a man as Washington; but so splendid are the propor-

tions and so skilful the planting, that there is none of the oppressiveness against which those who were railing at formalism and stripping their gardens of it, complained. General Washington could no more have made a garden that was informal, however, than he could have descended to act the clown in cap and bells. His matchless poise and grave and beautiful majesty could only reflect in a creation of similar balance and stateliness. And so I think by studying Mount Vernon, both in its plan and in its endless beautiful perspectives and vistas, we may come nearer to an understanding of that quality in him which made all men ever stand a little in awe of him, than in any other way. Here is that bigness of his mold, physical, mental and spiritual, that set him apart from all his kind, and yet made him to be so greatly loved.

In his own plan for the place he calls both gardens, "kitchen gardens"—but as everyone very well knows, the enclosed garden on the north side of the lawn is the flower and famous garden of boxwood. The kitchen garden lies opposite on the south, back of its similar brick wall, topped with white palings. Situated here, on the gentle slope where the land begins to fall away towards the river, this garden is terraced into two levels its entire length. The gate in the wall which leads in from the lawn is met by a walk that crosses the upper terrace to steps which descend to the



PLAN OF MOUNT VERNON FROM A MAP BELIEVED TO BE WASHINGTON'S OWN DRAWING. THE RIVER IS ACTUALLY MUCH FARTHER FROM THE HOUSE. A—THE MANSION HOUSE; B—SMITH'S SHOP; C—WHITE SERVANTS' APARTMENT; D—KITCHEN; E—REPOSITORY FOR DUNG; F—SPINNING HOUSE; G—(NOT GIVEN); H—SHOEMAKER'S AND TAILOR'S APARTMENT; I—STOREHOUSE; K—SMOKE-HOUSE; L—WASH-HOUSE; MM—COACH HOUSES; N—QUARTERS FOR FAMILIES; OOO—STABLES; PP—NECESSARIES; Q—GREENHOUSES; RR—COW HOUSES; S—BARN AND CARPENTER'S SHOP; T—SCHOOL-ROOM; U—SUMMER-HOUSE; W—DAIRY; XX—KITCHEN GARDENS.

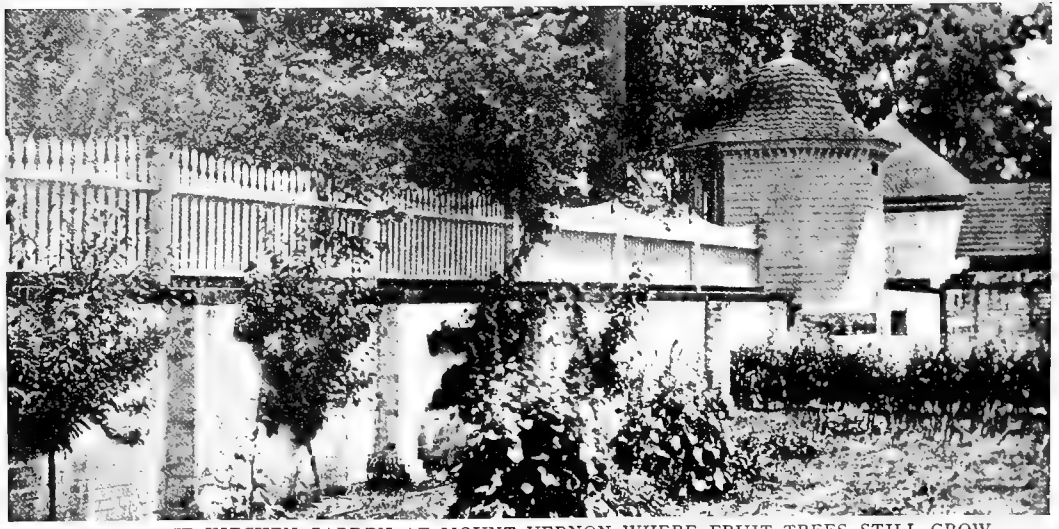
common vegetable level. This upper terrace entertains only the finer herbs, the salads, simples and small fruits, with the fine tree fruits against the wall as it faces the south. Apricots, nectarines, peaches, fine plums, pears—all these were trained against the wall in Washington's time, as is the English custom; and the General's table enjoyed the earliest and richest delicacies as a consequence.

But even these too he was denied, a part of the time at least. Writing his superintendent in 1794 he says, "In the Gardener's report is a query, if Apricots will be wanting to preserve.—I answer No.—for the situation of public business now is, and likely to remain such, that my family will not be able to spend any time at Mount Vernon this summer—that is—I cannot do it, and Mrs. Washington would not chuse to be there without me." So apricots from his own garden neither fresh nor preserved, were his portion for that year; but good for Mrs. Washington, who would not "chuse" to leave him sweltering and weary in the city, even to go home to her preserving!

The upper terrace is really a charming garden, for in addition to its herbs and wall fruits, there are grapes trellised along the terrace edge, and shrubs here and there. A border of venerable, unkempt boxwood incloses the walk from the lawn to the steps, and there are old flowers, both annual and perennial, brightening

the soberer beds of salad and savory. Poppies, sweet peas, hollyhocks, sweet Williams, gillyflowers, stocks, mingle in the oldest garden fashion with the cabbages, lettuces, cucumbers, the sage, marjoram, lavender and thyme. Here verily is a garden that might be three centuries old instead of only a little above a third that age, so true is it to the earliest modes, before purely "pleasure gardens" of flowers alone, were made.

Opposite, in the finer flower garden, are the old-fashioned flowers, too; but this is essentially modern when compared to the sweet south garden. For backing this are the great greenhouses where many rare exotics found a home. Gifts such as these came often to the idolized General, and of course continued to come to the President in even greater numbers. And he was never too busy to thank, personally, the giver. "With much sensibility I received your polite letter," he writes to one from Philadelphia, in 1795, "I thank you, Sir, for the plants which are mentioned in the list which accompanied it.—Presuming they arrived at Norfolk with the letter, I have requested a gentleman of my acquaintance at that place to forward them to my garden at Mount Vernon on the Potomack River, near Alexandria, Virginia, and I feel myself particularly obliged by the offer to supply me with other plants from the Botanical Gardens in Jamaica. When my situation will allow me to pay more attention than I



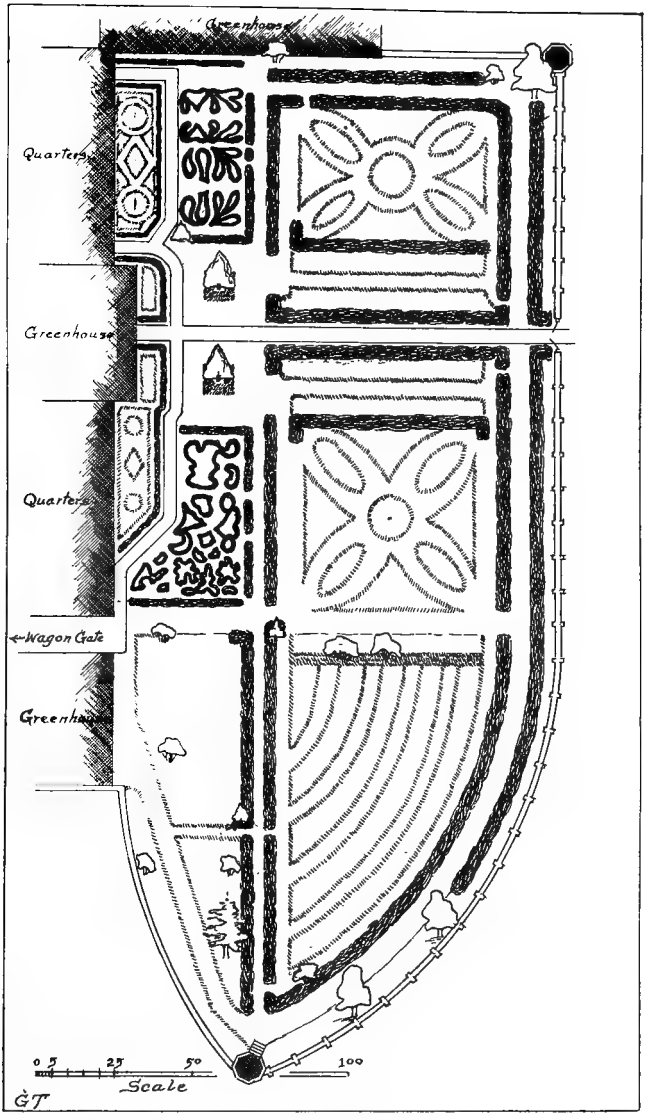
WITHIN THE KITCHEN GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON WHERE FRUIT TREES STILL GROW AGAINST THE WALLS AND FLOWERS DISDAIN NOT TO CONSORT WITH VEGETABLES

am able to do at present to situations of this kind, which combine utility, ornament and amusement—I shall certainly avail myself of the liberty you have authorized me to take, in requesting a small supply of such exotics, as, with a little aid may be reconciled to the climate of my garden." The greenhouses which he built were burned in 1835, and their contents, save three plants alone—a lemon tree, a sago palm and a century plant—of course perished. The buildings were rebuilt in the same place, along the north side of the garden, and on the same lines—but the houses at the eastern end are later, and not a part of the General's plan.

Curiously shaped and divided are the compartments in the north garden—and both gardens are curiously formed. I would give a good deal to know just why these unsymmetrical and apparently arbitrary patterns were adopted—and why the little, trifling, yet very evident variations exist in the general outer form of the two gardens. Certainly they were not variations by chance, for the exactness of the plan wherever Washington wished it to be exact, is beautiful; moreover, he was an engineer of skill, as well as a man of most careful and accurate method, and no such chance happening would be even remotely possible, either in his drawing or his execution. So it must remain a mystery, unless, as tradition has it, the great order

to which he belonged holds the key. Some have believed they could trace symbols of this fraternity in the design which the boxwood executes, in its two small reservations, allowing for the variation which its growth and lack of intelligent care over the hundred-year interval, might occasion; but others deny these claims. I do not know that anyone has undertaken to explain the broader lines of the place through this interpretation—nor indeed that it is possible so to explain them. The suggestion is interesting, however.

The old flowers of the General's time are of course long since gathered to their ancestors, for flower lives are not immortal by any means, any more than human. But trees and shrubs which Washington planted are still flourishing; oaks and buckeyes are there which have grown from acorns and "horse chestnuts" brought by him from the battlefields whereon he spent so many years as boy and man; ashes, poplars and indeed all the native trees are all about, for many of the finest were selected by him in his own forests and transplanted to his mansion grounds. And Lafayette, who loved and revered Washington as only one great man can love another, greater, and was himself loved and revered by Washington in turn, brought to him from that other President's garden at Monticello, a Kentucky coffee-tree and two hydrangea bushes, which he planted by the south wall of the flower garden. These



DETAIL OF THE NORTH GARDEN, MOUNT VERNON, SHOWING AN ARRANGEMENT OF GREENHOUSES AND QUARTERS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN

are still there, as are also four "sweet shrubs"—*Calycanthus floridus*—which came from the same garden.

The pink rose, called the Mary Washington for the General's mother, was planted and named by him; while the Nellie Custis rose, which he also named and put in another corner, is the fragrant white, velvet-textured flower of romance that, from witnessing the love making and betrothal of ardent Lawrence Lewis, the General's favorite nephew, and black-eyed Nellie Custis, his wife's granddaughter, acquired a spell so potent to stimulate indifferent or procrastinating suitors that none who come within its influence to this day can resist it. Hence these rich white buds and blossoms have ever been much sought by maids of high and low degree, whose affections are set on the unsuspecting and unresponsive; for to present "him" with either flower or bud, so tradition avows, or lead him to inhale its fragrance, quickens the coldest masculine heart—such was the rare quality of these old lovers' love, clinging to, intoxicating and saturating for all time the sympathetic rose, even as the rose breathed its fragrance over and around them, to heighten their delight.

Laughable is the General's comment on this courtship, by the way, for he had utterly failed to observe it though it was going on right under his nose.

"Lawrence Lewis is appointed a Capt. in the corps of Light Dragoons," he writes to a relative in January, 1799, at the time France was threatening and he had been once more summoned to military duty at the head of the army, "but before he enters the camp of Mars, he is to engage in that of Venus with Nellie Custis on the 22nd. of next month; they having, while I was in Philadelphia, without my having the smallest suspicion that such an affair was in agitation, framed their Contract for this purpose."

Astonished he certainly was, but displeased he as certainly was not. So, at early candle light, on the sixty-seventh and last anniversary of his birth which he himself should see, he gave the hand of "*our* granddaughter," as he always called her, in marriage to his strapping nephew, who was enough like him to have been his own son instead.

Of the flowers which adorned his gardens, General Washington himself left little in the form of notes or observations. The trees meant more to him, and his boxwood hedges, which he loved as a gentleman should and would. Within these boxwood beds the plants probably varied from year to year, for here would be only such annuals as were popular—although his garden doubtless kept well in advance of the "style," owing to the constant gifts of plants, seeds and roots from all over the world. From Bartram

in Philadelphia who was collecting constantly and energetically, many things also were purchased; for in every part of his estate the General was keen for the latest and best.

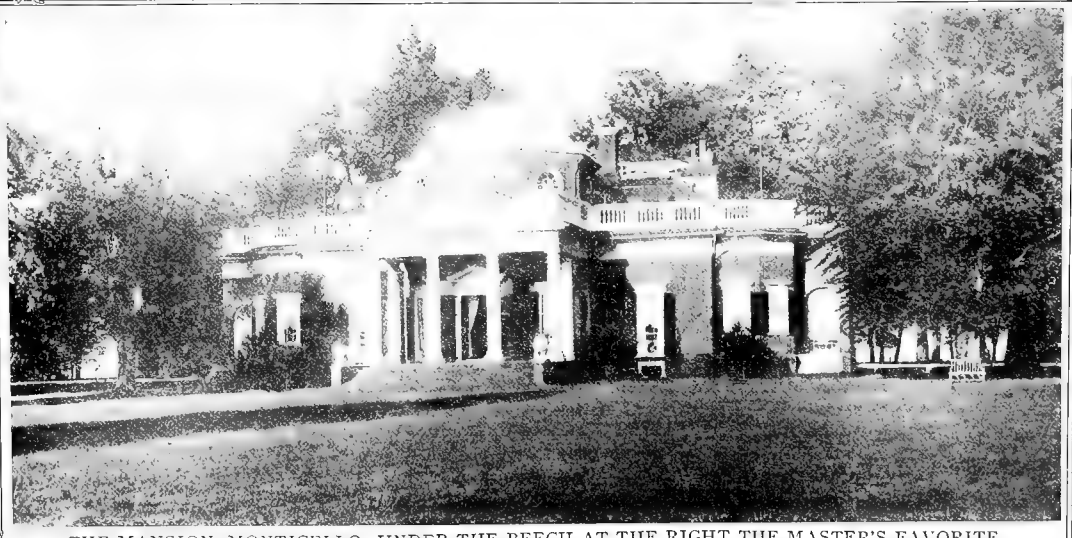
To William Pearce who came as superintendent of the place late in 1793, he expresses this feeling, especially in regard to tools and implements: "As I am never sparing (with proper æconomy) in furnishing my Farms with any, and every kind of Tool and Implement that is calculated to do good and neat work, I not only authorize you to bring the kind of ploughs you were speaking to me about, but any others the utility of which you have proved from your own experience,—particularly a kind of hand rake which Mr. Stuart tells me are used on Eastern Shore of Maryland in lieu of Hoes for Corn at a certain state of its growth —and a Scythe and Cradle different from those used with us, and with which the grain is laid much better. —In short I shall begrudge no reasonable expense that will contribute to the improvement and neatness of my Farms;—for nothing pleases me better than to see them in good order, and everything trim, handsome and thriving about them;—nor anything hurts me more than to find them otherwise, and the tools and implements laying wherever they were last used, exposed to injuries from Rain, sun &ct."

Surely here, in the midst of this sort of activity

which he loved so well, riding about inspecting the farms, directing, planning; walking down the south driveway to turn in at the gate of his vegetable garden perhaps, for a look at the grapes; lingering and loitering along the path at the bottom of the terrace until he reaches the summer-house, then sitting here for a bit, out of the sun; or strolling in the warm early twilight or under the big, round, white southern moon, among the beds of pensive box, happy in this happy creation of his brain and tireless energy and industry, he is as virile a model of America's best as at any time and circumstance of his life. And surely a model nearer to the life of us of to-day; and more precious to the rank and file to-day, for that nearness.

Unlike Mount Vernon, Monticello was not in existence when its master was born. Washington inherited his father's farm, with the limitations which previous use and development always impose. But young Tom Jefferson struck out for himself from the beginning; and although Monticello—the "little mountain"—was one of the hills of Shadwell, his father's estate, nothing was done to it until he chose it as the site of his own home.

About the time that he began his activities in the world at large, he also began a Garden Book in which he set down *everything;* all that he observed anywhere,



THE MANSION, MONTICELLO; UNDER THE BEECH AT THE RIGHT THE MASTER'S FAVORITE SEAT STILL STANDS; THE LAWN RAMPS UP TO THE PORTICO

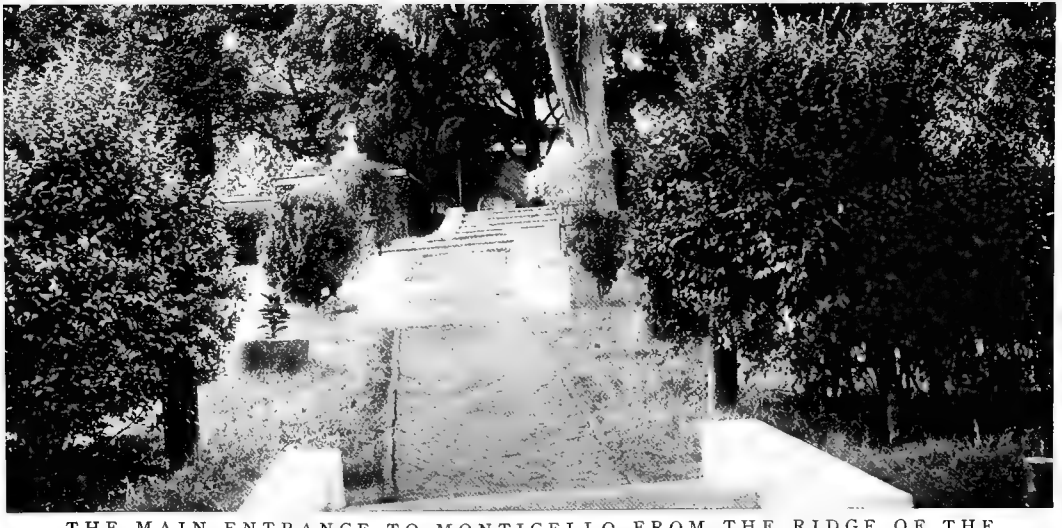
went into it—the date when the first peach blossom unfolded, likewise the date when the sickle went first into the wheat. Nothing important or otherwise that pertained to the garden or farm was omitted. This was in 1766, when he was beginning to plan a house of his own; seven years after Washington had brought his wife and her two children to dwell at Mount Vernon, and taken up his life as a family man. Just why Jefferson should have planned at this time a separate house for himself, is not quite apparent. His father's death when he was a lad of fourteen had given him the ancestral home; but he had an individual taste and the natural instinct of independence—which probably made him wish for something of his very own. At any rate, by 1770, when the old house at Shadwell was destroyed by fire, his new home at Monticello was sufficiently built to be livable. It was but the beginning of the mansion as it now is, to be sure, and at the time of his marriage two years later, it was still a very small dwelling. But he had made a start, his very own from the ground up.

The original form of the mountain which he had selected from all his vast holdings for the site of his Mansion House, was what is commonly called a sugar loaf. The very top of this elevation he cleared sufficiently, and levelled to a magnificent space; and here he placed the house. This he designed himself, and later

it was not infrequently said that Thomas Jefferson was the first American who had consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather. It is indeed a beautiful structure.

His scheme of distributing offices and servants' quarters did away entirely with the customary line or lines of "dependent houses," flanking the Mansion House; and in this respect as well as in many others, Monticello is entirely different from other southern estates. Beneath the house and partly forming its terraces were all these features—the kitchen and "rooms for all sorts of purposes," the servants' rooms on one side, "warm in winter and cool in summer," rooms for vegetables, fruit, cider and wood; and cellars, ice-houses and cisterns. The hilltop location made this arrangement possible and practical, where a level site would have precluded it.

According to the superintendent at that time, the vegetable garden was made while Jefferson was President; but this must have been a new or a second vegetable garden, for the place could hardly have been without one all the years of his occupancy until his election in 1801. This garden was a work of much labor, for the rock had to be blown out for the walls of the different terraces and earth had then to be brought in to nourish the plants. But it was a fine garden, once it was finished, and delicious fruits and



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MONTICELLO FROM THE RIDGE OF THE PLATEAU CALLED THE PRESIDENT'S STAIRWAY

vegetables of all kinds were raised in it—"grapes, figs and the greatest variety of fruits."

But Jefferson, too, was deprived for long periods of the fruits of his own growing, and the enjoyment of his farm activities. His satisfaction at returning home, after escaping at last from the position, which had grown so irksome, of Secretary of State at the end of 1793, knew no bounds. "I return to farming with an ardor which I scarcely knew in my youth," he said delightedly, "and which has got the better entirely of my love of study."

Broad lawns, fine trees, flowers and shrubbery of rarity and beauty, and a great park reputed to be three hundred acres in extent all about the house, which was inclosed and protected and wherein no tree was ever cut, but where roads and paths wound through, "all around and over it," intersecting and furnishing the most delightful walks and drives—these were the characteristics of Monticello, rather than any limited garden or gardens. Which is what we might know would result from a nature and temperament such as Thomas Jefferson's. His scorn of formality, and his levelling democracy were accompanied by a most vivid imagination and a very positive dramatic instinct—both perhaps, utterly unsuspected by their possessor. The wildness and romantic forest solitude suited this element in his nature perfectly, however—resulted in-

deed from it—an element which he revealed on more than one occasion, but never more deliciously, if I mistake not, than when as a very youthful and somewhat in love young man, he indulges in reflections upon and melancholy plans for, his tomb!

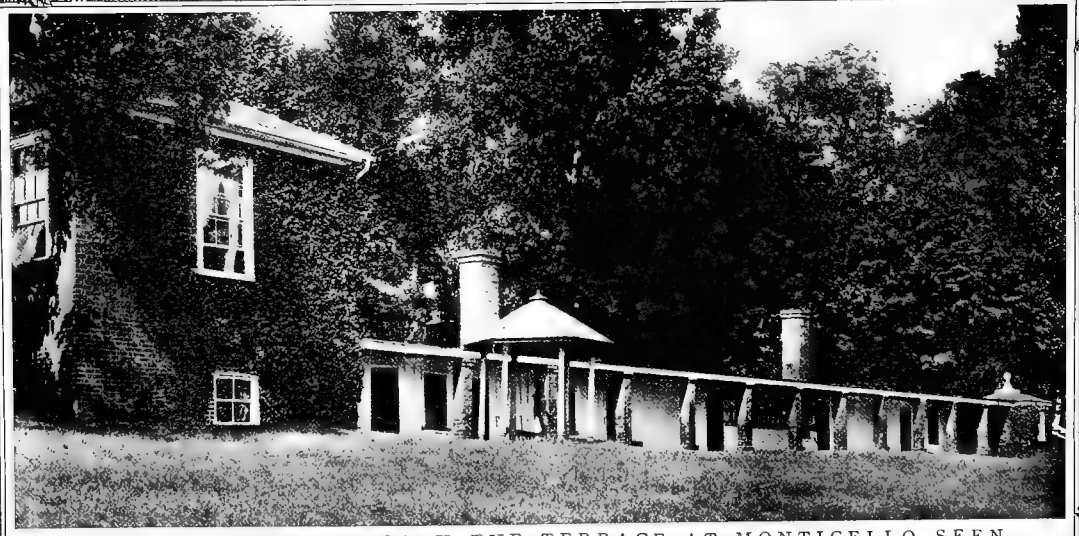
The spot which he will "choose out for a burying place" shall be "some unfrequented vale in the park," with a brook only to break the hush which broods over it. All around there are to be "ancient and venerable oaks," mingling with "gloomy evergreens." And in the midst of this solemn retreat, in the very center and heart of it, he will have a "small gothic temple of antique appearance," one half of which shall be reserved for his family, while the other is hospitably set apart for "strangers"!—and servants. "Pedestals with urns and proper inscriptions" shall abound, while the grave of a favorite and faithful servant—who for some reason fails to get inside—is to be marked with a "pyramid of the rough rockstone." A grotto "spangled with translucent pebbles and beautiful shells" conforms to the fashion of the hour, and its ever trickling stream, mossy couch and sleeping nymph, with appropriate mottoes in both English and Latin, complete an absurdity which the mature Jefferson must have laughed heartily over, I am sure.

The shrubbery and flowers which he chose and planted were so well selected that there was perpetual

bloom from early spring to late fall—or indeed, to late winter, according to his superintendent. Undoubtedly the collection was exceptionally fine, for he had exceptional opportunities for collecting. During his residences abroad, the thought of Monticello and his garden was ever in his mind; and plants and agriculture were ever his hobby, although he was usually more utilitarian than esthetic in his taste, as a matter of fact. "The greatest service which can be rendered to any country," said he, "is to add a useful plant to its culture." And again, "Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens." Wherefore he imported olive plants from Marseilles to South Carolina and Georgia, and heavy upland rice from Africa, hoping that it might take the place of the wet rice so difficult and unhealthy to cultivate in the hot summer. And he worked and cultivated industriously.

Quantities of shrubbery were purchased by him from a nursery in George Town, and of every specimen in every part of his grounds he kept a close trace. Directions which he sent, along with one shipment, are characteristic of his interest, and his knowledge of his trees. "If weather is not open and soft when Davy arrives," he writes—it is November twenty-fourth—"put the box of thorns into the cellar where they may be free from the influence of cold until weather becomes soft when they must be planted in the places of those dead

through the whole of the hedges which inclose the two orchards, so that the old and new shall be complete, at 6 inches distance from every plant. If any remain plant them in the nursery of thorns. There are 2000. I send Mr. Maine's written instructions about them, which must be followed most minutely. The other trees he brings are to be planted as follows: 4 Purple beaches. In the clumps which are in the South West and North West angles of the house—(which Wormley knows). There were 4 of these trees planted last spring, 2 in each clump. They all died but the places will be known by the remains of the trees or by the sticks marked No. IV in the places. I wish these now sent to be planted in the same places. 4 Robinias or red locusts. In the clumps in the North East and South East angles of the house. There were 2 of these planted last spring, to wit, 1 in each. They are dead, and two of them are to be planted in the same places which may be found by the remains of the trees or by the sticks marked V. The other 2 may be planted in any vacant places in the South West and North West angles. 4 Prickly Ash. In the South West angle of the house there was planted one of these trees last spring. and in the North West angle 2 others. They are dead. 3 of those now sent are to be planted in their places which may be found by the remains of the trees or by the sticks marked VII. The fourth



"THE OFFICES" BENEATH THE TERRACE AT MONTICELLO SEEN FROM THE LAWN LEVEL

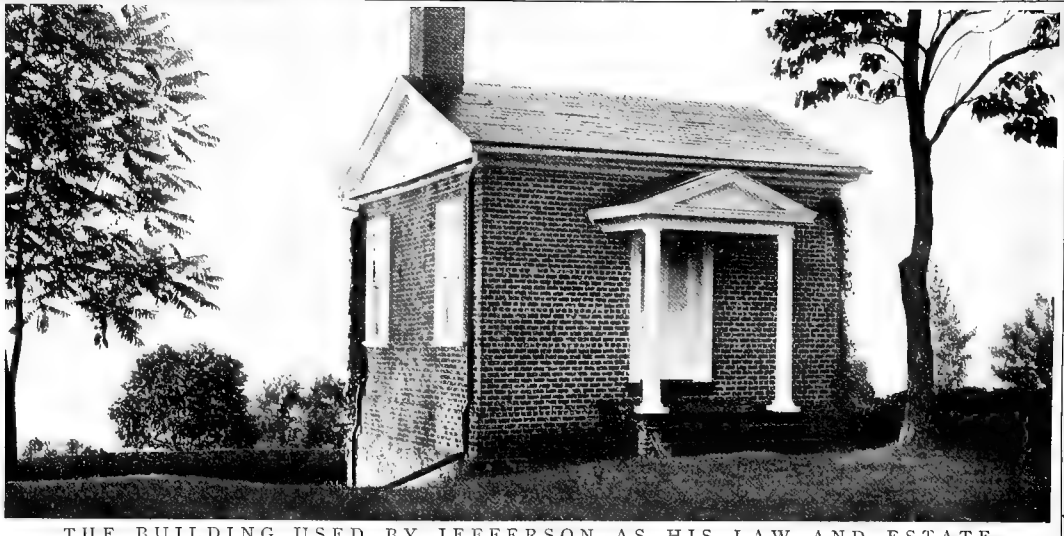
may be planted in some vacant space of South West angle. 6 Spitzenberg apple trees. Plant them in the South East orchard, in any place where apples have been planted and are dead. 5 Peach trees. Plant in South East orchard wherever peach trees have died. 500 October peach stones; a box of Peccan nuts. The nursery must be enlarged and these planted in the new parts, and Mr. Perry must immediately extend the paling so as to include these and make the whole secure against hares. Some turfs of a particular grass. Wormley must plant them in some place of the orchard, where he will know them, and keep other grass from the place."

About this time there was a craze for lilies, and Jefferson acquired a fine collection. Many varieties were planted on the west lawn, including a "black" one—presumably some form of *Lilium Martagon*, which ranges from deepest dingy purple to a dirty white. He makes reference to his "martagons" as they were then differentiated, and to a proposed gift or exchange with a neighbor. These lilies, planted more than a hundred years ago, still blossom every year in their old places, proving, if such proof were necessary, the superlative value of bulbous plants. Almost nothing else in the line of herbaceous material could have held its own for so long a time.

But although he gave much attention to beautifying

his grounds, it was in the practical farming operations that Jefferson's real affection centered, and to these that his instructions, which he always left carefully and explicitly written out when he went from home, applied. "A part of the field is to be planted in Quarantine corn," says one memorandum of this nature, "which will be found in a tin canister in my closet. This corn is to be in drills 5 feet apart and the stalks 18 inches asunder in the drills. The rest of the ground is to be sown in oats, & red clover sowed on the oats. All ploughing is to be done horizontally in the manner Mr. Randolph does his." The Randolph place was adjoining.

Another, "The fence inclosing the grounds on the top of the mountain must be well done up. . . . No animal of any kind must ever be loose within this inclosure. Davy and Abram may patch up the old garden pales."—"Thorn hedges are to be kept clean wed at all times."—"The orchard below the garden must be entirely cultivated the next year; to wit, a part in Ravenscroft pea, which you will find in a canister in my closet; a part with Irish potatoes and the rest with cow-pea, of which there is a patch at Mr. Freeman's to save which, great attention must be paid, as they are the last in the neighborhood."—"Wormley must be directed to weed the flower beds about the



THE BUILDING USED BY JEFFERSON AS HIS LAW AND ESTATE OFFICE; THE IVY-COVERED WALL AT THE RIGHT TOPS THE TERRACE

house, the nursery, the vineyards and raspberry beds, when they want it. I wish him also to gather me a peck or two of clean broom seed, when ripe."

All of this by his own hand and pen, from the President of the United States!

PART II

RECONSTRUCTION

I

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

MANY phrases which we commonly use will, if they are submitted to examination, very often be found to have a meaning altogether vague. They present a misty impression rather than a clear idea. Yet, such is the folly of us!—these are phrases which come often and most trippingly from our tongues, acquiring a certain vogue, perhaps, from their very obscurity—as many things do. It is enough that they are not quite understood to make them popular.

Nowhere in common speech shall another example of this be found that equals that sentimental superlative, "dear, old-fashioned"! Without qualifying explanation, what does "dear, old-fashioned" mean? To the speaker one thing, possibly—perhaps it hardly means anything in the majority of instances—to the hearer, another; and according to the dictionary, something quite different from either, I take it. For "old-fashioned" is a relative compound which may be stretched, like an easy conscience, to suit the moment's

need—and, literally, it means something which the users of it never actually intend.

We have of course a certainty, when the words fall on our ears, of generally pleasant attributes in the thing to which we hear them applied. Hence they are the cue for a rapturous response, either oral or facial—lest we seem unappreciative—followed usually by amiable generalities calculated to preserve the mental fog. Someone says, "Such a nice old-fashioned house! All funny little windows"; or "Such a fine old-fashioned garden! All boxwood"; and we are all immediately charged with a pleasant complacence, in which little windows and boxwood drift about, unattached to anything except an attenuated mental concept that is without form and void.

If this sort of thing is not to go on indefinitely, we must reduce the term "old-fashioned" to something akin to certainty. The literal meaning is of course a fashion that is "old, obsolete or antiquated"—with absolute disregard of whether it was charming or ugly; but by some curious philological twist, an associated meaning has grown up around this, which almost hides it; a meaning that insists upon beauty as a primary property, and that resents the implied reproach of either "obsolete" or "antiquated." Of course no house or garden or anything else that was described as obsolete in fashion would win a word

of praise or interest, or even a second thought. Obviously, therefore, it is not with anything as simple as the actual meaning of the words that we have to deal. It is their associated meaning that is in need of analysis.

The limitation of time—or perhaps more accurately, the time limit—is the first and most important thing to establish, with regard to the compound. When is a thing old-fashioned? That all depends; the words themselves, being altogether relative, require that a limit be fixed, arbitrarily, in order that this question may be answered. Some period must be defined beyond which they shall not reach, and before which they shall not advance. Yesterday's fashion in a frock or a frill, is old to-day; last year's fashion in a romance, the fashion of a decade since in sports, or of fifty years ago in dwellings—all these are old fashions, now. Yet how instantly does the magic of the term cleave from it when it is applied to any of these tame and tiresome back-numbers. Assuredly it is none of *these* degrees of old fashion which appeal.

Its application to the art of gardening is of course the use which I am seeking to ground upon a clearer purpose. Its limitations in this instance, therefore, must be set according to the periods of this art—and these have varied in different parts of the world, even as we have found that they varied here within our

own country, in its different sections. The gardens of Rome were old when the Roman gardens, which taught the art to the barbarian in England, were being planted; these in turn were old when the darkling of that long interval between the ancients and later man, settled upon the earth—that thousand years during which art of every kind was treasured and kept faintly alive only because there were monasteries, and good monks, to guard it. Their work had less to do with the esthetic than with the practical side of gardening, however; they preserved the ancient craft of the vineyard, and they raised the few coarse vegetables of that age: there they stopped. So the gardens which were growing as the murk lifted, towards the end of the fourteenth century, were what may be called the first new gardens—new in every sense—since reckoning and records began. It is a matter of little more than two centuries from this time to the planting of the first white men's gardens on this continent; and that is just three hundred and twenty-nine years ago, reckoning from Drake's mention of the gardens destroyed by him at St. Augustine.

Beyond three hundred years back then, it is an absolute certainty that there is nothing for the term "old-fashioned" to unearth, so far as our own land is concerned. And the first actual mention of a garden—passing by those just referred to—is not until eighteen

or nineteen years later than this—that is, in 1629, the year in which we learn that Governor Endicott was raising some excellent peas at Salem, and that he had planted a vineyard. The next year William Blackstone emerges from the obscurity of the wilderness to demonstrate to Governor Winthrop the advantages of the peninsula of Shawmut, where his garden is flourishing.

This garden of Blackstone's was almost certainly older than Endicott's garden at Salem, for Blackstone had retired to Shawmut soon after his arrival in 1626, while Endicott did not come to America for another two years. So his garden could hardly have been started until later than Blackstone's. Neither of them, however, is likely to have been the first garden made here, for the Virginia Colony had declared for private ownership of land in 1619—always the first step toward the making of real gardens—and had issued its decree against the too general fencing in of land in 1626, by which time great numbers of its planters had acquired and cleared large tracts. New Amsterdam can hardly claim anything earlier than this, although her demure and orderly little garden patches were beginning to set a style in town gardening about this time.

But there was no garden anywhere here as yet, of the nature we are seeking; one could hardly suppose

that there would be. And we need not expect to find one for another decade or more. By 1635-40, however, they are beginning, here and there, in the English Colonies both north and south; and of course they are continuing as they had previously been begun, in New Netherland. This sets the remotest limit of our gardens therefore, with fair certainty, at two hundred and seventy-five years ago.

For the near line, before which all shall be regarded as unfit to rank with the truly old, common consent seems to have fixed the close of the Revolution. But as General Washington did not lay out his gardens at Mount Vernon until 1783, I do not see how we shall accept only the Colonial era and exclude all that lies this side of it. And the gardens of Jefferson at Monticello were even later than this. So I shall place the forward limit at one hundred years ago and include these. Which gives us a period of one hundred and seventy-five years for our old-fashioned gardens—a very respectable interval, considering that our country is young.

With this much definitely settled, we know at once just what flowers may be admitted; and we know that no thought in gardening which shaped itself since Thomas Jefferson was Chief Executive, may intrude. Many flowers and some ideas which have long been held old-fashioned, will have to move out of the list;

SECLUSION FOR THE GARDEN AS A WHOLE AND SECLUDED BITS WITHIN THE GARDEN WERE THE OLD-TIME GARDENER'S HOBBY

others which may remain are almost, if not quite, forgotten now; while some of the former which have kept pace with man, and are to be found in the newest gardens of to-day, are so different, in their latest garb, from their old-fashioned ancestors, that they will seem almost as strange to us as our own great-great-grandsires and dames would, if they suddenly appeared before us.

Garden ideals changed greatly, too, in these hundred and seventy-five years; and not always for the better, although to those who witnessed the changes they seemed, as changes usually do, infinite improvements. An English writer on husbandry remarks this, in 1785: "Man's fancy," says he, "in plantations (as in most other things) has changed much within these last few years, and I think much for the best." But when he goes on to explain that (with trees) "The taste was formerly to plant all in long close rows, at each side of an avenue, or in hedge rows or in woods; but the method now is to plant in *round*, *square* or *angular clumps*, in different parts of a domain," one may be permitted to feel that his judgment is not altogether sound. "Square," "angular," and "round" clumps of trees do not seem to promise either a picturesque effect or a design of grace and quality. Besides these remarkable groups, he adds that odd trees are planted in a scattered manner, "up and down lawns

and meadows near the house, so as not to obstruct any prospect and yet make the place look warm and sheltered." Which also sounds doubtful, to my mind, leaving an impression of stuffiness, clutter and confusion.

This was indeed a period of degeneracy in garden art; the pendulum was still swinging, from the impetus given it by Dufresnoy in the first years of the century, towards the extreme of absurdity in the imitation of Nature; for men were yet naïve and lacking in the cunning necessary for such a task, hence the crowning folly of planting dead trees among a living group, which was near at hand! Great and irreparable havoc had been wrought in many of England's fine old gardens, too, by the innovations of these Nature fanatics; and a queer conglomeration of shifting ideas had been brought to the business of garden development in America. Which gives a wealth of material from which to reconstruct, now, the work of the second, and part of the third, century behind us. But it is material that must be carefully sifted to eliminate its chaff—its follies, extravagances and altogether hideous absurdities. It is not enough that we should know what old-fashioned gardens in general were like; nor that we can restore them, from data in hand, as builders restore a temple of the ancients. Beauty is the first requisite always; only the old gardens that

were beautiful when they were made, and still more beautiful, perhaps, when they fell into ruin, are worthy the consideration and investigation of to-day.

Let me emphasize the fact, too, that all gardens of this old time were not beautiful; not more than half of them indeed—possibly not that number—could lay claim to any merit whatsoever, as garden achievements. It is Time's silvery enchantment which has made them seem so, which has held us spellbound, so that no doubt has ever entered into the modern conception of them. By reason of their antiquity we have accepted their beauty as a matter of course; it were heresy to question where veneration was so obviously the due. Hence, I think, the glamour of the term by which they have been designated. May it not be more rationally interpreted in the future?

II

DESIGN

EVERY individual is so constituted that he has an inherent preference for certain things; just as each has his own peculiar and individual personality, stamped from within, in color and form, upon the body which his fellows see and know. And this strongly marked, inherent preference for the thing admired, along with an equally strong prejudice against the thing unfavored, shared by all of us, makes counsel of a certain sort almost certainly futile. All of which I think is particularly true of ourselves as Americans; we know what we like, each one of us—and we know it *hard*. That there may happen to be flocks of sheep minds going *en masse* in this or that direction, or that the direction in which any given flock is traveling frequently changes, does not lessen the fact that our preferences are decided and distinctly formed—and that we are well aware of them.

So among the five classes into which the old garden designs range themselves, each of us will probably

find himself or herself altogether out of sympathy with four, and quite involuntarily prepared to take sides with the fifth. Spanish warrior, English adventurer, Dutch burgher, Puritan reformer and peaceful Quaker, all made their gardens in this fair and fragrant land within the same century; and the hand of each writ large upon the earth its signature. Which will you have?

Which is the best—which offers most? These, of a certainty, are the instant demand; but be not deceived. Your final choice is not going to be determined by the answers, even though the questions are deliberated over and well weighed, and a scrupulous, judicial attitude is maintained. No indeed; it is something within that has already leaped and claimed its own, even as the deliberating and weighing are going on, which decides the matter. Deep in the heart of hearts of every one of us there is this correspondence with our own which nothing can shatter; and all choosing against it, let me say in passing, is wrong choosing, be the choice never so plausible and well intentioned. "Which is best?" means therefore, which is best for the asker; "which offers most?" which offers most to him who has raised the query.

Taken in the largest sense, design—as applied to an estate and gardens—means simply plan, refined and perfected until it expresses beauty as well as con-

venience. Certain underlying and obvious principles of convenience are of course common to all design—that is, to plan, in its primitive simplicity. These principles form foundation lines, or what among professional designers would be called the skeleton of the pattern. And every pattern must have them. Indeed they are so important to it that even in the most intricate and seemingly difficult finished product, the trained designer can trace these skeletons; and the total number of them which it is possible to frame is astonishingly low. So in the garden's pattern they are not many, we may be sure.

In the older design there was no thought of elaborating upon them. Childish simplicity pervades the ancient Spanish garden; it speaks eloquently in the almost total lack of any form except the obvious one which the boundaries of the place suggest, as also in the naïve variations in divisions that are intended to be uniform. There is an uncompromising brusqueness in divisional lines, too, which is childlike. And the attitude of irresponsibility, carelessness, indifference and indolence which was responsible for the untidy condition so characteristic of Spanish gardens, is similarly childlike. Nature was prodigal, as the Spaniard knew her—so why should man be careful? To-morrow, to-morrow—even as little children procrastinate—always to-morrow!

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND GARDEN MUCH CHOKED AND OVERGROWN YET STILL PRESERVING ITS DESIGN, UNMISTAKABLY OF DUTCH INSPIRATION

Once the fantastic mosaic pavement of vari-colored stones was laid along his walks and in the court before his door, little was needed to keep them clean for his enjoyment. The rain would wash them and the wind would sweep them dry—and if a grassy tuft ventured here or there, what harm? Or if a weed or two or three came to dwell among the flowers? Were there not plenty of the latter? And who should keep the roses that had faded plucked and tidy, when roses were forever blooming and fading? Enough that the boxwood was kept true to its purpose; the rest was as fair, and as heavy with rich fragrance under a comfortable negligence, as the most distressing labors would avail to make it.

Coming north to Virginia the very opposite is found, with Col. Fitzhugh's estate and its quite imposing array of buildings—five he mentions, besides the dwelling-house, and does not include the "quarters" of the immediate family servants—as an example of a less ingenuous style of living. This, with its garden "a hundred foot square" is the earliest model we have of the English gentleman's garden in America. It was made before the simple and sensible Elizabethan designs had been dwarfed by the work of Le Nôtre; for Versailles was only in process of construction about the time Col. Fitzhugh set out his orchard, probably.

His description does not give any hint, unhappily,

of the relative positions occupied by his dwelling, the outhouses and his garden, except that he says the houses are in a "Yeard . . . pallizado'd with locust Puncheons." This proves very certainly, however, that they did not occupy the position or positions, which were later assigned to these buildings—that is, at the right and left of the house. The garden dimensions were too limited for a kitchen garden for such a household as his; and this fact, together with the form of it—a square—which was the form commonly adopted in the Elizabethan designs to balance the house, affords pretty conclusive warrant for the assumption that it was, in the more advanced sense, a "garden." If it were, it would be likely to lay before the dwelling, at the back probably—that is, on the side opposite the main entrance. Perhaps the orchard was beyond, but that is speculation; so also is any attempt to locate the offices.

The counsel of William Lawson doubtless served many of these early southern planters. He suggests much that is delightful in his "New Orchard and Garden," of which some copies of the 1626 edition must certainly have found their way to America and been frequently consulted. He does not say much about design, however; most of his work is horticultural and only generally descriptive of what should or may be done for the greatest pleasure. Genuinely

did he love Nature, his especial delight being the orchard; of this he writes with great tenderness and feeling, always. Here in one place, it "takes away the tediousnesse and heavie load of three or four score years!" Again it "is the honest delight of one wearied with the workes of his lawful calling." Everywhere he dwells upon its beauty and charm quite as much as he dwells upon its importance and great value, economically; yet he is a decidedly practical writer who always advises wisely and for efficiency.

Fifty years later another book about garden making came out in England—a huge affair—which must also have interested the garden-making gentry here. This gave some quite detailed directions, and many designs, some of which are shown. The fruit garden or orchard "of forty square yards"—meaning of course forty yards square—with a flower garden half that size, is pronounced sufficient for a "private gentleman"; a nobleman may enlarge upon these so that he has eighty yards square for his fruit, and thirty for his flower garden. A wall of brick all around, nine feet high, with a five-foot wall dividing the fruits from the flowers, shows that he expects these two to join. Large square beds in the flower gardens were to be railed with painted wooden rails or bordered with box "or palisades for dwarf trees"—low pales for cordons probably.

Nearly all his gardens are squares, with beds shaped to fit along walls and into the corners. This gives to many of them the L form, to some the T. He suggests the middle of one side of the flower garden as a suitable site for a summer-house, which shall serve also as a countinghouse for the garden's wealth of precious bulbs when these are dug for storing. He insists upon a hotbed and a "Nurcery"—but does not say where they shall be put.

Dutch influence was so strong in all garden design, in every part of the world, at this time, that there seems very little to say of the Dutch as a separate class of designers. Squares on squares, squares in squares, and squares ranged around a circle—these are the basis of the Dutch designs. Elongated sometimes to an oblong form they are, when the circle is drawn out also into an oval; but curiously enough, this is done only on the vertical axis—on the straight-away from the view point—being intended to overcome perspective and create the illusion of a perfect square and circle! The foreshortening of a square narrows it of course to a seemingly oblong form, lying broadside to the observer. If the dimension which is thus seemingly diminished is actually lengthened just the right amount, the laws of perspective present it to the eye as equal to the actual length of the horizontal dimension; and thus the Dutchman's beloved

PATH IN AN OLD GARDEN THAT HAS BEEN OVER-PLANTED IN ITS OLD AGE; EVERY POSSIBLE EXCUSE WAS SOUGHT FOR INTRODUCING ARCHES AND ARBORS

square and circle are preserved to his critical and exact eye without a flaw.

In New England, as we have already seen, there was very little attempt at garden making. They "gardened" but made no permanent gardens. In so far as there was design, however, it embodied what had been learned from the Dutch during the sojourn in Holland. A few of the little front yards had a little square bed on either side of the walk which led up to the front door; a very few others that were larger had on each side of this walk a border, perhaps, with a bed beyond—or four little square beds, centred on a little round bed in the middle, all very tiny and choking with the boxwood as it grew. Larger grounds were planned and planted practically as grounds are to-day—that is, as it happened. New England had and has lovely gardens, but the earliest offer nothing original nor very interesting.

Finally there were the Quakers, with their long, restful horizontal lines repeated everywhere. Pennsbury gives a striking example of these in the three long rows of walnuts running across the front, down near the river; in the long house—sixty feet it extended—with the forty-foot court at the end, and then beyond this the long group of offices. Altogether the line of buildings must have extended quite two hundred feet or more; for house and court were a hundred, then brew- and malt-

house fifty-five—its shorter dimension may have been on the building line, though I doubt it, for this would have made it extend beyond the house towards the back; but even this is thirty-five feet—then the barn, carriage-house, tool-house, poultry-house and all the rest.

Remember that Penn especially stipulated that all should be uniform and not "a scu" from the house; and the description mentions particularly that the offices were "arranged alongside on the front line of it." In this wonderful expanse there was only one break—the space occupied by the court—and here the row of English redheart cherry trees continued the line, and gave continuity to a group which must have conveyed a sense of comfort and rest and *home* quite without parallel.

Which of all these *is* the best? Each must answer for himself. Designing a garden to-day along any one of these five lines is a simple enough task, once the selection is made. That selection, as I have tried to show, is the crucial thing; and altogether a personal matter. Some of the considerations which might influence it, outside of personal taste—indeed, which should influence it, regardless of personal taste—are, first of all, the system of buildings to be erected, or already erected. I speak of them as a system because that is what they were in old times, distinctly; and in

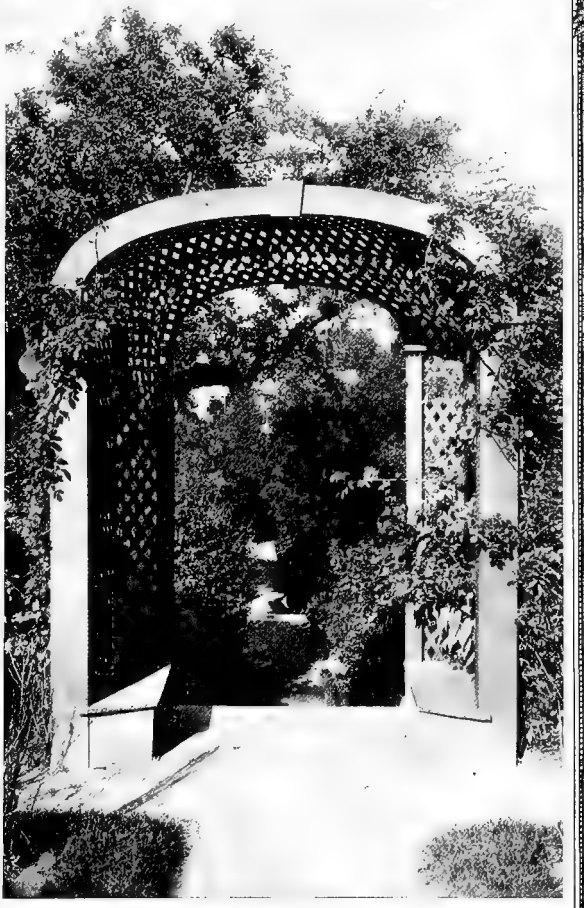
more than one section during the era with which we are dealing.

The house was of course the most important thing in the system, in one way—the keynote, so to speak—but every building had its use and was a necessary part of the industrial life of which the house was the centre and the object. Unless the requirements of an estate are such, therefore, that a group system is convenient and practical, it is hardly necessary for me to say that any old garden design which has been developed as a result of such a system, is inappropriate. The choice of an old design is not merely a choice of a shape for a flower garden; it is a choice which must consider the entire place and be governed by the conditions prevailing, which will continue to prevail.

All farms may be said to require the group system of buildings. The old Dutch *bouweries* with their helter-skelter placing of the offices, yet with the garden still rigidly exact in position and design, afford one treatment of this requirement; the stately plantations of Virginia, whereon the great house stands in fine dignity flanked by its two groups of dependent serving-houses, deal with it in another way; while the models of the middle ground, with dwelling and offices ranged on either side of a level court, or on either side of a long and usually low connecting wing that makes them into one building, show still another. All three

are distinctly different and offer variety to suit nearly every taste. But if it is not enough, there is New England to fall back upon, with her farmhouses of far-extending kitchen wings, strung out sometimes behind, sometimes at the side, but always along the way that led to the far distant, single, huge building which combined stable, storehouse, workshop and practically all the rest under the comprehensive term of "barn." This use of a "barn"—common now though it is in the greater part of the country—is so different from the undoubtedly wiser provision of older races that even the dictionary takes note of its singularity, saying: "In the United States a part of the barn is often used for stable." Actually a barn is a covered, closed-in place for storage, and never a shelter or dwelling for livestock.

The city plan of William Penn, with its stipulation that each house shall stand in the middle, breadthwise, of its plot, carries no suggestion of outside offices, neither do the accounts of New Amsterdam nor of Massachusetts Bay. But these all have to do with towns; and dwellers in the town, with none of the wide range of domestic activities which the little world of a plantation supported, would have no use for the many office buildings of the great country seat. A stall for a cow, one for a horse possibly, a small carriage shelter and quarters for barndoor fowl, would meet the



DELIGHTFUL ARCH ARBORS SUCH AS THIS ABOUND IN OLD GARDENS WHEREIN VARYING LEVELS OR ANY OTHER TRANSITIONS AFFORD OPPORTUNITY

needs of the small town residence, then as now. And in the restricted area of a town plot, the country dweller's desire for a compactness which meant convenience, was superseded by the wish to expand as far as possible —to leave as much land about the house free and unobstructed as might be, and to remove the odors of the stable yard to as great a distance from the house as the size of the plot would permit.

Hence we have the house at one end—right on the street line usually—with the outbuildings, under one roof very often, at the extreme other end. If there was a garden or small family orchard, it of course lay between. This is the arrangement which we usually see now; in only one respect in fact have our present towns and suburban districts altered this earliest plan—and this change is not a change in plan, in the sense of design. But in the old days the garden wall was an essential part of the scheme, north, south and between. No one would have thought of omitting it, any more than he would have thought of omitting the bolts on his front door. Within this wall lay the individual's own world, a place whose boundaries were jealously marked and guarded. Public highways harbored very real dangers long after the wilderness beyond the town had ceased to be wilderness; a high and sturdy wall was an actual protection, therefore, and from much more than prying eyes.

Back of this wall might lie the precise and regular garden of a Dutchman, or the long simple flat lines that bespoke the Quaker; or the happen-so of planting which prevailed in New England. But in any event *there was the wall*, six to nine feet high; and straight around the domain it went, from house corner at one side to house corner at the other, the house itself completing the defense.

Looking back to-day, with our suburban acres of barren open "front lawns," and our gardenless settlements for comparison, I am impelled to the belief that this wall was the chief factor in the charm of the smaller old, old gardens. Not every one will agree with me; and of many who agree, few will wish to risk the criticism which such innovation and implied reserve, in the midst of to-day's suburban frankness, would subject them to. But for those who dare, the reward within the walls is great and sure, and not long deferred.

Whether it is better to employ the old garden as only a suggestion for the new, or whether it shall serve as a model, to be duplicated with faithful exactness, is a question into the solution of which many considerations will enter. There is no reason against reproducing an old design, providing every phase of it receives proper attention and no anachronism is permitted. An old garden design built around a modern

house, however—that is, a house of modern style—would belittle both old and new; and there is really no reason for ever perpetrating anything so unpleasant.

The primary and only reason that there can be for restoring the old type of garden is either a genuinely old house, or a modern house designed and constructed on the old lines. Architects offer us the distinctly New England Colonial, the Dutch Colonial, the Georgian house of the South—as well as the Southern Colonial—and an interesting type associated with that section which I have called the "Divide." And besides these, there is the Mission or plastered, semi-Moorish house of the far South.

For each of these, there is a garden distinctly its own; and as a matter of fact, no other type of garden can be adjusted to it with any degree of satisfaction. This is the penalty which the revival of a style exacts—a bondage into which it is very easy to deliver oneself unwittingly and innocently sometimes, to repent of most bitterly. Do not enter here unless it will be no burden to submit and see it through.

Old gardens constantly furnish us with suggestions, of course, and have been doing so since they themselves were new; so there is little to be said in regard to this use of them. That it would be well if the simplicity of them acted as a restraint on the tendency to over-

elaborate design, from which we suffer, is perhaps one point that cannot be too persistently emphasized. A student of garden design cannot fail to be struck with the anxiety for novelty and the restlessness which pervades much of the modern work; and some of the great gardens of recent years are oppressive in their over-elaboration and intricacy. This is to be expected of course, in an age like the present; but it is nevertheless lamentable. For a garden should breathe rest and refreshment, and furnish a retreat for nervous activity, rather than a further sense of agitation.

III

INCLOSURES

IN nothing, I think, has modern gardening departed so far from the gardening of the old fashion, as in the matter of inclosure. Of course there has been good reason for it, in the advance of civilization: yet I cannot but feel it is the one great loss of all; and that we shall never have gardens worthy of the name until it is, in a measure, repaired. Anyone who has ever dwelt behind the security of even a common wire fence, snug enough at bottom and high enough at top to keep out both two- and four-footed prowlers, will appreciate the truth of this, I am certain.

Whatever the present attitude on the subject may be, however, it is an absolute certainty that no old garden was ever without its inclosure. And so instinctive was the impulse to set apart, that inside the main defense which shut out the rest of the world secondary divisions were again divided, and these in turn outlined. Thus from the great wall or palisade right down to the fragrant, stubby little edging of sheared thyme

or lavender, there is a well defined line of descent.

Earthworks are of course the most primitive form of defense. Outside of these, the Spaniards at St. Augustine planted "several rows of palmetto trees . . . very close": their pointed leaves making "so many *chevaux de frieze*" which were an impenetrable barrier. This was not a garden inclosure, to be sure, but protected the entire town on the land side. Hedges of cacti, grown much higher than a man's head, not infrequently inclose Spanish gardens, however, and afford one of the most perfect defensive treatments that Nature offers. The lower California Missions show them; but they are suitable only for broad spaces. The little city of St. Augustine, with its narrow streets, could spare room for nothing wider than straight garden walls, made like the houses, of coquina—that curious soft white shell-and-coral "stone" of Florida. These, as high as the first story of the dwellings, and plastered, provided an exquisite background for the oleanders and the roses and the jessamine which grew against them, inside in the gardens.

Gardens in Elizabeth's time in England were sometimes inclosed with walls of brick, sometimes with palings of dead thorn or willow, and sometimes with living or "quick" thorn plashings. This use of both dead wood and of the quick, or living, gave the ancient folkname to England's white thorn or haw—"quick"

—and hedges of "quicksett" were not, as I find someone assuming in an early American book on gardening, so called because of being rapidly planted—quick(ly) set—but because they were made from the "setts" of "quick"; that is, the rooted shoots or suckers. As a matter of fact such a hedge is not quickly set, but is a laborious piece of planting—as the old writer complains, petulantly blaming the carelessness which had bestowed so misleading an appellation.

These inclosures of hawthorn hedge were so popular in England that there were men called "quickers" who occupied themselves with nothing else during the winter but setting out hedges, usually of quick but sometimes of other growth. They journeyed from place to place, offering their services; and being experts, found them in good demand. Privet was much used; but as offering less secure a barrier, it was not so highly thought of as the thorny haw.

Hedges, even of thorn, would scarcely have been sufficient to protect the early Americans' gardens, however, even if they had not taken too much time to grow. So the first inclosures drawn around the fields on the plantations of Virginia were probably the primitive rail fences mentioned in another chapter. The "rail, pale or fence" of the Court order of 1626, however, seems to offer a little problem in exactly what sort of inclosure the third term indicates. Rails, we

know; pales were sharp-pointed stakes—or strong shoots or saplings—set close together and driven into the ground sufficiently to keep them firm; or fastened, top and bottom, to a horizontal stay, as the common picket fence of to-day. This indeed developed from them. Both these forms are recognized as "fences"; but English usage would also include any other sort of barrier, either ditch and bank, wall of stone, or boards on posts. So the Court used "fence" in a kindly desire to be broad in its requirements, and give each an opportunity to choose the method best suited to his resources.

The legal fence, however, had to be four and a half feet high, and closed at the bottom, that hogs might not go through. And the object of the fence law was not to compel owners to keep their livestock *in*, but to oblige them to defend their crops from the generally free wandering kine. Otherwise they would be destroyed; and this led to much complaint and dickering. It was regarded as a man's own fault if someone else's cow ate his cabbages; he was never the injured party. And if she broke a leg in his field, he had to pay the damage to her owner.

So the areas within which the crops grew, were inclosed comparatively early; but of general outer inclosures to the plantations there were none for a long period. Livestock roamed freely, grazing on the un-

fenced lands, and boundaries were undefined. Each of the three quarters on Col. Fitzhugh's thousand acres, for example, is described as having "grounds and fencing" —that is sufficient ground for crops, fenced in—but there is no hint of an outer boundary fence.

The fence used at the quarters was probably horizontal boards fastened to posts, laid close together at the bottom but spaced out at the top, although it may have been the same as the "yeard" inclosure wherein the offices at his own dwelling were mostly situated. This, it will be remembered, was "locust puncheons"—that is, outer slabs of locust logs, peeled of their bark. The use of these was good management, for it left no waste, but utilized every bit of the timber that was cut. It is of this "pallizado" that he especially boasted, saying it was as good as a wall and more lasting than any brick made here.

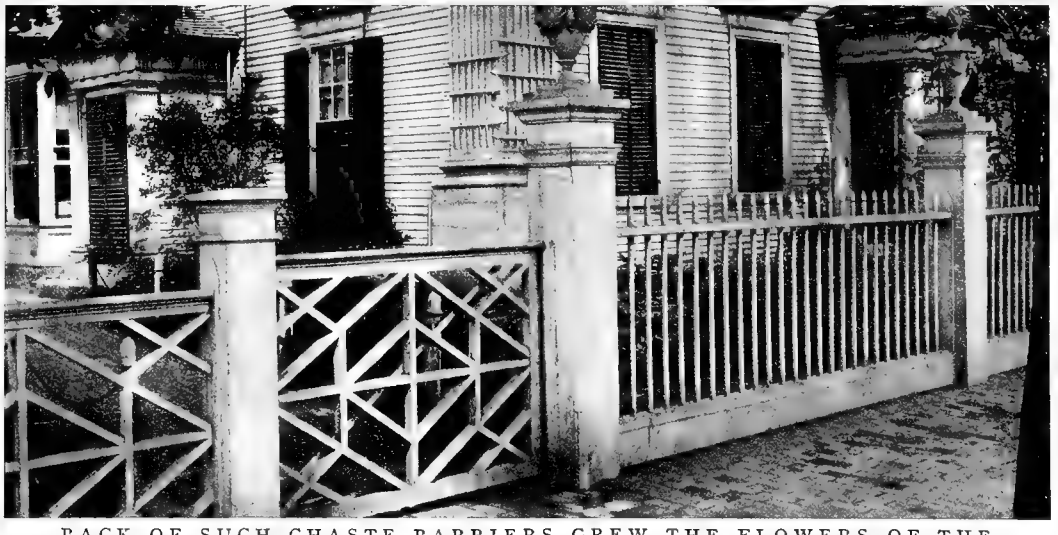
His garden he mentions particularly as "pailed in" —and we may be sure that he would not have used the different term just for variety. Pales were less crude and would tend to dress it up, as a garden should be; so undoubtedly paled it was, with the stakes set close enough to bar even the tiniest poachers, and of course driven well into the ground that none might work their way under.

Inclosures made by the Dutch, after the years of Indian warfare were over, commonly were open, that

they might be seen through; and the high, open iron fence of to-day is Dutch in origin. These were called long ago "*clair voyees*" because they offered no obstruction to the vision; but the cost of them was of course considerable, and the trouble of getting them here rather more than the work of preparing the wood which was on the spot. So wood naturally was used; but not in solid construction, like Col. Fitzhugh's puncheon palisade. Light and open it had to be, to suit the social instincts of the Dutch.

A description of one of the great *bouweries* mentions "a little simple avenue of Morella cherry trees, inclosed with a white rail" that led from the house to the road; and deal fences surrounded the garden, orchard and a hayfield that lay near to the house. These deals or boards were bound to upright stakes, and these stakes were topped with the skull of a horse or a cow, "in as great numbers as could be procured!" The account declares further, in all seriousness, that these were not mere ornament!—but were placed by the slaves in hospitable accommodation for the "small familiar birds" which they delighted to have about. The wren especially was happy in being able to build her nest in such perfect security as the dome of the skull afforded, for absolutely no enemy could reach her there.

A minute description of one of Boston's garden



BACK OF SUCH CHASTE BARRIERS GREW THE FLOWERS OF THE PURITAN DOORYARD

fences has already been given on page 106; but some of the finest places in this Colony are said to have had "open yards" in Revolutionary days at least—possibly because they had little in the way of actual gardens to protect. The white picket fence and its variations, always associated with New England's trim neatness, belonged to the shipbuilding towns rather than to the metropolis—and to the opening of the nineteenth century mostly, although a few were built a little earlier than this. The fanciful designs into which the picket fence was elaborated, however, were the product of the shipbuilders' art almost entirely; and the "ship shape" upkeep of these fences was a source of much pride and not a little competition in the intervals between voyages.

One old flower, as sweet as any the garden knows—the wallflower—which so well likes the well-drained chinks of old stone walls, grew first probably on the mud walls which were built long, long, *long* ago, when bricks were a luxury. These were still used in Parkinson's time by some in England as a substitute for brick, from motives of economy. And mud walls were tried in one part of America at least; but I can find only the one mention of them. They were not a success; that, however, was because of faults in construction which there was never an effort to remedy, apparently. Just who, and how many, built them, is

uncertain; but the attempt was made in Kent County, Maryland, some time during the eighteenth century. Turf was cut and *laid on edge* in two rows, probably from eighteen to twenty-four inches apart; the space between this uncertain retaining medium was then filled with "scooped up earth." Not a very sound construction, surely; and no wonder the sheep and cattle trampling it at the bottom affected it so that the rain did the rest—and such "walls" were abandoned.

A wall of turf is a perfectly practical undertaking, however, providing the sod is laid as brick, from the bottom up; and laid flat, not on edge. But English mud walls were not made in this way; they were truly of mud, only it was mud mixed with hay or straw and called "daub." This forms a very substantial and durable structure, almost equal to brick.

The stately Pennsbury had its "yards fenced in," if Ralph, the gardener, hearkened to his master—with "doors to them." And the round pales which so little pleased good William Penn evidently were the banisters which, with a rail, he wished to have guard both fronts of his house. Probably these inclosed a space of smooth greensward upon which one stepped out from either door, serving the purpose of a terrace.

The commonest inclosure for the wider areas, when they finally came to inclose them about the middle of the eighteenth century probably, was a hedgerow.

Bramble and sweetbriar commonly formed it here, taking the place of the English hawthorn or quick, which never seems to have been much used, although both Washington and Jefferson purchased it in large quantity, and they and Penn refer to the hedges of it. Most effective barriers they made, too, the bramble especially being praised. This was the common wild blackberry, plentiful everywhere; and its great value lay in the fact that it shoots very freely from the roots, and the branches take root at their tips. Thus it increased and thickened very fast, each year furnishing much new wood, while the old fruiting branches, dying each year, added to the increasing tangle. Two or three years of this sort of thing, especially where a "dead hedge" of thorn had been set above the brambles when they were planted, for them to clamber through, may well be believed to insure an utterly impassable mass, which not even tiny creatures could work under or through, nor large ones tear down.

Directions for setting such a hedge say that the plants should be put six inches apart, and all gaps which show the first year after planting, should be filled with more plants. Then the tips of the overarching branches may be allowed to take root on either side, if greater width is desired; or they may be whipped off in August and thus "kept within bounds."

Gradually more land was fenced, as the population

increased; and finally it became necessary for each man to look after his own cattle instead of his neighbors'; to keep them within his own domain instead of allowing them to wander as they pleased—with his neighbor responsible for any harm they came to in his fields. So the last quarter of the eighteenth century saw pastures and fields generally inclosed with "barriers of wood or fences," according to Brissot. And the day of the wilderness was over. Then came the growing admiration for it and the desire to "know no bounds"; and the area of the sunken fence—which is nothing but a ditch—arrived.

A barrier between what a writer of 1801 calls the "family yard" and "farmyard intrusions," which he highly recommended, was this ditch or sunken fence. It had come into popularity in England along with the craze for gardens *au naturel*, a fence, wall, hedge or any sort of boundary marking being much despised by the disciples of Nature untamed and unadorned. Planting was necessary, however, to conceal the line of even a "sunken fence"; so it was permissible to top it with a "low and light palisade" which, with the bank, was hidden from the house by rose trees planted on the inner slope of the ditch. The white rose was declared tallest and hardiest and handsomest for this, but the damask rose was a better choice because it yielded fine distilled water.

Within the fence or wall or hedge which protected the garden, lesser hedges set each thing apart and preserved the integrity of both the beds and walks. And for these little hedges—or edgings—many things were used. Boxwood and thrift, or sea gilliflower, were the first choice, different though they are. The former was useful of course where the latter was not. Scarlet thrift was pronounced the best. Then there were daisies—these the *bellis*, not the *leucanthemum*—pinks, chamomile, London pride and catchfly, all much used. These pinks were the sweet and spicy grass or Scotch pinks which some call pheasant's-eye—*Dianthus plumarius*. The ancient chamomile—*Anthemis nobilis*—is with us still, and found, too, as a weed sometimes, escaped from the old gardens; London pride rejoices us with other names and quainter, for this little *Saxifraga umbrosa* is none other than the "Nancy pretty," which it is altogether impossible to disentangle from "none-so-pretty" sufficiently to find out which is the careless form of the other. And I for one am glad 'tis so—for now we may keep them both.

The catchfly, listed as a perennial, was presumably *Silene inflata*, this being the bladder catchfly, bladder campion, cow bell or white Ben, whose shoots are sometimes used as a green in England. Of annuals there were several. Dwarf Virgin stocks were said to be the most suitable of all because they are low and

do not "ramble." These really were Virginian stocks—but they came from the Mediterranean, and not Virginia! *Malcomia maritima* is their polite name.

Then there was heart's-ease—that was the pansy—a flower so long in cultivation that there is some doubt as to what it did spring from, although *Viola tricolor* is supposed to be the wild form. Gerarde's description, written in 1587, is a better guide to the plants which grew in old gardens, here or anywhere, than the plants as we know them to-day. The "Hearts-ease or Pansie . . . stalks are weak and tender," says he, "whereupon grow floures in form and figure like the Violet, and for the most part of the same bignesse, of three sundry colours, whereof it tooke the syrname *Tricolor*, that is to say, purple, yellow and white or blew; by reason of the beauty and braverie of which colours they are very pleasing to the eye, for smel they have little or none at all." He tells, too, about the upright pansy—*Viola assurgens tricolor:* its leaves are "of a bleake or pale green colour, set upon slender, upright stalks, cornered jointed or kneed a foot or higher; whereupon grow very faire floures of three colours, viz., of purple, blew and yellow in shape like the common Hearts-ease, but greater and fairer; which colours are so excellently and orderly placed, that they bring great delight to the beholders, though they have

little or no smel at all: for oftentimes it hapneth that the uppermost floures are differing from those that grow upon the middle of the plant, and those vary from the lowermost, as Nature list to dally with things of such beauty."

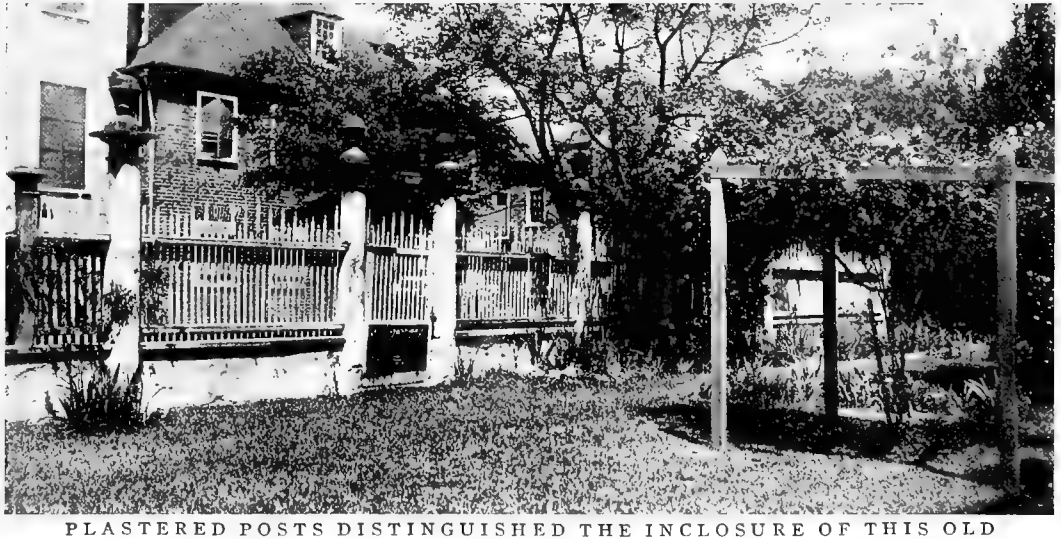
Candytuft there was, used then, as now, for edging —Candia tufts, it is really. It came first with purplish flowers, from Candia; this—*Iberis umbellata*—and the pure white—*Iberis amara*—were the only ones in the old gardens. All the variations from lavender to crimson have been developed later, and should not be used in old-fashioned planting.

"Shrubby aromatics" were used too for edgings, and trimmed into tiny hedges. These were the most interesting of all. Thyme, savory, hyssop, sage, lavender, germander, lavender cotton and rue all found this use, though gardeners are warned that they may become "woody, stubby and naked." This might depend somewhat on the manner in which they were treated, I should say, and when and how they were cut back. Parsley was used for edging in the kitchen garden, likewise strawberries, which "have an agreeable appearance in blossom and fruit" if the runners are kept close trimmed. This was in the days when strawberries were so common wild that few would have dreamed of giving any space to them in the garden. But they would do for an ornament! And Parkinson

tells of cabbages also to edge the kitchen beds, but I find no special mention of them here.

The native holly served early for a garden hedge in the South; so did the mock or wild orange—or wild olive, some call it; but boxwood was the standby then, north and south, even as it is now, and always will be. In setting, it was put close, in small trenches, so as at once to complete the edging; thrift, daisies, pinks and plants of this class were put within two to three inches of each other, or near enough to touch. Seeds of pinks were sometimes sowed in a drill half an inch deep, where they were to grow, and the plants left; and this was the manner of making an edging of all annuals. The "shrubby aromatics" were raised from seed or slips, or the young plants were set out; sage and lavender seem to have been oftenest multiplied by slips, rue by seed. The shrubby plants were trimmed to a height not exceeding six inches, with a breadth of four, while the herbaceous edgings were allowed to grow at the top but were kept to a similar width.

These edgings or little hedges existed in considerable variety, but I doubt their use generally north of the "Divide." The Dutch were satisfied with their boxwood, so were those who cared to make gardens in New England. Then, too, some of the best plants for use as sheared edgings were not hardy enough to risk their use and the work spent on them, north of



PLASTERED POSTS DISTINGUISHED THE INCLOSURE OF THIS OLD PLACE, WHILE THE ROSE SUPPORT IS PRIMITIVELY SIMPLE

Philadelphia. But I have not undertaken to divide them into classes in the list, as I have the material for the Greater Inclosures, for they were generally available, the same as the garden flowers and vegetables; and they were in general use as edgings in the old world. So it depended entirely upon the individual whether or no they were made use of here. They are therefore appropriate in an old-fashioned garden of any style.

CLASSIFICATION

GREATER INCLOSURES

1.	Semi-tropic	Palmetto (*Sabal palmetto*) Cactus (*Opuntia Ficus Indica*)
2.	Virginia	Bramble-sweetbriar thicket Rail fence
3.	New Netherland	Board fence (horizontal and open)
4.	New England	Stone wall (piled loose) Rail fence
5.	The "Divide"	Mud wall Paling

MINOR INCLOSURES

1. Plastered 8 ft. to 10 ft. wall;
   oleander hedge; rosemary hedge;
2. Paling: puncheon;
   holly hedge; boxwood hedge;
   rosemary hedge; wild orange hedge (*Prunus Caroliniana*);
3. Board fence—open; paling;
   boxwood hedge;
4. Paling; picket fence;
   boxwood hedge;

5. Brick wall; paling
boxwood hedge.

BORDERS OR EDGINGS

To be sheared

Boxwood	*Buxus sempervirens*
* Rosemary	*Rosmarinus officinalis*
* Lavender	*Lavendula vera*
Germander	*Teucrium Chamædrys*
Hyssop	*Hyssopus officinalis*
Marjoram	*Origanum vulgare* (perennial) *Origanum Majorana* (annual)
Savory	*Satureia montana* (winter; perennial) *Satureia hortensis* (summer; annual)
Thyme	*Thymus vulgaris*
* Lavender Cotton	*Santolina Chamæcyparissus*
Sage	*Salvia officinalis*
Southernwood	*Artemesia Abrotanum*
Rue	*Ruta graveolens*

FLOWERY EDGINGS: PERENNIAL

Thrift	*Armeria maritima*	Evergreen rosettes; pink flowers on tall stems.
Daisy	*Bellis perennis*	Clustered leaves, 3 to 6 in. high; pinkish flowers.
Pinks	*Dianthus plumarius*	Tufted, 1 ft. high; flowers white, pink, purple.

* Require winter protection north.

Chamomile	*Anthemis nobilis*	Branching, 15 in. high; flowers white.
London pride	*Saxifraga umbrosa*	Dense rosettes; flowers pink-white, on 10 in. stems.
Catchfly	*Silene inflata*	About 2 ft. high; flowers white, drooping.

FLOWERY EDGINGS: ANNUAL

Dwarf Virgin stocks	*Malcomia maritima*	About 1 ft. high; flowers red, white, lilac; fragrant.
Heart's-ease: pansy	*Viola tricolor* *Viola assurgens tricolor*	See Gerarde's description.
Candytuft	*Iberis umbellata*	Low-growing, familiar.
	Iberis amara	White flowers.

KITCHEN GARDEN EDGINGS

Parsley	*Carum Petroselinum*
Strawberry	*Fragaria,* variety
Cabbage	*Brassica,* variety

IV

OLD-TIME FLOWERS

THE capricious vagaries of taste and fashion—or perhaps I should say, of fashionable taste—have not spared the garden nor the flowers that grow in it, although change here, to be sure, by reason of the very nature of the material with which the work is done, has not been as rapid as in many other things. Successively different flowers have ruled, however, and given way in time to newer favorites, even as far back as garden records take us. And the flower form follows, in so far as it may, the form of the garden; that is, the form of the reigning favorite conforms to the taste in garden design.

For example, the tulip, which was at the height of its garden popularity from the middle of the sixteenth century to about the end of the seventeenth, in England as well as on the Continent, enjoyed supremacy during the time of greatest garden stiffness and formality; and the tulip is a flower of imperious bearing, holding itself as straight as an arrow and with un-

deviating precision—a most self-conscious flower, always on its good behavior. The dissolute members of the family—careless "parrot" strains—only came into polite society when such society became less painstaking about its politeness, along with the breaking up of garden and other affected little conventionalities, towards the end of the seventeenth century.

By this time the discoveries in the West Indies, South America and our own continent had brought many new plants to the gardens and gardeners of Europe; and these novelties gradually usurped the place of the haughty belle from the Orient. Indeed, not only was she dethroned, but the time came when this flower of flowers—which had driven the staid Hollanders to such a degree of madness that their government interfered to stop the ruinous speculation in tulip bulbs in which they were indulging—was considered, for a while at least, only a very common, lowly, poor man's flower.

It is not with the amazingly popular flowers of old time that we are concerned, however—at least not with these to the exclusion of others, although in any reproduction of an old type of garden these should of course receive the prominence which that particular type accorded them—but with the generally planted flowers, the flowers which grew in everyone's garden during the one hundred and seventy-five years which we have

elected to consider. It is a long time—almost two centuries—even in the garden where time moves slowly; and there were many changes, as well as many entirely new things brought from the new lands west, during this time. So it will be well to divide it into two sections, in order to put things where they belong and eliminate complications.

Happily it divides itself, though somewhat unequally to be sure. The end of the seventeenth century marks a very definite break, at the time when formalism was giving way to naturalism; and if we take the year 1700 as the dividing period, a little more than one-third of our old-fashioned gardens will be on its farther side while a little less than two-thirds of them are in front of it. This we shall find a very convenient natural division, I think—and one which will simplify reconstruction considerably.

Nothing at all was written in America about gardens, or gardening, or flowers until 1748—nearly half a century after the dividing line is passed. In this year, Jared Eliot, grandson of the great "apostle to the Indians," John Eliot, began a series of "Essays on Field Husbandry" which were kept up until 1759. But these are agricultural rather than horticultural, as their name implies; and it was eleven years later still before anyone here wrote anything devoted to the flower garden. So it is to English writers and records

that we must turn to learn of the flowers which people planted and tended during the entire first section of the old-garden period, and of more than half of its last.

Of these writers, John Parkinson was deservedly the most popular of his generation and of several succeeding generations. His *Paradisus*, published in 1629, is to this day delightful reading. Its quaint full title, *Paradisi in Sole, Paradisus Terrestris*—"Park-in-sun's Earthly Paradise"—with its play on his own name, is characteristic of his generally alert and stimulating fashion of presenting all that he has to offer. And he is never tiresome, no matter how carefully into detail he may go in describing a plant or a plan.

Under his division devoted to what he calls "Outlandish Flowers" he lists thirty-nine plants; under the "English Flowers" he gives twenty-two. Out of this number lavender, lavender cotton, lilies and gilliflowers are the only ones which are also included in the much earlier list of Conrad Heresbach and in "Didymus Mountain's" 1586 compilation. Heresbach's list is devoted to the kitchen garden more particularly, however—as might be expected when its date, 1508, is considered. It gives practically seven times as many culinary plants as either medicinal or "for pleasure." Didymus Mountain gives twenty-six names which fall under the kitchen garden, herb or

"Physick garden" division, and fifteen plants "for pleasure." His list is very incomplete, to be sure; but even so, it furnishes an idea, in these differing proportions, of the change which even then was beginning to show itself in garden fashion.

Thirty-six years after the great *Paradisus* had been issued, John Rea's ambitious gardening work was published. In this there is a detailed description of the garden plants of his time, 1665; and he runs the number of these up to nearly a hundred, with enough varieties under each kind to multiply this several times.

The century and a half following the publication of this painstaking effort of Rea's brought many more flowers into the gardens, on both sides of the ocean, than he names; yet Richard Bradley, in 1726, adds only a dozen things to it, and one of these—the heart's-ease—can only have been omitted by Rea through an oversight, for it was most certainly in every well stocked garden in his day. On the other hand, many of Rea's plants are omitted by Bradley, these probably the least popular, or the ones whose popularity was diminishing under the inrush of novelties.

Checking the elder of these two works—Rea's and Bradley's—by the younger—there is sixty-one years between them—I find between fifty-five and sixty kinds common to both, allowing a little latitude where some doubt seems to linger around the question of

names and identity. Checking this result again by an American work of 1806, there remain about thirty-six plants common to all three, and five additional common to the two latter that are not mentioned at all by Rea. This gives us what must be a fairly accurate list for the entire period which we wish to know about; and Bradley of course covers all the first half of the time and a little more. All of the things mentioned by these two English writers, however, were not suitable to America, where climate offered so much greater extremes; but our present-day knowledge of what will survive and thrive here, supplies the data for elimination which contemporary records fail to give.

Some of the long-ago favorites of Rea's time were dethroned in Bradley's, only to be again restored later on—unless we regard Bradley's list as carelessly prepared. I am compelled to think that it was, in some parts; but, on the whole, I suppose it is as complete as need be, for it mentions all the most prominent things. Asphodels, though common enough, had probably never been greatly planted at any time; some of our earliest gardens entertained them, however, yet Bradley omits them. The lady's smock or cuckoo flower—*Cardamine pratensis*—was ignored by him, likewise the bastard saffron—*Carthamus tinctorius;* so too were the martagon lilies, but this surely is an oversight, for these were continuous favorites over a

seemingly endless period. Cranesbill; corn marigold; bastard dittany—*Fraxinella;* the great yellow gentian —*Gentiana lutea*—whose roots furnish a tonic; the *Linaria* or toad-flax; the moly or wild onion—of which Rea lists many, including the "great moly of Homer," that mythical plant which Hermes presented to Odysseus as a defense against the enchantments of Circe; the star of Bethlehem; the double "feather-few"; Virginia silk (one of the *Asclepias*); spider-wort—which Rea divides between the St. Bernard lily and the American *Tradescantia*, apparently—the "apples of love," planted for their ornamental fruits —none other than our toothsome tomato; the double white pellitory which was probably the white yarrow, *Achillea Ptarmica*, although pellitory also referred to *Chrysanthemum Parthenium* sometimes—which is feverfew; scabiosas; *Datura stramonium* or thorn apple, and the American cardinal's flower—*Lobelia cardinalis*—along with a few others altogether unimportant, are the most familiar things which were either overlooked by Bradley, or were mentioned by Rea without his having real warrant, perhaps, for including them in the garden flowers of his time. Possibly he stretched his list to the utmost, putting into it everything that he knew of anyone's having made trial of in an English garden.

I am inclined to think that all of our native plants

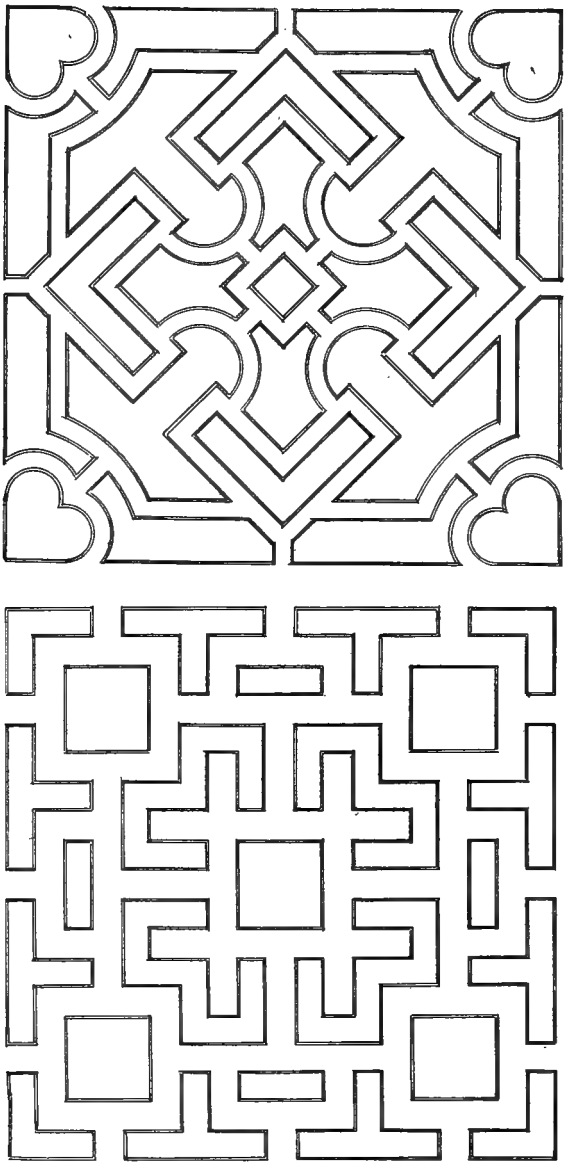
which he mentions were brought in from the wild and cultivated here as soon certainly as they were sent to old-world gardens. They might have reached there as botanical specimens of interest, long before they were deemed worthy a place in the garden, to be sure; but his is not a botanical enumeration. It is instead essentially a compilation of plants to be used in the ornamental garden; therefore American plants which it includes were regarded at that time as flower garden specimens.

The lists at the end of this chapter have been gleaned from many sources, and are by no means limited to Rea or any other one authority. I have rejected some things which seem doubtful, although they may be regarded commonly as "colonial" or old-fashioned flowers; and I have found reason to include some others which do not seem to have found their way into such small attempts at enumerating old-time flowers as have ever been made. The flowers appropriate to the earlier and the later periods are separated; naturally anything that was used in the earlier period might be expected to find a place in the later. But the plants of the second period which were unknown to the first should not of course be used in a garden modeled on anything that was done prior to 1700. It is important, too, to remember that during the early period, beds and divisions of parterres were each usually

planted with few kinds. Mixtures were practically unknown—unless possibly mixtures of colors—and no suggestion of carelessness was allowed to creep in, in any except the gardens of the "foreigners" away south.

Partly this was because of the taste of the times, and partly it was owing to the high esteem in which the gardener held his favorites. They were not handled in the careless fashion which we to-day, who have the world's flowers in our dooryards, may assume with them. Nay, they were treated with elaborate respect, and guarded and hoarded even as gems and gold. For finer bulbs special beds were reserved; and for these, edgings of boards were preferred, so precious were they considered.

These board edgings were always recommended as being the very best of all. Boxwood was next in favor, but the old idea being to protect and definitely lock up each floral compartment, an actual little wall was more satisfactory than even the stubby, resistant box. Board edgings were most carefully constructed and set in place upon the ground, after the latter had been worked deep and fertilized and made ready. Directions for their making say that boards of 1 1-4 inch stuff, 5 inches wide, were to be cut the requisite length and fitted even and true at the corners, according to the design, by the carpenter. To the inside of these, short posts or stakes sharpened slightly at



FLOWER GARDEN DESIGNS BY JOHN REA, SHOWING RAILED BEDS. HE ADVISES THAT WALKS BE FOUR FEET WIDE

the bottoms, of 2 x 2 inch stuff, 18 to 24 inches long, were to be nailed at intervals, the tops of these stakes coming one inch below the upper edge of the boards. These "legs" were then driven down into the ground until the top of the boards was four inches above the bed on their inner side and three inches above the turf or walk on their outer side; and the beds themselves were graded up so that at the middle they were higher than, or at least on a level with, the top of the rail edging. All was leveled and set straight and true and the boards painted a stone color or a green; and then the beds might be planted.

Complete directions for the planting arrangement of a garden wherein this board edging was used, treat first of the surrounding walls, which were to be planted with wall fruits. This method of fruit growing was not very generally used in America, however, so the tall standard rose trees which were to go between the pears and peaches on the wall, went along the line of the inclosing hedge or paling instead; the outer border held "primroses, auriculas, hepaticas, double rose champion, double nonsuch, double dame's violet, the best wall flowers and double stock gilliflowers," just as it did in the old world garden, however. And a lattice four feet high, the bars of which were six inches apart, formed an inner inclosure; this had several sorts of roses on its inner side, and the border

against it devoted to tender auriculas, "July-flowers," myrtles, oleanders and "other such plants," left in the pots, which were set on the earth.

Immediately along the edging rail of this border, next to the walk, a row of crocuses of different sorts were mingled suitably. At the corners of the beds "within the fret" there were the best crown imperials, lilies, martagons and tall flowers. The middles of the squares held tufts of peonies, and around these were several sorts of cyclamen. The rest of the space was filled with daffodils, hyacinths "and such." Straight beds were pronounced best for the tulips, "where account may be kept of them"; ranunculus and anemones also required special beds, but "the more ordinary tulips, fritillarias, bulbous iris and the commoner flowers" might be set all over as fancy dictated.

A fruit garden was separately planned, set with pears, plums, cherries, apricots, peaches, nectarines and vines, and between these "roses, currants, gooseberries, cypress trees, miszerion and other shrubs, according to preference." The borders along the boundary in this garden and the other beds where no fruit grew, were to have the more ordinary kinds of "Lilies, Martagons, peonies, daffodils and tulips, such as are least worthy for the flower garden." Box was generally favored for the edgings here, the beds being

larger and hence not likely to be crowded by it; but the edging of the outer border even here must be "kept up with rails."

An orchard or fruit garden planned in beds is a greater novelty than almost anything else which the old fashion has to offer. Yet walled or inclosed gardens with such great beds, and trees instead of flowers within their confines, were more common than flower gardens in very early days; and a garden of this nature is rather more appropriate to the earliest type of Colonial dwelling than one of "pleasure flowers" alone. It was of such a garden that Lawson, writing in 1626, enumerated the contents: "The Rose red, damask, velvet and double double province Rose, the sweete muske Rose double and single, the double and single white Rose. The faire and sweet senting woodbine" (honeysuckle) "double and single and double double. Purple cowslips and double cowslips and double double cowslips, Primroses double and single. The Violet nothing behinde the best for smelling sweetly, and a thousand more will provoke your content."

Railed beds were still regarded most highly right up to the end of the eighteenth century, especially—as of old—for the "finer bulbs." Hyacinths, tulips, polyanthus narcissus, double jonquils, anemones, ranunculus, bulb iris, tuberoses, scarlet and yellow amaryllis,

colchicums, fritillarias, crown imperials, snowdrops, crocuses, and lilies of all kinds were planted in them, as well as "all the different kinds of bulbs and tuberous roots that grow outdoors." Plants of this character were held in especial esteem, and seem all to have been treated with great care, even the hardy ones being taken up and stored painstakingly.

Square, oblong or circular flower gardens were still made at this time, even though the natural style had superseded the formal: but the boundary was now "embellished with most curious flowering shrubs" instead of being an uncompromising wall of brick or stone or wood. The climate here had not seemed to favor or require the training of fruit trees against such walls, hence they were gradually abandoned, both from motives of economy and the desire for change. Beds of flower gardens generally were four feet wide, with walks or "alleys" two feet wide dividing them; and a walk with an outer border always surrounded the entire plot.

PLANTS OF THE EARLIER PERIOD

Note that *only* the varieties and colors as given should be used. Those marked * with an asterisk were the most popular.

* *Achillea Ptarmica;* double white pellitory, yarrow; white.
Aconitum Lycoctonum; wolf's bane; yellow.
Aconitum Napellus; blue aconite; blue.
* *Allium Moly;* "great Moly of Homer"; yellow.

* *Allium Neapolitanum;* white allium; needs winter protection.

* *Allium roseum;* rose colored flowers.

* *Allium senescens;* rosy.

* *Althea rosea;* hollyhock; double form only used in flower garden; all colors.

* *Amarantus caudatus;* flower gentle, great Floramen, love-lies-bleeding; red.

Amarantus tricolor; Joseph's coat; variegated foliage.

Amaryllis belladonna; lily asphodel; white and blush.

Amaryllis lutea; yellow lily asphodel; yellow.

* *Anemone coronaria;* anemone; many colors and mixtures of red, blue and white.

Anemone hortensis; Spanish marigold; red, rose purple, whitish.

* *Anemone fulgens;* Scarlet and John, Robin Hood; vivid scarlet, black stamens.

Anthemis cotula; dog fennel, mayweed; white.

* *Anthemis nobilis;* double chamomile; white.

Anthemis tinctoria; yellow starwort; yellow, brown center.

Anthericum Liliago; St. Bernard's lily, Savoy spiderwort; white.

Anthericum Liliago, major; larger.

Anthericum ramosum; branched Savoy spiderwort.

* *Antirrhinum majus;* snout flower, snapdragon; white, variegated, purple, red, yellow.

* *Aquilegia vulgaris;* columbine; white, blue, purple, dark and light red.

Arachnites apifera; bee-flower Satyrion; planted for its curious flowers.

Asclepias cornuti; Virginian silk; "pale purplish, neither fair nor pleasant" according to the old list, yet included for some reason.

* *Asphodeline lutea;* King's spear, asphodel; yellow. (The classic asphodel.)

Asphodelus albus; white asphodel; white.

Asphodelus fistulosus; blush or striped with pink; needs winter protection.

Aster Amellus; starwort; purplish blue.

* *Bellis perennis;* double daisy; pink or pinkish.

Calceolaria alba; Mary's slipper, lady's slipper; white.

Calceolaria pinnata; smaller yellow lady's slipper.

* *Calendula officinalis;* double garden marigold (kitchen or pot marigold); yellow.

Caltha palustris; water boot, double marsh marigold; yellow.

* *Campanula Medium;* Canterbury bells, Marian's violet; blue, white.

* *Campanula pulla;* dark purplish blue.

* *Campanula persicifolia;* white, blue.

* *Campanula pyramidalis;* chimney campanula or bell flower; blue, purple, white.

* *Campanula Trachelium;* great Canterbury bell; blue-purple, white.

Cardimine pratensis; double lady smocks, cuckoo flower; white or rose.

Carthamus tinctoria; safflower, bastard saffron; orange.

* *Centaurea cyanus;* Cyanus, cornflower, bachelor's buttons; blue, purple, blush, red, white or mixed.

* *Centaurea moschata;* Sultan's flower, sweet Sultan; white, blush to purple, yellow.

Centaurea nigra; great cyanus, Spanish sea knapweed; blue-purple.

Centaurea splendens; Spanish cornflower; pale purple, blush.

* *Cheiranthus Cheiri;* wall flower or winter gilliflower; varieties that are "great single, deep gold, great double, red, pale yellow."

Chenopodium botrys; oak of Jerusalem or feather geranium; for foliage.

Chrysanthemum coronarium; annual, double and single; pale yellow or nearly white.

Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum; white weed, ox-eye daisy; white.

* *Chrysanthemum Parthenium;* "double featherfew" or feverfew; white.

Chrysanthemum segetum; corn marigold; yellow.

Cistus villosus; "male cistus," rock rose; red purple, rose-like.

* *Cistus ladaniferus;* gum cistus; white, larger flowered.

* *Colchicum autumnale;* meadow saffron, autumn crocus; purple, white.

* *Colchicum speciosum;* violet to pink; finest of species.

* *Colchicum variegatum;* yellow and purple, tessellated.

* *Colchicum variegatum, Parkinsoni;* purple and white, checkered or tessellated.

* *Convallaria majalis;* lily-of-the-valley; white.

Convolvulus Mauritanicus; blue bindweed, morning-glory; blue.

Convolvulus tricolor; "fair blew, white star in bottom."

* *Crocus vernus;* crocus; all the present colors.

* *Crocus Susianus;* cloth of gold crocus; orange.

* *Crocus Byzantinus;* dark lilac outside, pale lilac or white within.

* *Cyclamen latifolium;* sow bread; white, rose to purple and spotted.

Cyclamen Africanum; white, rose or purple tinged.

* *Cyclamen Europaeum;* bright red.

Datura stramonium; thorn apple or Jamestown weed; planted as a curiosity where not native, "in orchard as it takes up much room."

Datura fastuosa; violet, whitish within; double forms called "hose-in-hose."

* *Delphinium ajacis;* larkspur; "blue, ash, rose, pale blush white."

* *Dianthus barbatus;* sweet William, or London pride (not to be confused with *Saxifraga umbrosa,* also called "London pride"); white, pink, red, variegated as to-day.

Dianthus Carthusianorum; sweet John; white, pink, red.

* *Dianthus caryophyllus;* July-flower, gilliflower—now carnation; rose, white, variegated; double.

Dianthus plumarius; Scotch, grass, garden or pheasant's-eye pink; white, light red, purple—"mostly single, some feathered."

* *Dictamnus albus;* fraxinella or bastard dittany; white.

Dictamnus albus; rubra; rosy purple.

* *Digitalis ambigua;* foxglove; "great yellow."

* *Digitalis lanata;* "yellowish dun."

* *Digitalis purpurea;* white, purple.

Echinops exaltatus; great globe thistle; pale blue.

Echinops sphaerocephalus; lesser globe thistle.

* *Eranthis hyemalis;* winter aconite; bright yellow.

Erythronium Dens-Canis; dog's-tooth violet; white, red, purple.

Erythronium Americanus; yellow.

* *Fritillaria Imperialis;* crown Imperial; orange, double orange, yellow, light red, pale rose.

* *Fritillaria aurea;* checkered lily; yellow, small distinct checkers.

* *Fritillaria latifolia;* green and dark purple checkers.

* *Fritillaria lutea;* greenish yellow, dull purple checkers.

* *Fritillaria Meleagris;* greenish white, purplish, yellowish.

* *Fritillaria Pyrenaica;* "dark sullen blackish green."

* *Fritillaria verticillata;* white, not checkered.

* *Galanthus nivalis;* snowdrop; white "sealed with heart-shaped green."

Genista tinctoria; dyer's greenweed; yellow.
Gentiana acaulis; gentian of spring or gentianella; blue.
Gentiana lutea; great yellow gentian; yellow; ("a medicinable plant").
Geranium pratense; meadow cranesbill; blue, large.
Geranium Ibericum; violet.
Geranium Ibericum, album; white.
Geranium phaeum; blue, almost black.
* *Geranium sanguineum;* red.
Gladiolus blandus; corn flag; white, flesh color sometimes.
Gladiolus Byzantinus; purple.
Gladiolus cardinalis; red or scarlet.
Hedysarum coronarium; "red satten" flower, or French honeysuckle; red.
Hedysarum coronarium, album; white—this not common.
* *Helichrysum arenarium;* goldy-locks or immortelles; yellow, everlasting.
Helianthus annuus; sunflower—"a yellow monster called flower of sun."
Helleborus niger; true black hellebore; white, flushed with purple.
Helleborus orientalis; white.
Helleborus orientalis, Colchicum; deep bright purple.
* *Hemerocallis flava;* day lily; yellow.
Hepatica triloba; liverleaf; pale purple.
Hepatica angulosa; white, blue, red.
* *Hesperis matronalis;* rockets, double queen's gilliflower, dame's rocket, damask violet; white to lilac, pink and purple; single and double.
Hyacinthus; hyacinths.
* *Iberis amara;* candytuft; white.
Iberis umbellata; purplish.
Impatiens Balsamina; "female balsam apple"; three shades of purple; single or very little doubled.

* *Iris Chamaeiris;* dwarf flower-de-luce; bright yellow.
* *Iris Chamaeiris, Italica;* dark purple.
* *Iris Florentina;* "orris" root iris; white, shadowed with lavender.
* *Iris Persica;* "bulbous" iris; lilac and orange blotched with purple; take bulbs up in summer.
* *Iris squalens;* lilac purple and yellow or yellowish brown.
* *Iris Susiana;* mourning iris; brownish purple veined and spotted with brown and black.
* *Iris xiphioides;* English iris; dark violet, purple and yellow.
* *Iris Xiphium;* Spanish iris; violet, purple and yellow.
Lathyrus latifolius; everlasting pea; rose red.
Lathyrus latifolius, splendens; dark purple and red.
Leucojum aestivum; summer snowflake; white tipped with green.
* *Leucojum autumnale;* autumn snowflake; white tinged with red.
Leucojum pulchellum; "bulbous violet"; white tipped with green; small.
* *Lilium Martagon;* mountain lily, Turk's cap lily; dirty white to pale purple.
* *Lilium testaceum;* creamy white.
* *Lilium speciosum;* blush, red spotted.
* *Lilium pomponium, Pyrenaicum;* yellow.
* *Lilium pomponium, aureum;* yellow.
* *Lilium pomponium;* red, spotted.
* *Lilium monadelphum;* yellow, tinged at base and tip with purple.
* *Lilium bulbiferum;* dark reddish orange, spotted.
* *Lilium croceum;* bright orange; common.
* *Lilium candidum;* Madonna lily; white.
* *Lilium candidum, fl. pl.;* double white.
Lilium Canadense; yellow, orange, red, dark spotted.
Lilium Canadense, rubrum; red.

Lilium Canadense, flavum; yellow.

Linaria reticulata; toad flax (our common "toad flax" to-day is *Linaria vulgaris*); purple.

Linaria vulgaris; wild flax; pale yellow and orange.

Lobelia cardinalis; cardinal's flower; crimson.

Lobelia syphilitica; "a blue from Virginia" called a bell-flower in early days.

* *Lunaria annua;* honesty, moneywort, moonwort, white satin, Pope's money, satin flower; pinkish purple, curious seed pods.

* *Lupinus albus;* lupine; white.

* *Lupinus luteus;* yellow.

* *Lupinus hirsutus;* blue.

Lychnis alba; evening campion; white, double form most popular.

* *Lychnis Coronaria;* rose campion, flower of Bristol, nonesuch; crimson, rose crimson.

Lychnis Flos-cuculi; cuckoo flower, ragged robin; red, pink and double red or white.

Lycopersicum esculentum; apples of love, tomato; grown for ornamental fruit, hence probably red and yellow small forms used.

Lycopersicum pimpinellifolium; currant tomato; good cover for rubbish piles.

* *Matthiola incana;* stock gilliflower; white, rose, crimson, purple, and mixed; double.

Mimosa pudica; sensitive plant or "sensible" plant; grown for curious sensitive foliage.

Mirabilis Jalapa; marvel of Peru, four o'clock; red, yellow, yellow and red.

Muscari botryoides; grape hyacinth; "ash, red and white."

* *Myosotis palustris;* forget-me-not; blue.

* *Narcissus Jonquilla;* jonquil; yellow.

* *Narcissus poeticus;* Narcissus; single and double; white.

* *Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus;* daffodil; yellow and white.

* *Nigella Damascena;* fennel flower, love-in-a-mist, devil-in-the-bush; "bleak blew," blue, white.

Ornithogalum thyrsoides aureum; yellow star of Bethlehem.

Ornithogalum umbellatum; star of Bethlehem; greenish white.

* *Paeonia officinalis;* peony; blush, carnation, red, purple, red striped with white; all double.

* *Papaver Rhoeas;* corn poppy; blush white, red, scarlet, purple, half and half white and scarlet.

* *Papaver somniferum;* opium poppy; same colors; "common ornaments of the kitchen garden."

Pelargonium cucullatum variety; geranium; purple flowers, variegated leaf.

Phaseolus multiflorus; kidney bean, scarlet.

Pisum formosum; blue everlasting pea; violet-purple.

Polianthes tuberosa; tuberose; white.

Primula auricula; bear's ears; white, buff yellow, scarlet red.

* *Primula vulgaris;* primrose; pale yellow.

* *Ranunculus aconitifolius;* crowfoot; white.

* *Ranunculus aconitifolius; flore-pleno;* fair maids of France, fair maids of Kent, white bachelor's button; double white.

* *Ranunculus aconitifolius luteus-plenus;* double yellow.

* *Ranunculus Asiaticus;* Persian ranunculus; red and many colors.

Ranunculus Ficaria; lesser Celandine or pilewort; yellow, single and double.

Scabiosa atropurpurea; sweet scabious; white, red, "red Indian."

* *Scilla amœna;* star hyacinth; blue.

* *Scilla autumnalis;* autumn squill; rose color.

* *Scilla bifolia;* early squill; blue, reddish, whitish.

Scilla festalis; bluebell, harebell; blue, purple, white, pink.

* *Scilla Hispanica;* Spanish jacinth; blue changing to rose-purple; also white, large white, flesh, rose.

Scilla Italica; Italian squill; pale blue.

* *Tagetes erecta;* African marigold; lemon-yellow to deep orange.

Tagetes patula; French marigold; yellow marked with red to almost a pure red.

Tradescantia Virginiana; Virginia spiderwort; "three-leaved blue flowers."

Tropæolum majus; "Indian cresse," yellow lark's heels; nasturtium; yellow.

* *Tulipa Gesneriana;* tulip.

* *Valeriana officinalis;* valerian; whitish, pink and lavender.

Verbascum blattaria; "mullein, moth mullein"; white.

Verbascum phœniceum; purple.

Verbascum nigrum; yellow.

* *Viola cornuta;* horned violet; pale blue.

* *Viola odorata;* sweet violet; blue, purple.

* *Viola tricolor;* heart's-ease, pansy; the three colors, purple, yellow and either white or blue.

Yucca gloriosa; Indian yucca; "a box plant"; white shaded with reddish brown.

SHRUBS AND CLIMBERS

* *Berberis vulgaris;* barberry; fruits used for "shoe-peg sauce."

* *Buxus sempervirens;* boxwood.

Calycanthus floridus; sweet shrub, Carolina allspice; brownish flowers.

* *Cornus Mas;* cornelian cherry; yellow flowers.

Daphne Mezereum; mezerion, dwarf bay; lilac flowers.

Daphne alpina; white or blush.

Eleagnus angustifolia; oleaster, wild olive, tree of paradise; yellow flowers, small; fruit yellow, silver coated.

* *Hibiscus Syriacus;* "shrub mallow," rose of Sharon; white, pink, purplish.

Gelsemium sempervirens; yellow jasmine; yellow; a climbing plant.

Jasminum officinale; Persian jasmine; white; not hardy north.

Jasminum grandiflorum; white; not hardy north.

Jasminum Sambac; Arabian jasmine; white turning purple as they fade; single and double forms; not hardy north.

Laburnum vulgare; golden chain; yellow; tree-like shrub or small tree.

Laurus nobilis; sweet bay; yellowish flowers; leaves used for flavoring; and for crowning the victors in ancient games, etc.

* *Lonicera Periclymenum;* woodbine; yellowish white, carmine outside.

Lonicera Etrusca; "Italian honeysuckle"; yellowish white, tinged red.

Myrtus communis; myrtle; white, rose; not hardy north.

Nerium oleander; oleander; white, pink; not hardy north.

* *Philadelphus coronarius, multiflorus plenus;* "double white pipe-tree"—to-day called mock orange; white.

Prunus cerasus, double white cherry; white.

Prunus Lusitanica; Portugal laurel; tub plant.

Prunus Persica, fl. pl.; double flowering peach; pink.

Rhus Cotinus; smoke tree; brownish fluffy flowers.

Spiræa salicifolia; willow leaved spirea; pale peach color.

* *Syringa vulgaris;* lilac; purple, white.

* *Syringa Persica;* lilac, "Persian jasmine"; pale lilac.

Viburnum Tinus; "laurustinus"; white or pinkish white; a pot plant.

ROSES

Rosa alba; white, single and double.

Rosa Borbonica; Bourbon rose; purplish, double.
Rosa canina; dog rose; light pink.
* *Rosa Chinensis;* Bengal rose; white, yellowish, pink, crimson.
* *Rosa Chinensis, Indica;* monthly rose; whitish to pink.
* *Rose cinnamomea;* cinnamon rose; purplish, sometimes double.
* *Rosa Damascena;* Damask rose; white, pink, red, sometimes striped.
Rosa Eglanteria, single yellow rose.
Rosa Eglanteria, plena; double yellow rose.
Rosa Eglanteria, punicea; yellow, scarlet inside.
* *Rosa Gallica,* European wild rose; deep pink to crimson.
* *Rosa Gallica, centifolia;* cabbage rose; deep pink to crimson.
* *Rosa Gallica, officinalis;* Provence rose; double form of *Rosa Gallica.*
Rosa Gallica, muscosa; moss rose; rose, white, "mossy."
Rosa moschata; musk rose; white, not hardy north.
* *Rosa rubiginosa;* sweet briar rose, eglantine; bright pink.
Rosa spinosissima; Scotch rose; white, pink, yellowish.

ADDITIONAL LATER PLANTS

Adonis autumnalis; flos Adonis; crimson.
Hieracium Pilosella; mouse-ear hawkweed; pale yellow, red tinged.
Kochia scoparia; belvedere, summer cypress, mock cypress; planted for foliage.
* *Lathyrus odorata;* "sweet-scented pea," painted lady—now sweet pea; white, red, yellow, blue.
Lathyrus Tingitanus; Tangier pea; scarlet.
Omphalodes linifolia; navelwort; white.
Omphalodes linifolia, cærulescens; bluish, tinged with rose sometimes.
Polemonium cæruleum; Jacob's ladder, charity; blue.
Polemonium cæruleum, album; white-flowered form.

Reseda alba; mignonette; white form only.

* *Saxifraga umbrosa;* London pride, none-so-pretty, Nancy Pretty; pink.

Silene Armeria; catchfly; white, rose, pink.

Specularia speculum; Venus' looking-glass; blue.

V

"ANTICKE WORKS"

SURELY the naïve honesty of old-time speech has turned no happier combination than this, which designates all the alike, yet dissimilar, garden features for which we to-day have no general term. What other word or phrase could possibly convey the full idea so neatly? Where else in our language shall we find so true an expression of that rather labored playful spirit of the old garden makers, that was at the same time a little shamefaced and self-conscious? Not certainly among any of the words that seek to explain its meaning. "Odd, fantastic, fanciful and grotesque," are none of them enough—yet they are too much. But even if their measure were exact, they carry none of the refreshment and delight which lie in the older, simpler descriptive.

But American gardens have never been rich in "anticke works," unhappily. Summer-houses and arbors seem to have been the nearest expression to a "sport-

ive" spirit which our old gardeners generally allowed themselves; and these are obviously not subjects that invite notably frisky treatment. The cumbersome attempt at imaginative construction which conceived and executed the "rustic" arbor shows a touch of it, perhaps; but for some reason, the temperament developed here never has possessed the sprightliness necessary to take true "anticke works" seriously, and work them out thoughtfully. Americans are only just now beginning to learn to play, so they tell us; some indeed deny that we have yet begun.

So there was very little of this sort of thing that found its way into gardens here, although grave modifications of such outdoor frivols are to be seen in a primly sheared tree, here and there. Indeed, such a tree or pair of trees were probably to be found in almost every garden that was at all worthy of consideration, long ago. Yet true topiary work, or "tree sculpture" has never been in high favor here, and no one ever undertook anything so elaborate as Lawson's "lesser wood, framed to shape of men armed ready to give battle, or swift running Greyhounds—or well sented and true running Hounds to chase the Deere or Hunt the Hare," notwithstanding his delightful recommendation that "this kinde of hunting shall not waste your corne nor much your coyne." Such pieces require some years to bring them to perfection, of course, and considerable care to keep, once perfection

is attained. And our ancestors were almost as impatient as we are to-day, as well as being pretty busy folks; so a garden which promised quicker returns and needed less care, appealed to them more than cut work.

This carving of trees and shrubs into the forms of other things, however, is one of the most ancient of garden fancies. Its origin, indeed, is so remote that it can hardly be guessed; the Romans were skilled in the art, but earlier gardeners probably taught it to them. Yews furnish perhaps the best plastic material for the tree sculptor, but they do not thrive in our climate—at least not in *all* of our climate. There are other dense-growing trees and shrubs, however, which may be used, and in the few attempts at this sort of thing which were ever made here, boxwood and cedar probably have taken precedence over anything else. Privet, upon which we depend so greatly for the hedges of to-day, was highly commended as long ago as the "Paradisus." Parkinson says of it there that its use "is so much and so frequent throughout all this land, although for no other purpose but to make hedges or arbours in gardens &c., whereunto it is so apt that no other can be like unto it, to be cut, lead and drawn into what forme one will either of beasts, birds or men armed or otherwise:" that he "could not forget it," even though it was nought but a hedge plant. But no one seems to have cared much about it

here; no one ever mentions it, and apparently it yielded to the box, even as in England it yielded to the yew, in spite of its very superior merits as topiary material. Holly was used here, as there, but only in the South, where also the wild orange or mock olive furnished an additional evergreen, willing to stand shearing.

None of these things were "cut, lead or drawn," into any but the simplest forms, however. Pyramids, a succession of umbrella-like layers along up the trunk of a tree, and hedges sheared to accurate lines were the limits, probably, of the skill of the workers available here, for one thing. But the variable climate which we enjoy is, and was, against the success of topiary art; for hands, arms, weapons and appendages generally—even entire heads—are likely to succumb to a winter's caprice of frost and ice and sunshine. And once a topiary man loses his head, he is about as useless as a real one under the same misfortune, for it is almost as difficult for him to grow another.

The maze or labyrinth found greater favor here, and was regarded as a huge joke and clever, even as in the old world. The Dutch were probably directly responsible for its presence in England and here, but this, too, is a plaything of very ancient lineage. Some were planted thickly "and to a man's height," while others, little toys, were set with the same herbs that

DESIGN FOR A MAZE, BY JAN VAN DER GRO-EN

formed the garden borders—hyssop or thyme, lavender, marjoram and such. These of course were not intended really to bewilder the uninitiated, but only to entertain by their tortuous ways. The labyrinth which set the limits for the restless feet of unhappy Mrs. Alexander of Boston was hardly of this order, but rather of the first, set with box probably, which is substantial and lasting. Low-growing and weak herbs would not have met the requirements of so exacting a gentleman as this lady's husband, I am sure.

The terms "maze" and "labyrinth" have practically the same meaning, and are used interchangeably, although "labyrinth" appears to have been the earlier. In the remote past, labyrinths were made by cutting their tortuous paths into the earth, like canals, so that a person within one was actually a prisoner between substantial walls of earth. The maze, on the other hand, has always been made by enclosing the walks with plantings of trees and shrubs, on the level ground surface.

Neither of them is "any necessarie commoditie in a garden but rather . . . as a beautifying unto your garden: for that mazes and knots aptly made, doe much set forth a garden, which neverthelesse I refer to your discretion, for that of all persons be not of like abilitie," says Didymus Mountain. So he advises putting them in that "void place . . . that

may best be spared for the only purpose to sport in them at times." They must always have furnished much amusement and diversion, although curiously enough the paths in the old designs do not cross nor end blindly, and so bewilder completely, as one would expect them to. As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to go astray in one, once started along its narrow way. But it is a long walk to the centre always.

In 1765, Henry Smith of New Amsterdam advertised for sale at his place on Church street, a fine collection of curious shells for grotto work. But I doubt these little monstrosities being common anywhere outside the stiff—and often undeniably absurd—Dutch influence. And the fountains and water works which were so popular in the gardens of Europe by the middle of the seventeenth century, offered problems of engineering as well as of finance which kept them out of the early gardens here. A canal such as Captain Goelet describes at the country seat of Edmund Quincy near Boston, which could be fed by a brook, or a pond similarly supplied, was as ambitious a use of water as American gardens enjoyed. And it is worth remarking that even to-day, fountains and cascades and water features generally are almost never seen in the greatest gardens here—and where they do exist they are perpetually dry! Whereas, one of the chiefest "antickes" of elaborate gardens in Europe and even in England, was a system of concealed water jets

here and there along walks and paths, which could be spurted upon the unsuspecting promenader and wet him down pleasantly, for his host's great delight.

Benches and seats are hardly less nor more than a garden necessity and convenience, hence not to be included in the playthings; but statuary, "dyalls" and urns were sometimes of a spirit in keeping with the gardener's jovial or imaginative mood. Particularly were statues chosen for their appropriateness to the site they graced. Æolus was put upon a hilltop, where he might conveniently exercise his dominion over the winds; Vallentia stood within the vale, Rusina in the flower garden; Ceres, as goddess of all growing vegetation, Pomona, the special goddess of fruit, or the lovely guardian nymphs, the Hesperides, were stationed in the orchards; swift-footed Mercury the guide and god of eloquence, naked young Harpocrates, and Angerona, the still, sweet goddess of silence, cautious finger on lips, dwelt among the closest walks and private recesses; while Aristæus, who alone knows and teaches their ways, kept watch among the bees.

These, by the way, many of them—"a store of bees"—were always as much a part of the garden's equipment as the plants; and both curious and simple contrivances for birds were everywhere, developed according to the fancy of the moment and the most convenient material—as witness the grim death's heads set atop the posts, earlier told about.

VI

THE EARLY IDEALS

IT is not enough for us, in reconstructing, that we should know what was done in the old gardens; we must know why, as well. For the spirit of the ancient garden lies not in its outward form, by any means, except in the sense that all outward form expresses an inner. We shall not arrive at this inner, however—this soul—unless we work from the without back into the within, carefully and patiently. And all efforts at building, here and to-day, a garden in the old fashion that shall embody the charm which rests within and upon old gardens—a charm apart from the mellowing of Time—will come to nought unless, through having done this, a sound and sympathetic conception of the kind of living and thinking which prevailed in the old days, and found expression then in gardens and whatever men made, is first acquired. We must get into the spirit of "then," in order to create anything more than a blank form and a lifeless shell. For a garden is the subtlest and most

sensitive of things. Indeed I cannot express, without laying myself open to the charge of wild and sentimental exaggeration, even a small degree of this superlative garden "feeling."

And moreover, a garden will not be deceived, neither will it lie! Coax, elude and delude ourselves as we may, the naked truth will out there, in the end, to confuse us. No assumed attitude ever tricks it or catches it unawares; but rather will it fool us, and lay bare our little mummeries when we are least prepared. So beware of ever undertaking anything in the garden without an honest intention. It will never succeed. But be assured that with an honest intention, many imperfections in knowledge and even in taste, will be indulgently passed over and somehow mysteriously adjusted by the strange little garden folk that dwell out under the skies, some ever looking up at them in bright comprehension, others with tender faces turned down to the good earth.

To be honest in making an old-fashioned garden then, and so to be successful, we must literally become "old-fashioned"—in our garden thinking at least. We must retrace two hundred or a hundred and fifty years or so, and put ourselves back there as definitely and actually as it is possible to do. We must find out, in this way, what the old thoughts about the garden were, what the old ideals, the old conceptions.

What prompted the old gardeners to do this, or to choose that, or to reject the other?

Of course we may say that they chose what they liked, and did what they believed in, and rejected what they did not admire; but behind their admiration and their belief and their dislike, what? *Why* was "this" pleasing, "that" expedient, and "the other" disapproved? With two hundred years wiped out, in other words, and ourselves back at the beginning of the eighteenth century, what is this complexity which we call life, like? And how does it react on us and our garden making, among other things?

First and foremost and most striking, I think, of all the changes which mark the regression, is the change in the resources of the home itself. There is an utter lack of resource to be found outside the home; each family establishment is a unit, and a complete one in and by itself. There is almost no urban group of such establishments, with their interdependence and exchange of commodities and service; but instead each household relies upon itself and its own resources for practically everything except defense in time of danger —and even for this too, many times.

It is difficult to see ourselves under such conditions —we, whose boasted independence does not now, as a matter of fact, extend even to the limits of our own dooryards. Back there in 1700 there are no grocers

and no markets; no one provides for us, or preserves for us, save ourselves. Out of the summer's overplus, we store with our own hands for winter; and nought that we have not so stored shall we enjoy. No great engines are there to haul tons of grain to us across thousand-mile spaces, if our fields yield not their increase. The lean years and the fat years are verily lean and fat; and our granaries and bins and barrels hold literally our living and our all. Both the linen and the woolen cloth is homespun and home woven; home brewed is the beer, home grown are all the roots and herbs to be steeped into messes for the fevers and distempers which, please Heaven! may pass us by. Here are the industrious bees, warm within their hives, where they have stored our sugar; indeed, there is no end to the enumeration, and all that we possess we do actually first produce, of a truth.

For diversion and amusement we are almost as dependent upon this same home establishment as for the sterner necessities. We feast at our own table, on our own ox and boar and fowl, we drink our homely, pleasant beverages and smoke our own tobacco, and we play the old fireside games; or from our twittering spinets or grander tinkling harpsichords we draw the polite little melodies of our delight; or perhaps we broider dexterously at our frames, endless flocks of birds and beasts and garlands of flowers as never were.

Again we all go outside in the garden, and sit under one of its fine trees and eat as much of the fruit of it as we are able. That is what one very elegant young person at least says quite frankly that she and a companion did, on a certain summer afternoon, long ago. For there is no candy, remember, except on special occasions; the great cabbage-head nosegays are the gallantest gift which can be mustered when young men go a-courting—true *nose*gays that refresh with their spicy fragrance as much as with their lovely showy colors.

So first of all—away back here in the yesterday—as we must live from them, our "gardens"—using the word in its most inclusive sense—are *useful*. Not until every economic need of the family and the household has been supplied, do we dare allow ourselves the space and the time for anything that lacks a purpose. Fruit in abundance—apples, pears, quinces, cherries, peaches, plums, raspberries, currants, blackberries, barberries, grapes—all of these in choicest variety, and enough of the right kinds to insure quantities of "cyder" and a vintage of good wine; then the flax; then the plants that yield their juices for dye; then all the sweet and bitter herbs for flavoring, seasoning and steeping; then some damask roses for the still; and finally, after all the rest, the pretty flowers that have only the excuse of their own loveliness for being.

A KITCHEN GARDEN OF LONG AGO SHOWING THE BORDERS OF BOXWOOD WHICH NEARLY ALWAYS DIGNIFIED AND UNITED THE OLD PLANTING

Even here the sweet ones long have first choice. Fragrance seems to have allured in one age quite as in another, and the sternest and most austere have softened before the incense poured from the heart of rose or carnation. Indeed I have wondered sometimes if flower fragrance had not power equal with the power of sweet sounds to soothe the savage breast. Surely it is to flowers very like the voice to man—wherefore, mayhap it is the garden choral!

Grading up thus from barest utility through the useful and pleasant to the pleasant and beautiful, the garden of old time was a product of evolution, and is to be arrived at once more only by traveling over the old trail. If any one general axiom may be laid down concerning its reconstruction, it is this: Start with a broad conception of, and a firm belief in, the beauty of utility; and work with the determination to develop from this. Never mind what the plan or size or style is to be; get this "spirit of the old" thoroughly assimilated, and think more about that than about anything else. It is the *charm* of the old garden, as well as its form and plants, which we are seeking to recall when we make a new one like it; and this charm lies in the ancient estimate of homely, simple things at their true high worth.

With this point of view restored, do not set limits upon the grounds beyond which the thought that is to

re-create the old atmosphere shall not act. See the place as a whole, whatever its size—think of it as a whole, *all* in the old spirit. There is no such thing as an "old-fashioned perennial garden" or an "old-fashioned" any other kind of garden, taken as a unit and by itself. All that there is is the *whole*, not a part. Old-fashioned gardening is not summed up in the planting of a flower garden wherein the walks and beds conform to the lines laid down in some old design. That is but a small proportion of the splendid, useful whole which the term embraces—only the final touch, after all the rest is rounded and complete. The old fashion means, first of all, an entire place brought to the highest point of useful and beautiful production; then and not till then, ornamented in the stately old way, and adorned suitably in such portions as may be spared.

So it would seem that really to achieve an old-fashioned garden—I am again using the word "garden" to cover the entire development of an estate, whether it be great or small—we must perforce not only restore ourselves to the old line of thought, but many of the old, old ideals must be reviewed and revivified. Few to-day, for example, would plant cherry trees, as William Penn did, beside the splendid court at Pennsbury; few would grow apples and plums and peaches on their suburban plots, as the burghers of New Amsterdam did on theirs. Yet it is in just the

things of this sort that we shall be caught napping; just in these little turns, where our modern attitude hesitates, reluctant that we shall lose the trail. It is in this sort of particular that we cannot deceive; here the garden will betray our insincerity, if we are insincere.

You will recall that earlier I warned of the bondage into which one was in danger of delivering oneself unaware—a very exacting, unyielding bondage which might prove irksome and finally even hateful. This is a phase of it, this necessity for being carefully and scrupulously honest all the way along, in the least as well as in the greatest. It is something of a price to pay, demanding some sacrifice—though not too much. Each must decide for himself, however, whether or no he is willing to sacrifice at all, to yield old opinions and prejudices and notions—and new ones too, perhaps. For those who are, there is the assured reward of a replica, both in the matter and the spirit, of the fine old garden of the olden time,—a garden which still is for us, I believe, in every way the model without a peer; for those who are not—well, for those who are not, there is less than nothing, I take it, in the old-fashioned garden ideal, anyway.

VII

REPRODUCING THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

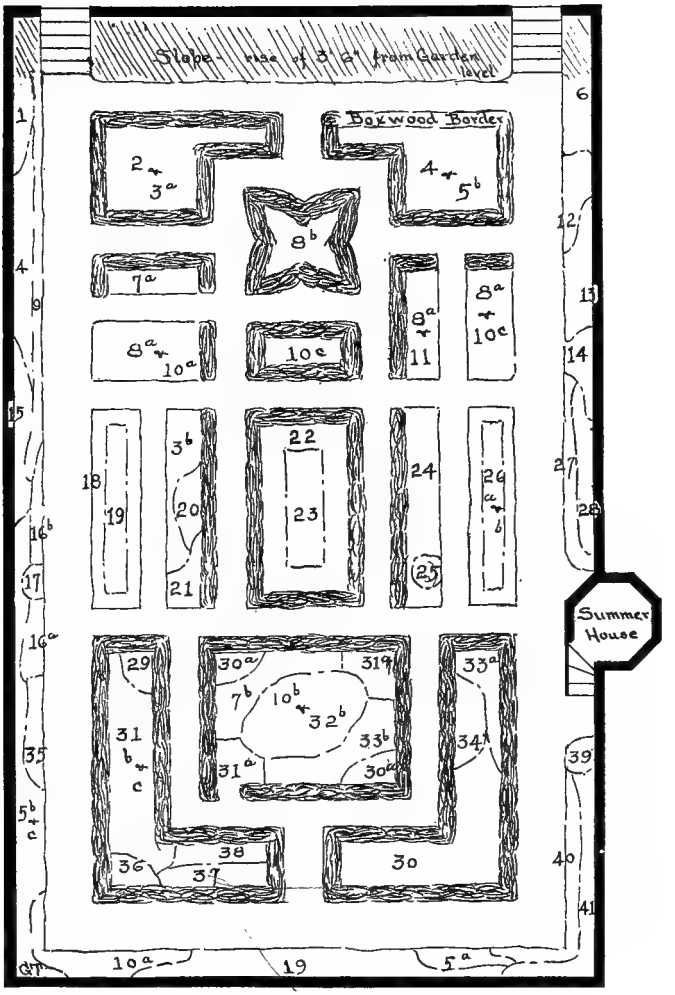
EACH and every place offers its peculiar problems. Even each of the typical suburban units of to-day —the plot fifty by one hundred feet in size—has its individual requirements, limitations and possibilities. So it is quite impossible to give plans with any expectation of their being practically available, or even remotely suggestive, in more than a single instance here and there, perhaps. For garden plans are much less isolated units than house plans. They depend of necessity upon the house plan in the first place; and next they depend upon surroundings, and restrictions, and all the innumerable things which do not come within the control even of the owner of any piece of property, large or small.

Instead of offering plans, therefore, which might not prove of the slightest help to a single individual in developing his own problem, I feel that it may be more practicable to classify and bring out, in brief compara-

tive form, the differences between the several kinds of old-fashioned gardens which our garden history shows us to have been distinctly developed. These little tabulated classifications are illustrated with diagrams, in so far as may be; and a list of proper plants for each is attached.

I have dwelt at some length elsewhere upon the necessity for a harmonious whole, and I have assumed that the gardener who undertakes a revival of the old style intends to secure such harmony. For those who do not care to do more than build an isolated example of the old-fashioned flower garden, however, there is a plan for such a garden, with its planting key. My advice is against such an innovation; but there may of course be circumstances where it is justifiable, and where its effect will be satisfactory. But I think it is no more than fair to say that, even though the plan and the planting are scrupulously exact and nothing is allowed in that is not historically correct, such a garden will not differ greatly in appearance, to the amateur at all events, from any modern garden of to-day that is well planned and planted. It is only by restoring the *whole* that the old atmosphere will be restored; the entire development of a place enters into this, and consequently must be taken into consideration and into the garden scheme, if the result is to be a success.

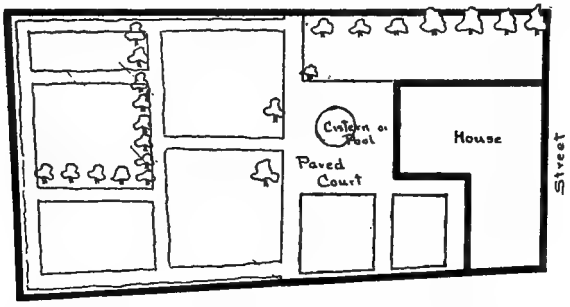
1....Nigella Damascena; blue and white; annual.
2. *a.* Tulipa suaveolens; red and yellow, fragrant, early.
b. Tulipa acuminata; light yellow, red spots.
c. Tulipa vitellina—"Cottage garden tulip"—all tulip colors.
3. *a.* Campanula Medium; blue, rose, white.
b. Campanula Persicifolia; blue, white.
4....Aconitum Napellus; blue.
5. *a.* Iris chamaeiris; bright yellow.
b. Iris Florentina; white.
c. Iris squalens; lilac with yellow and brown
6....Lychnis Coronaria; crimson.
7. *a.* Tagetes erecta; light to deep yellow.
b. Tagetes patula; pure yellow to pure red.
8. *a.* Viola odorata; white, blue.
b. Viola tricolor; yellow with blue and purple.
9. *a.* Crocus vernus; blue, purple, yellow, white.
b. Crocus Susianus; yellow; two weeks earlier than *a.*
10. *a.* Narcissus Jonquilla; yellow.
b. Narcissus Poeticus; white; large flowers and doubles but no "poetaz" varieties; *single* flower on each stem.
c. Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus; yellow and white; "Van Sion" and "sulphur" varieties may be used as well as the smaller.
11....Muscari betryoides; blue.
12....Convallaria majalis; white.
13....Hyacinthus orientalis; all hyacinth colors, mostly single although the double forms may be used.
14....Lunaria annua; planted for satiny seeds.
15....Digitalis purpurea; purple to white, grayish, yellow; no Gloxinia flowered type should be used.
16. *a.* Scilla bifolia; blue, reddish or whitish.
b. Scilla Italica; pale blue.
17....Anthemis nobilis; white, double or single.
18....Bellis perennis; white, pink.
19....Anemone coronaria; mixed colors.
20....Hedysarum coronarium; red.
21....Achillea Ptarmica; white.
22....Dianthus caryophyllus; pinks, reds, white.
23....Paeonia officinalis; pinks, reds, white; double forms.
24....Aquilegia vulgaris; violet.
25....Amarantus caudatus; red.
26. *a.* Ranunculus aconitifolius; white, single and double.
b. Ranunculus Asiaticus; reds.
27....Cheiranthus Cheiri; yellows and brown-yellow.
28....Hemerocallis flava; yellow.
29....Valerian officinalis; white, pink, lavender.
30. *a.* Fritillaria Imperialis; yellow, red.
b. Fritillaria Meleagris; whitish yellow, checkered with purple
31. *a.* Lilium Martagon; whitish to purple.
b. Lilium bulbiferum; red or orange.
c. Lilium candidum; white, double and single.
32. *a.* Papaver somniferum; white, pink, red to purple.
b. Papaver Rhoeas; the same, but smaller flowers.
33. *a.* Primula auricula; yellow.
b. Primula vulgaris; pale yellow.
34....Matthiola incana; various.
35....Dictamnus albus; white.
36....Arachnites apifera; white.
37....Colchicum autumnale; purple, also a white.
38....Allium Moly; yellow.
39....Chrysanthemum Parthenium; white, double.
40....Dianthus plumarius; pink, rose.
41....Althea rosea; various as now; double forms.



PLAN FOR FLOWER GARDEN IN THE OLD STYLE.
PLANTING KEY ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Spanish Garden

Characterized in design by a general conformity to outer boundaries; by a lack of careful balance although generally symmetrical; by a lack of exactness in divisions intended to be identical, etc. Its dividing lines



are likely to cut all the way across it, without reason; see, for example, the line which separates the house from the garden in the Governor's place at St. Augustine—a line doubtless which marks a demarcation between pavement and grass. "Courts" before doorways, and all walks are paved with round, even, carefully selected stones or with stones and shells, and fancy forms are frequently introduced in these pavements, one color stone being inlaid within another to form them. A high wall incloses the entire garden area and *attaches it to the house.* This type of garden is especially suited to town or small suburban places, although it may be developed on large grounds as well.

Planting

Trees: Orange; lemon; plantain; shaddock; limes; citrons; figs; pomegranate; apricots; peach; olive.

Shrubs: *Nerium oleander*—oleander; *Laurus nobilis*—rose bay; *Myrtus communis*—myrtle.

Flowers: *Dianthus caryophyllus*—carnation; *Heliotropium Europaeum*, *Heliotropium Indicum*—heliotrope; Hyacinths; *Iris Xiphium*, *Iris xiphioides*, *Iris Florentina*, *Iris Susiana*—flower-de-luce; Narcissus; *Rosa Damascena*—damask rose; *Rosa Gallica*—Provence rose; *Rosa Chinensis*—Bengal rose; *Rosa moschata*—musk rose; *Rosa Borbonica*—Bourbon rose; Tulips; *Viola odorata*, blue and white forms—violet.

Climbers: *Jasminum Sambac*, *Jasminum grandiflorum*—jessamine; *Lonicera Etrusca*, *Lonicera Caprifolium*—honeysuckle.

Cavalier Garden

Characterized in design by dignity, park-like expanses, and symmetry in disposition of buildings and inclosed spaces. Gardens and orchards walled in, but *not* attached to the house or buildings. Simple lines in gardens, both flower and vegetable; flower gardens square or oblong averaging sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, or one hundred by one hundred. Beds bordered with boxwood, or with herbs, sheared to definite height and width, for which see chapter on Inclosures.

Oldest type of garden combining vegetables, fruits and flowers, as in the kitchen garden at Mount Vernon. This style is preëminently suited to the large estate and nothing else.

Planting

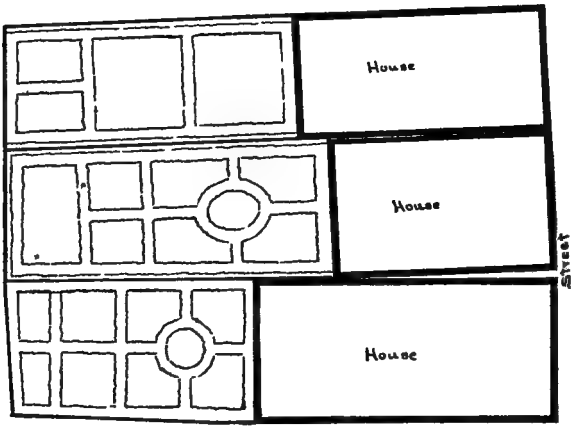
Trees: Fruits confined to orchards; native trees in abundance for shade; *Juglans regia*—English walnut; *Populus nigra, Italica*—Lombardy poplar; *Salix Babylonica*—Babylonian willow; *Laburnum vulgare*—golden chain or bean tree.

Shrubs: Roses as in the list given in chapter on Old-fashioned Flowers; *Calycanthus floridus*—sweet shrub or Carolina all-spice; *Cratægus Oxyacantha*—hawthorn; *Syringa vulgaris*—lilac; *Syringa Persica*—Persian lilac; *Philadelphus coronarius*—garland syringa; *Hydrangea quercifolia*—oak-leaved hydrangea; *Hydrangea radiata*—hydrangea; *Laurus nobilis*—rose bay; *Daphne Mezereum*—mezerion shrub; *Hibiscus Syriacus*—rose of Sharon; *Prunus Persica, fl. pl.*—double-flowering peach; *Eleagnus angustifolia*—oleaster; *Spiræa salicifolia*—willow-leaved spirea.

Flowers: All those included in the list in the chapter on Old-fashioned Flowers, especially those marked with an asterisk. These were the most popular and hence most commonly planted.

Dutch Garden

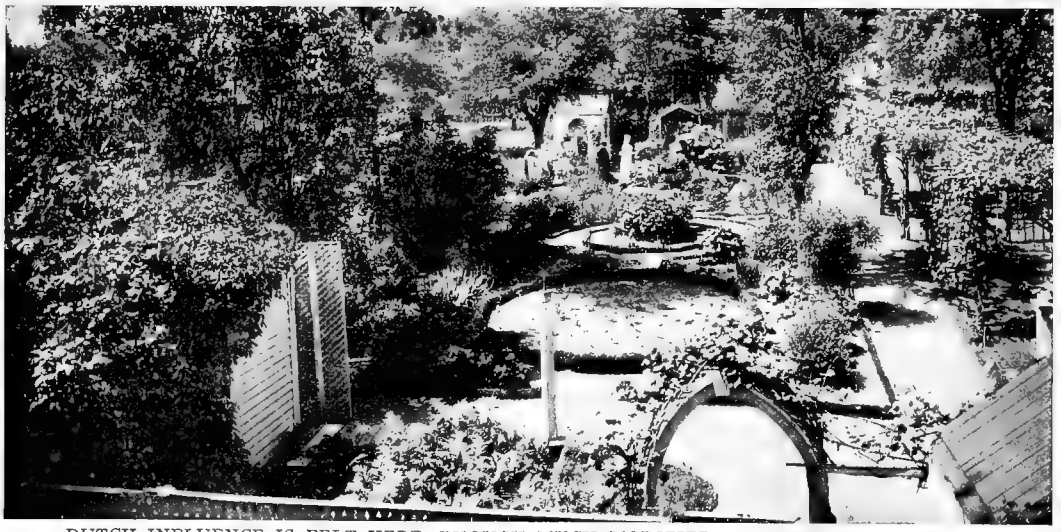
Characterized in design by its exactness and the regularity of its square beds, large or small, grouped around a circle or square at the centre. All the space



is most economically and carefully used: useful and ornamental mingle, especially in cottage gardens, all being blended into so tidy and immaculately kept a whole that the clarity of the design is always perfect. This style is particularly suited to the smallest areas. The inclosing wall or fence is open, and on a large place, most suitably of ironwork. For small places a lattice or palings may be used.

Planting

Trees: None, except the fruit trees in an orchard. The Dutch garden is too carefully calculated to allow



DUTCH INFLUENCE IS FELT HERE, THOUGH MUCH MODIFIED BY AGGRESSIVE PURITAN INDEPENDENCE WHICH BROUGHT IN TREES AND SHRUBS

any trees or shrubs a chance to rob its soil. One long-lived tree "near the door," however, should be established. Boxwood edgings to beds.

Shrubs: None, save for their fruits, *Cornus Mas*—Cornelian cherry; and *Cratægus Oxyacantha*—hawthorn or thorn apple.

Flowers: *Rosa Damascena*, *Rosa rubiginosa*—sweet briar or eglantine; *Rosa Gallica*, *Rosa cinnamomea*—cinnamon rose; *Amaryllis belladonna*—belladonna lily; *Anemone coronaria*, *Anemone fulgens*, *Anemone hortensis*—Scarlet and John, Robin Hood; *Anthericum Liliago major*—St. Bernard's lily; *Anthericum ramosum*—branched Anthericum; *Calendula officinalis*—marigold; *Campanula Persicifolia*—bell-flower; *Campanula pyramidalis*—chimney bell-flower; *Centaurea cyanus*—cyanus; *Centaurea splendens*—Spanish cornflower; *Colchicum autumnale*—meadow saffron; *Convallaria majalis*—lily-of-the-valley; *Crocus vernus*, *Crocus Susianus*—crocus; *Cyclamen latifolium*, *Cyclamen Europæum*, *Cyclamen Neapolitanum*—sow bread; *Dianthus barbatus*—sweet William; *Dianthus plumarius*—pinks; *Digitalis lanata*, *Digitalis purpurea*, *Digitalis ambigua*—foxglove; *Erythronium Dens-Canis*—dog's-tooth violet; *Fritillaria Imperialis*—crown Imperial; *Fritillaria Meleagris*—checkered lily; *Galanthus nivalis*—snowdrop; *Hedysarum coronarium*—French honey-

suckle; *Helechrysum arenarium*—immortelle; hyacinths; *Imeris amara*, *Iberis umbellata*—candytuft; *Iris Persica*, *Iris Xyphium*, *Iris xiphioides*, *Iris Florentina*, *Iris pumila*, *Iris Germanica; Leucojum pulchellum*—snowflake; *Lilium candidum*—Annunciation lily; *Lilium bulbiferum*, *Lilium Martagon*, *Lilium pomponium*—lily; *Muscari botryoides*—grape hyacinth; *Myosotis palustris*—forget-me-not; *Narcissus jonquilla*, *Narcissus poeticus*, *Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*—jonquils, Narcissus and daffodils; *Ornithogalum Arabicum*—star of Bethlehem; *Pæonia officinalis*—peony; *Papaver somniferum*, *Papaver Rhœas*—poppy; *Ranunculus aconitifolius*—fair-maids-of-France or fair-maids-of-Kent; *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, *Ranunculus Ficaria*—crowfoot; *Scilla festalis*, *Scilla Hispanica*, *Scilla autumnalis*, *Scilla Italica*—squills; *Tagetes erecta*, *Tagetes patula*—African and French marigold; tulips; *Viola odorata*—sweet violet; *Viola cornuta*—horned violet; *Viola tricolor*—heart's-ease or pansy.

Scattered here and there, where small spaces between other things afford opportunity, or gathered into one bed in orderly rows, a clump each of rosemary, lavender, hyssop, sage, thyme, marjoram, balm (*Melissa officinalis*), wormwood, chives, clary (*Salvia sclarea*), pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), tarragon, laurel (*Laurus nobilis*, for its leaves for flavoring), and *Dracæna*,

Draco—dragon's blood (which must be taken indoors in winter).

Puritan Garden

Characterized by general lack of definite design: practically the same as the dooryards of to-day, with the exception of the trim picket fences which are now mostly lacking. When design is attempted, it follows so closely the Dutch preciseness that no separate analysis is necessary: more shrubbery is used than in the Dutch, however.

Planting

Trees: *Ulmus Americana*—elm; *Salix Babylonica* willow; *Acer saccharinum*—sugar maple; *Pinus resinosa*—red or Norway pine; *Thuya occidentalis*—Arbor-vitæ or white cedar; *Populus nigra*, Italica—Lombardy poplar; *Æsculus Hippocastanum*—horse-chestnut; and other trees native to the section. Fruit trees scattered through the yard, here and there, or planted in square groups of four or more sometimes within box-bordered, large beds as in the Nantucket garden shown opposite page 98.

Shrubs: *Syringa vulgaris*—common lilac; purple and white; *Syringa Persica*—Persian lilac; *Morus alba*—mulberry; *Rhus cotinus*—smoke tree; *Berberis vulgaris*—barberry; *Cornus Mas*—cornelian cherry; *Hi-*

biscus Syriacus—rose of Sharon; *Philadelphus coronarius*—mock orange or syringa; Roses as named in other lists.

Flowers: *Aconitum Napellus*—blue aconite; *Aconitum Lycoctonum*—yellow aconite; *Althea rosea*—hollyhock; *Amarantus caudatus*—love-lies-bleeding; *Anemone coronaria*, *Anemone fulgens*, *Anemone hortensis*—Robin Hood, Scarlet and John, etc.; *Anthemis nobilis*—chamomile; *Campanula Persicifolia*—bell-flower; *Campanula pyramiadalis*—chimney bell-flower; *Carthamis tinctoria*—bastard saffron; *Centaurea cyanus*, *Centaurea splendens*—cornflower; *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*—whiteweed or ox-eye daisy; *Colchicum autumnale*—meadow saffron; *Convallaria majalis*—lily-of-the-valley; *Crocus vernus*, *Crocus Susianus*—crocus; *Delphinium ajacis*—annual larkspur; *Dianthus barbatus*—sweet William; *Dianthus plumarius*—pheasant's-eye pink; *Digitalis lanata*, *Digitalis ambigua*, *Digitalis purpurea*—foxglove; *Fritillaria Imperialis*—crown Imperial; *Fritillaria Meleagris*—checkered lily; *Galanthus nivalis*—snowdrop; *Genista tinctoria*—dyer's greenweed; *Hesperis matronalis*—dame's violet, or dame's rocket; hyacinths; *Iberis amara*, *Iberis umbellata*—candytuft; *Iris* as named in Dutch list; *Leucojum pulchellum*—snowflake; *Lilium* as named in other lists; *Lunaria annua*—honesty, white satin or Pope's money; *Lupinus luteus*, *Lupinus hir-*

DETAIL OF HAMPTON, A GARDEN BUILT WHEN TASTE AND LIVING WERE BECOMING MORE COMPLEX AND THE BEAUTY OF SIMPLICITY WAS DISAPPEARING

sutus, *Lupinus alba*—lupine; *Myosotis palustris*—forget-me-not; *Narcissus jonquilla*—jonquils; *Narcissus poeticus*—Narcissus; *Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*—daffodil; *Nigella Damascena*—love-in-a-mist, or fennel flower; *Ornithogalum umbellatum*—star of Bethlehem; *Papaver Rhœas*, *Papaver somniferum*—poppy; *Pæonia officinalis*—peony; *Achillea Ptarmica*—pellitory or yarrow; *Mathiola incana*—stock gilliflower or stocks; *Ranunculus aconitifolius*—fair-maids-of-France or fair-maids-of-Kent; *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, *Ranunculus Ficaria*—crowfoot; *Scilla festalis*, *Scilla autumnalis*—squills; *Tagetes erecta*, *Tagetes patula*—African and French marigold; tulips; *Valeriana officinalis*—valerian; *Viola odorata*—sweet violet; *Viola cornuta*—horned violet; *Viola tricolor*—heart's-ease or pansy.

Herbs named in Dutch list, scattered wherever they may find space and *not* arranged regularly in a bed.

Gardens of the "Divide"

Characterized by no special design, generously "stretched out," yet neatly and definitely kept, with walks and divisions sharply marked. The large place adjusts itself to the ground and distributes itself according to convenience and rational usefulness.

Planting

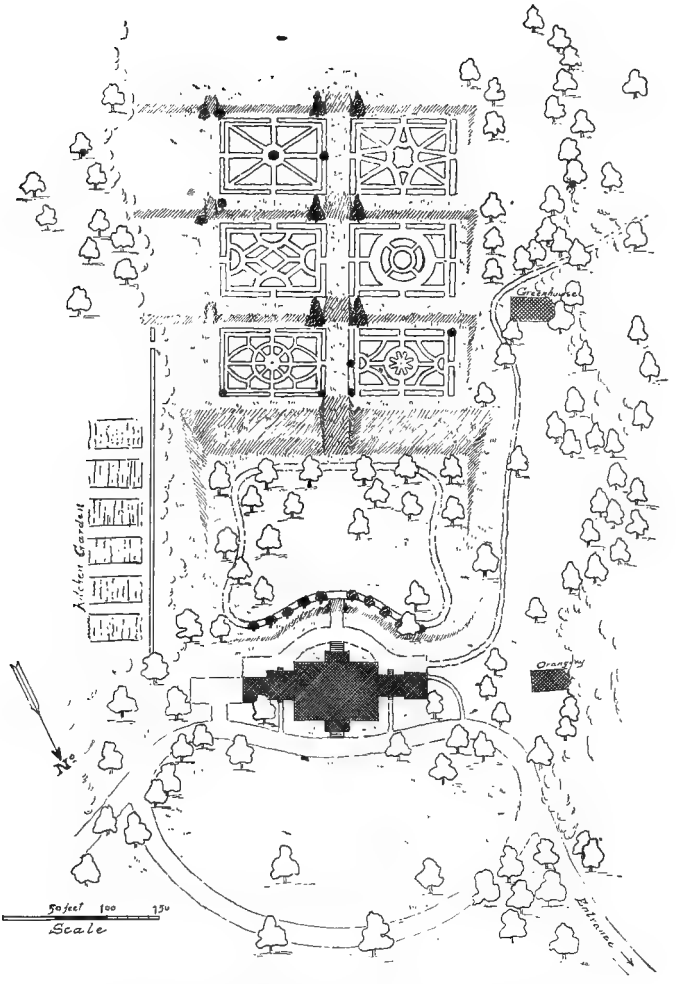
As in other lists; prominence given to native flowers.

and arbors of grape. Boxwood hedges as elsewhere.

. . . . . .

Consult convenience in planning any sort of garden: it will insure fidelity to the spirit and letter of the old time as nothing else can—for above all else the early garden makers here were practical, instinctively so. Their homes had to be productive, whatever the number of the slaves and however well they prospered, for that was part of their prosperity. Hence it follows that whatever they planned, they had always an eye to the care that must follow—and to the ease with which that care might be insured.

As illustrating the difference between the truly old gardens and those of even a few years later, the plan of Hampton, a Maryland estate, is given. While the house is of the eighteenth century, the gardens here were laid out later than the latest date which we have elected to admit as "old-fashioned"—although only a few years subsequent to it, after all. But they present an elaboration of detail quite unknown to anything of the earlier Colonial or immediate post-Colonial days; and are to be considered, therefore, mainly as illustrating what to avoid, in planning to reconstruct an old-fashioned garden to-day. Wearying in detail they are—yet they lack in a marked degree the convenience which distinguishes Mount Vernon; and elaborate though the queer convolutions of boxwood are at the



HAMPTON, MARYLAND, WHICH SHOWS A COMPLEX GARDEN DESIGN MARKING THE TRANSITION FROM THE OLD FASHION TO THE FASHION OF TO-DAY

latter place, there is no such stiff restraint on a huge scale as chills these overdone gardens.

Simplicity first, as a cornerstone; then convenience; then such a degree of easy formality or symmetry or order as may perhaps be reduced to the old-fashioned term "seemliness"; then a play of dignified individual fancy, according to individual taste: these are the components of the old-fashioned garden.

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The author acknowledges, with most cordial thanks and thankfulness, the many helpful suggestions that have come from sources which it is impossible to undertake to enumerate, so numerous are they and, in many instances, so remote from the actual subject. Special thanks are due to the very able and kindly help which those members of the staff of the New York Public Library who are engaged in the historical and genealogical departments have afforded; and to the Librarian, Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard, in particular—to whom no appeal has ever been too trifling and no difficulty too great, to receive the most patient and sympathetic attention.

Members of the various Colonial and Historical Societies throughout the country have also been enthusiastic in responding to queries, and furnishing such matter as lay within their power: and the present owner of Monticello, the Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, has generously furnished the pictures of that estate as it is at the present time, restored as nearly as it possibly may be to the splendor which it enjoyed as the home of Jefferson—still a home, happily, with the atmosphere of home, yet hospitably open to visitors as in his day.

The bibliography is an extended one—and would be even longer if every pamphlet consulted and every fugitive reference were set down. But of many of these not even a record has been kept. Suffice to say, the principal sources are presented—and a vast mass of additional material has been gone through in the course of collecting the necessary data.

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